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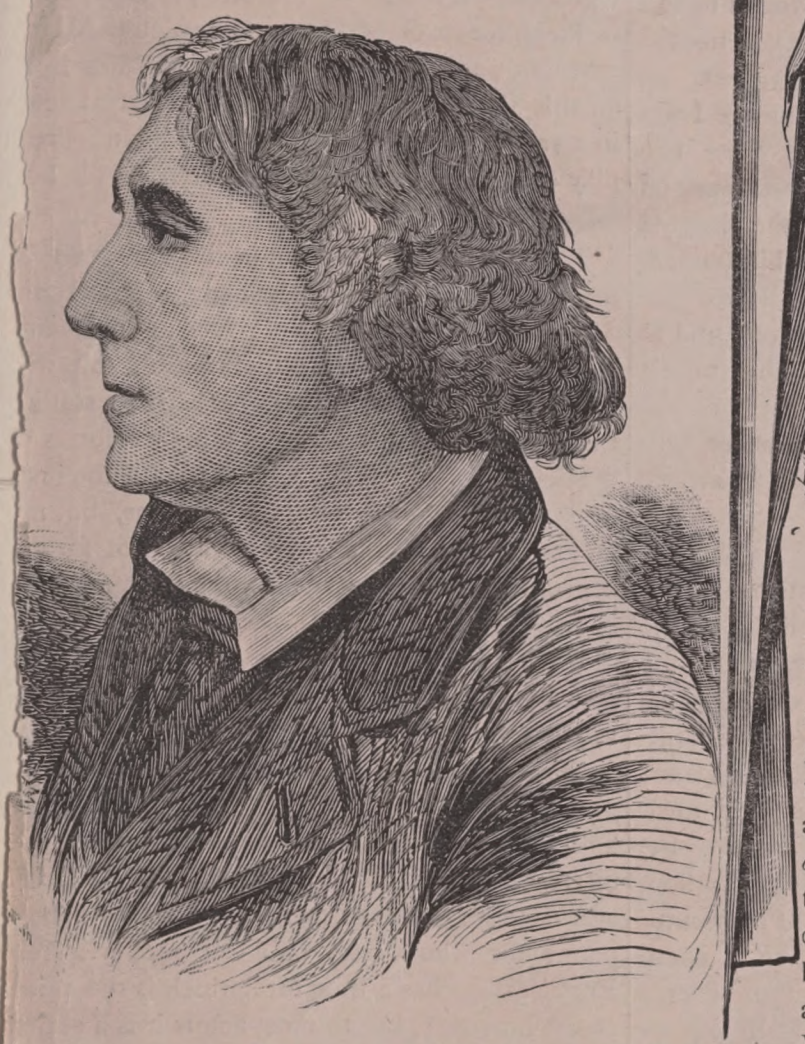
THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.



Henry Irving's Visit.

Mr. Henry Irving is the fashionable tragedian in England, and the fact that he is coming to America as the guest of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt proves that he is very much the fashion. None of us have ever known Mr. Vanderbilt as the patron of the stage or the familiar of its professors. His burly figure is seldom seen in a playhouse, and we do not believe he ever was behind the scenes in his life. He is not a man to take the press or the public into his confidence unless it suits him, and in his private affairs, unless with the possible exception of his horses, it never suits him to allow his confidences to get into print. As a consequence, people were very much surprised when they learned that Mr. Irving would be in this country during the present month as Mr. Vanderbilt's guest, but we are all left in blissful ignorance as to what led to this interesting episode.

It is enough, perhaps, that Mr. Irving is coming; but the incentive to his visit cannot fail to give zest to his stay. Next year he will be with us again, not as Mr. Vanderbilt's guest, but as a player. For that visit this one will be an admirable preparation. It is a formal notice to the *oi polloi* that the mighty tragedian of the English aristocracy is not for the common people, and young Moneybags will take under his protection an artist who possesses the Coutts-Vanderbilt stamp of genuineness.

In coming to America simply as a visitor Mr. Irving is doing what no eminent English actor ever did before – in coming as a player a year hence he will do what every English actor of eminence has done since the advent of Cooke. In looking over the portraits which adorn Bell's British Theatre and the superb Oxberry edition of plays, one is astonished at the large number of the favorites of the London stage who found homes or graves or fortune and fame on this side of the Atlantic. Great as Mr. Irving's reputation is in his own country—fortunate as he has been in his business as well as his art, it is still not surprising that he should emulate the example of those who preceded him, and yet there is nothing so exceptional in his career, except his social triumphs, as to lead to what is exceptional in the first of his intended visits. It is this, however, which adds to the charm of his personality and compels our wonder that he should be the fashion among a people not accustomed to look to the stage for their social lions.

There is nothing in Henry Irving's early career to suggest his present social and professional pre-eminence. He was educated at Dr. Pinches' school, in London, and Pinch was also his first theatrical schoolmaster, the Dr. in this case coming after, not before the name, and meaning debtor, not doctor. Irving's *debut* was made at Sunderland, in 1856, and for the next ten years he was only a strolling player. It is true he played in London, but nobody discovered that he was a great actor, and he might never have got back to the English metropolis if Mr. Dion Boucicault had not needed a villain for two of his most villanous melodramas—"Hunted Down" and "Formosa." Irving had met with such poor success that not long before Boucicault engaged him for Rawdon Scudamore in "Hunted Down," at Liverpool, he was assisting M. [illegible]be in exposing the spiritual séances of the Davenport Brothers, at Manchester. His Liverpool success led to his engagement for the St. James Theatre, London, where he first appeared as Doricourt in the fine old comedy of the "Belle's Stratagem," but for a long time found his level in the Boucicaultian and Dickensian villains.

Henry Irving's parts at the St. James in 1866-67 and afterward, were not such as to suggest that ten years later he would fill the first line in tragedy without a rival. As a matter of course he repeated Rawdon Scudamore in "Hunted Down," but he found a still lower depth, for he was also compelled to play Compton Kerr, in "Formosa." He also appeared as Bob Gasset, in "Dearer than Life," Redburn, in the "Lancashire Lass," Robert Macaire and Bill Sykes. Among the more grateful parts which fell to his lot at this time were Harry Dornton, Charles Surface, Young Marlow and Captain Absolute, in the old

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comedies, and Petruchio in Shaksperian comedy. None of these are great parts, and, less fortunate than Lester Wallack, none of them made Henry Irving a great actor.

It was not until he went to the Vaudeville, in 1870, that Mr. Irving rose from the ranks. There his first part was Digby Grant, in the "Two Roses," Amy Fawsitt, who died so miserably in this city some years ago, being the leading lady. Albery's comedy ran three hundred nights, and was followed in 1871 by the "Bells," in which Irving played Matthias. This was his first great "hit," and it was followed the next year by his appearance as Charles the First and Eugene Aram, in Wills' plays. In 1873 he appeared in his first test part as to his right to succeed to the place left vacant by Macready—Richelieu. Then came the greatest test of all, and his greatest triumph—Hamlet. It had a wonderful run—a run that even eclipsed Booth's great success at the Winter Garden in 1866. After this came a succession of Shaksperian revivals, Macbeth, Othello, Richard the Third, and Romeo, his appearance as Iago being effected with Booth last year, when the two great actors alternated the two great parts.

Mr. Irving's acting in Shaksperian rôles will excite profound interest in this country, especially among the admirers of Edwin Booth and those who are still left of the worshippers of Edwin Forrest. His style is described as belonging to the picturesque school, and so we may expect something different from the striking but almost rude vigor of Forrest and the subtle strength of Booth. It is that something which will be awaited with eagerness, and when it is seen we have no doubt it will excite much learned discussion among those who assume to be arbiters in matters pertaining to Shaksperian correctness and the pretensions of actors of Shakspere.

In the latter years Mr. Irving has created few new parts, and of these the most marked were Philip, in "Queen Mary" and the knightly role in "Tennyson's Cup," but these parts were only important as a tribute to the greatest poet of his time, and one of the greatest poets of all time. Mr. Irving's next revival, it is understood, will be "Much Ado About Nothing," in which it is expected that the great actor will give a new courtliness and grace to the graceful and courtly Benedick.

Mr. Irving is confessedly a severe student and a hard worker. His scholarship is exhibited in the historical accuracy of his costuming and stage decoration, and he has also shown both his learning and his powers as a thinker in one or two exceptionally able orations. As an after-dinner speaker, although at first one of the worst, he is now one of the best. In appearance Mr. Irving is tall, gaunt, almost awkward. His type is Celtic, but his hand is so exquisitely moulded that perhaps we should have given it instead of his head and face as the counterfeit presentment of the man.

Address to the Public.

In presenting the first number of a new dramatic paper to the public, I am aware that I am entering upon a difficult undertaking. The field apparently is a narrow one and the gleaners are many, but I wish to say at the outset that I seek not the *clientele* of others, but rather to make one for myself.

For many years it has been my dream to edit a theatrical paper, such as I thought was needed by the best culture of players and playgoers. At the time this aspiration first came to me I was scarcely aware how far apart were these two classes, although bound together in a common sympathy. Between the player and the playgoer the footlights is a great gulf across which stretch shadowy arms clasping with poetic fervor the literature of the stage. To few playgoers and to few players is it given to join in this mystic union, and the two classes never meet except when the curtain is up and art touches with trained and subtle force the chords of artistic sympathy.

My principal mission is to bring together the intellectual actor and the appreciative auditor. As far as lies in my power I shall be to the stage of this epoch what Hazlitt and Lamb were to the drama in an age the art of which is reflected to us through the lens of their criticism. This is a difficult undertaking I know, but I bring to it much study and some knowledge, extended observation and, I trust, the faculty to judge with justice and discrimination. That I will not sometimes offend it is vain for me to hope, for a sharp pen is like a sharp tongue, and is apt to wound all the more deeply when it gives utterance to the truth. In surgery it is the excrescences which bleed when they are lopped off, but there can be no return to health, no vigorous growth, until the proud but unhealthy flesh has felt the knife. In this respect I shall be like the worthy surgeon who never shows the scalpel until its use becomes necessary to a cure.

The critic has a higher duty than to condemn and one more difficult in its performance—that of discriminating praise. Nothing is more uncertain than the appreciation of the average audience. Modest merit is sure to go unnoticed until chance puts it in a position to conquer recognition. Robert Greene, in Shakspere's day, was more highly appreciated as a dramatist than the master—to him the Swan of Avon was only a peacock. Colly Cibber, after two or three years in the theatre, was not considered capable of reading a prologue which he had written. When John Kemble played in a Scotch town the verdict was that he was "nothing to Coomings," although poor Cummings would be fo gotten if the absurdity of this judgment had n preserved his name. Edmund Kean was driv off the stage in the Isle of Wight because "could not act," and Junius Brutus Booth w never accepted in London as a great actor b cause he dared to play in opposition to Kea I shall not accept the public judgment as n guide in criticism because if I am fit to jud it must be because I know, whereas the pub always waits to be told. A public verdict is o an inspiration, and the inspiration has seldom legitimate parentage—it is either the foster-chi of Prejudice or Good Nature, to which the Ignorant Critic stands godfather It follows fro all this that I may perchance find a great act in a small part, and sometimes condemn a grea play or a great star when measured by the bo office standard.

The theatrical profession is like an army i the field—there are Napoleons in the ranks n doubt, and it shall be my pleasure to find them but like Grant from West Point leadership wi be more apt to belong to the theatrical soldie who has learned his art in the higher forms o the School of the Actor. To estimate the one to promote the other are my functions, but m judgments are for the lovers of art, not for th adjustment of the salary list and the regulatio of lines of business.

What I especially aim at is to make acto students and thinkers. To this end I shall a ways try to foster a worthy pride in their pro fession—its history, its traditions and the princ ples which should guide it. He may be sure he is doomed to forgetfulness who takes n interest in preserving the fame of others. How ever rich he may become he will always be a poor actor who works only for money. The English stage has a literature which is the pride of the language, but to most actors it is a sealed book because they are too careless to open it. Those who will not study but prefer to spend their time off the stage in idleness or dissipation may be assured that they will live miserably and die in wretchedness.

Current theatrical events will always claim my first attention. In this respect I do not aim at making a newspaper. A journal which is published once a week cannot compete in the matter of news with the daily press. My aim rather is to present a carefully condensed chronicle accompanied by intelligent comment, which shall be the wine and walnuts after the feast. While reflecting the best thought and the highest culture of the time, it is my aim to make THE THEATRE a contemporary history of the stage.

It will always be my policy rigorously to exclude scandals from my pages With the private lives of actors and actresses I have nothing to do. Because in their professional life they live in the public eye is no reason why their foi-

bles and follies should be made public property, and, so far as I am concerned. what is sacred with the rest of the world shall be sacred with the profession. At the same time I shall not always assume a severe and grave aspect, refusing to smile. If occasion presents itself I shall even indulge in loud, hearty, explosive laughter. It is unnecessary either to walk upon stilts, or to caper in the garb of a Touchstone, and so I shall try not to be dull when I am serious, nor work myself into a mechanical phrensy in the effort to be funny.

My bill of fare every week shall be prepared with the care of a *chef* who is providing a full dinner for many guests. All the courses will be served with the best the market affords, and if some things do not suit some palates, it may be well to remember that tastes differ.

Than this I need say no more.

THE EDITOR.

Mrs. Langtry's Standing.

Mrs. Langtry's professional standing has already become a subject for widespread discussion, but it seems clear to us that it is unfair to attempt to fix her place in the profession until she is seen.

She is a lady who made herself acceptable to London audiences which are generally disposed to condemn the passage from society to the stage. That she was a favorite in society was no doubt the motive which prompted her engagement for this country, but while neither this consideration nor her social position is to be taken into the account in judging her as an actress, the right course to be pursued in regard to her is to wait for her appearance before attempting to fix her standing in a professional sense.

Financially Mrs. Langtry is likely to realize all the expectations of her manager, for there is a curiosity to see a woman who has a world-wide fame as a professional beauty. Any judgment of her real professional position must come after a consideration which we do not like to see influence the stage, but which always has had and always will have its effect upon mercurial theatregoers ever seeking something new.

Death of George K. Goodwin.

George K. Goodwin, the manager of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and largely identified with other theatres and theatrical enterprises, died after a short illness at Boston Highlands on Tuesday. He suffered throughout the summer from the hot weather, and left Philadelphia in consequence some weeks ago and went to Boston for rest and recuperation, where he was seized by an attack of cholera morbus which carried him to the grave.

Mr. Goodwin was past middle life, but he still possessed all the vigor and virility of youth. He was born at Dover, New Hampshire, September 30, 1830, but he went to Boston while he was still very young, where he began business as a carriagemaker. He made considerable money but sold out his business to emigrate to California when the gold fever was at its height His stay on the Pacific Slope was short but not unsuccessful. After his return he became interested in the management of a circus and travelled the New England circuit for a number of years with the usual ups and downs of the itinerant showman. Finally he settled in Philadelphia, first as the manager of the Chestnut street, and then of the Walnut Street Theatre, and thereafter his interests were identified with those of the Quaker City. Until his stock company, which was one of the best in the country, was disbanded to make way for combinations, he had comparatively easy sailing, but during the last two or three years he was subjected to the alternate storms and calms of a transitional epoch.

Mr. Goodwin was a man of kindly impulses, refined tastes and liberal ideas. He was most esteemed by those who knew him best, and even his peculiarities had the effect of creating for him an affectionate regard. His death leaves a vacant place in Philadelphia theatricals not easy to fill.

Outlook for the Season, 1882-83.

The theatrical season will open in a few days with a blaze of melodrama all round the sky. Time was, and not very long ago, when we were assured that the public had outgrown the taste for red fire and lurid crime. That the assumption was without foundation was shown by the success of "The World" at Wallack's and "The Lights o' London" at the Union Square. Neither of these pieces was either better or worse than the productions at the Old Bowery in the days when that once famous theatre was called the "Slaughter House," and it is a noteworthy fact that what was meritorious in these was simply a repetition of ideas and effects that were successful in our fathers' time.

From this it may be inferred that the outlook for the season of 1882-83, not only in New York but all over the country, is exceedingly melodramatic. The first of the theatres to open will be the Union Square, with the "Black Flag." There never was a better name for a blood-curdling melodrama, and it is in itself typical of the banner under which the managers begin the fall campaign Coming after it, at two other theatres, Wallack's and Booth's, will be two other pieces with names almost equally suggestive, "Taken from Life" and "The Romany Rye." The fashion thus set at the leading houses will be generally followed, of course, for when the bell-wethers of the profession jump over a particular fence the more timid theatrical sheep are certain to provide themselves with hurdles as nearly like as possible.

Daly's is announced to open with "The Passing Regiment," but it is understood that this is only intended to afford time for the rehearsals of the drama, "Mankind." The combination houses will of course insist upon melodrama to begin with. "Youth" is to introduce the season at Niblo's; "The Lights o' London" will shine for the first time this season under the new management at the Grand Opera House; Aimee, in "Divorcons," the comedy half-sister of melodrama, will signalize Mr. Stetson's control of the Fifth Avenue; "The Danites" begins the fall campaign at the Windsor, and even the new Mount Morris Theatre is to throw open its doors to the blaze of the "Lights o' London."

Our more favored stars, too, make what approach they may toward the glories of melodrama. Maggie Mitchell comes to the Park in September with a play called "Elsa," which we doubt not is melodramatic in type and character, and even the Harrison's have determined to take the road this year with a drama by Mr. Leonard Grover as the vehicle of their fun. Mr. John T. Raymond's new comedies, "Touch and Go" and "For Congress," will probably have a strong infusion of melodrame; and we need not doubt that Marion Elmore's "Chispa" is as strongly melodramatic as "M'liss" and "La Belle Russe."

There will be fewer light opera companies this season than usual, and pieces like "The Brook," "Photos," "Fun on the Bristol," and "The Tourists in a Pullman Palace Car," will yield to others possessing the supposed melodramatic requirements. As to the legitimate, it will have additions in Miss Margaret Mathers, whose *debut* is soon to be effected in Chicago; in the return of Modjeska, who will make her *rentree* at the Globe Theatre, Boston, and then come to the Fifth Avenue; and in Mrs. Langtry, the famous English professional beauty, who is to tread the American boards under Mr. Abbey's management. John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett and Mary Anderson, all announce their companies and dates as filled, and will make their customary circuits with, we presume, their customary success.

At this time of the year the outlook is always considered exceedingly promising. The season of 1882-83 is no exception. Indeed, if we may judge from the eagerness of managers and companies to obtain dates, and the ease with which the Metropolitan theatres have filled their time, extraordinary prosperity is anticipated. Many hopes will be blasted no doubt, and we are afraid that too much stress is laid on the continued prosperity of melodrama. It is not well for all bird fanciers to obtain all their birds' eggs from the same nest. Somebody may come along with a novelty such as "Pinafore" proved in its way, and "The World" in its, before the season has begun to wane—somebody may create a

furor in a direction that is not now anticipated, and if such is the case the heavy melodramas will suffer.

Employment of Children.

Whenever young men and women are announced to appear on the stage if it is known that they are not adults it becomes a serious question with Mr. Gerry's society as to what their ages are and whether they are legally debarred from taking part in a theatrical performance on the score of youth. There is no such opposition to the employment of children in any other calling, and we cannot help thinking that the course which is invariably pursued by Mr. Gerry is a last vestige of the old time bigotry respecting the stage.

In the factories and workshops in this city and throughout the country children are employed from infancy at the severest toil, but we never hear of the watchfulness of Mr. Gerry's officers to prevent violations of the Compulsory Education Act. Surely here is a field for the exercise of the Gerry philanthropy, but strange to say that law is allowed to become a dead letter, while a raid is made upon every manager who dares to employ children in a theatre.

As a rule we are not in favor of miniature opera companies, but it is not because children should not be allowed to work, but because they cannot act or sing. Upon this point we might make a very strong argument, but there are times when people welcome the precocious gifts of children upon the stage and even take pleasure in the artistic immaturity which is inseparable from childhood. The reception accorded to the Miniature Ideals now at Wallack's was of this character, and what is acceptable to the public it is safe for Mr. Gerry to let alone.

It is to the credit of Mayor Grace that he took a broad view of this matter, and consequently one not at all satisfactory to Mr. Gerry. In the cases of a few children who were very young, or in delicate health, he withheld his consent for their appearance, but in many others, even where the youngsters were under age, he gave permission for their employment. Praiseworthy as this liberality was, it might have been carried further without harm to the children but on the contary to their benefit. It was clearly shown that the Management had provided proper guardianship for all the youngsters in their employ, and there was no danger that the little ones would be overworked during the Wallack season. On the contrary, what will be work to them when they become older, is now only play, and it is a very narrow spirit which forbids them to play to their profit, especially as in the instance of the boy who previously sold matches for a living, the necessity of earning a living is a condition to the engagement.

It must be conceded, however, that the employment of children in theatres is a matter where each case ought to be judged upon its merits. But the same rule ought to apply to the employment of children in any calling. What the managers have a right to demand from Mr. Gerry is that he shall treat them exactly as he treats other employers, but as the matter now looks he is disposed to persecute them because of a pronounced prejudice of his own.

Letters of a Print Collector.

I.

PINE'S PORTRAIT OF GARRICK.

Chance made me acquainted with the fact that there is in this country an original portrait of Garrick, painted by Robert Edge Pine, and formerly owned by Philip Hone. In 1838 the picture was exhibited by Mr. Hone at a Loan Exhibition given for the benefit of William Dunlap, the first manager of the first Park Theatre, and the historian of the early days of the American stage. How the portrait came to be painted, how it came into Mr. Hone's possession, or to whom it had passed, I did not know, and it was again by chance that I learned the interesting story.

My first knowledge of the picture I derived from a line in the Dunlap catalogue which was presented me by Mr. William Erving, the Fourth avenue bookseller. From Mr. Erving I subsequently purchased a privately printed *brochure*, entitled "Garrick; his Portrait in New York, its Artist and History." The narrative was from the pen of the late Gulian C. Verplanck, which in itself had a deep interest for me. When I came to New York a boy it was my good fortune to know Mr. Verplanck almost well. He was a quaint old gentleman of the true Knickerbocker stamp—small in stature, but possessing a strongly marked head and face. His nose was of unusual prominence—almost as long as his memory, which extended back to the beginning of the Republic.

Mr. Verplanck was a man of elegant taste and liberal culture. He was deeply imbued with the traditions of the theatre, and although he had never seen Garrick he was intimately acquainted with those who had. His maternal grandfather, William S. Johnson, long celebrated at the bar and in the Senate, had seen Roscius during a long residence in London in the whole range of his characters. From him Mr. Verplanck derived a vivid idea of Garrick's methods, and this was still further strengthened by frequent conversations with Charles Wilkes, long President of the Bank of New York, who had a distinct though youthful recollection of Garrick, and lived to compare him with Kemble, with Cooke, and with the elder Kean. But Mr. Verplanck not only knew those who had seen Garrick, but even some of those who had acted with him. Among the latter was Mrs. Tyler, an actress who came to America in 1795 with her husband, Joseph Tyler, for thirty years afterward a prime favorite with New York theatregoers.

Joseph Tyler was the first owner of Pine's portrait of Garrick. Pine was an English artist of considerable merit, who had emigrated to America some ten years before Tyler resolved to make this country his home. Garrick was a favorite subject with the artists of his time, even the greatest of English painters affording occasion for this apt description by a contemporary poet:

> Who has not seen the animated strife,
> Where Reynolds calls the canvas into life;
> Betwixt the tragic and the comic muse,
> Courted by both, and dubious where to choose,
> The matchless actor stands——

Garrick sat to Pine repeatedly, but this, with the exception of a painting purchased in England by Elias Dexter, formerly of New York, and now in possession of Edward Dexter, printseller and connoisseur of this city, I believe is the only one of his portraits which has never been engraved. It was painted sometime between the years 1776 and 1779, and it is especially interesting because it represents the actor in attitude and expression at the most impressive moment of his life—in the chief incident during the delivery of his farewell address upon his retirement from the stage. His last performance was in the part of Don Felix, in "The Wonder," and he is painted in the costume in which he played that character. After the play came the farewell address, in brief, simple and unstudied prose. Garrick began by saying that he had in vain attempted a more elaborate and poetic farewell, and then proceeded:

"This is to me an awful moment; it is no less than parting forever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favors, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favors were enjoyed."

Here, says Davies, the quaint author, actor and bookseller, who was Garrick's most acceptable biographer, he was unable to proceed until he was relieved by a flood of tears. It is to this incident to which Sheridan gracefully refers in his monody:

> By the hushed wonder which his accents drew,
> By his last parting tears, repaid by you.

Garrick, according to Davies, thus resumed "Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here (putting his hand on his heart) fixed and unalterable."

These are the words, this the emotion, this the attitude which Pine caught and preserved, transferring the painting to America to be the chief theatrical ornament of the New World. How the picture came into Tyler's possession I have not been able to learn. As an actor Tyler almost always played the old men of tragedy and comedy—Shakspere's dukes, doges and princes, but was most acceptable of all as Gen. Washington, in Dunlap's "Glory of Columbia," in which he appeared the night before he died. To add to his income Tyler kept a public house for at least a quarter of a century before his death—first, in the beginning of the century, "a little way out of town," that is, Verplanck says, just above the intersection of Varick and Canal streets; then, during the summer, a hotel at Rockaway, and finally a spacious establishment at Bloomingdale on the Hudson. "In the most public room in the house," writes Verplanck, "hung Pine's portrait of Garrick, where it was often examined and discussed, its authenticity vouched for, and its likeness admitted by those whose memory ran back to the London stage in 1776, or who from knowledge of art or acquaintance with pictures or literature, were entitled to speak on such a point with authority."

Tyler's hotel at Rockaway was a favorite resort when the present century was in its teens for the elite of the dramatic profession as well as the fashion and talent of New York. The Apollo-like Cooper, the towering and stately Fennel, the accomplished and scholarly Holman were all frequent visitors at Tyler's hostlery, and at least on one occasion Mr. Verplanck saw there a tragedian, probably greater than Garrick even, the gifted but ungovernable George Frederick Cooke. It was there that Mr. Hone often gazed upon Pine's portrait of Garrick, and "determined to have it whenever it could be had for love or money." He was compelled to wait, however, until after Tyler's death, which did not occur until 1823, before he was able to possess the coveted treasure. When Hone's collection was sold the picture was bought by A. M. Cozzens, and it was for him that Mr. Verplanck's history of the painting was written. Only one hundred copies of the narrative were printed, and these entirely for private circulation. Accompanying it was a photograph by Fredericks, from which the above engraving was made.

"Where is the picture now?" I asked Mr. Erving. He remembered that it had been sold after Cozzens' death, but who became the purchaser he was unable to recall. From Mr. H. B. Balt, the printseller, I subsequently learned that it had been bought by the late James Lenox, and so I assumed that it had been placed among the art treasures of the Lenox Gallery. Inquiry at the library verified this conclusion. There it will remain, not only a memorial of the munificence of its last owner, of the skill of the artist and the fame of the subject, but to those who know its history it will also bring back a thankful remembrance of Joseph Tyler for its preservation.

"Squatter Sovereignty."

While Mr. Edward Harrigan is making a new departure by introducing melodrama of his own on the stage of the Theatre Comique from which the local element is eliminated, Mr. M. W. Hanley is attempting an equally radical experiment by taking "Squatter Sovereignty" on the road. Both will succeed we have no doubt, for Mr. Harrigan has shown constantly improving constructive power as a dramatist, and "Squatter Sovereignty" achieved as great success as any American drama which preceded it, not even excepting the "Banker's Daughter."

It may be urged against "Squatter Sovereignty" that it is too local in its interest to be effective away from New York. It must not be forgotten, however, that the New York squatter is not to the people of other cities what Toole's London costermonger was to us—a being entirely unintelligible in his peculiarities and language. Not in New York alone but in every city on the continent there is a population which pays no rent and devotes itself to the cultivation of goats. The squatter abounds everywhere, and if on the rocks of Harlem and Mackerelville he is a little more exaggerated than anywhere else, that will make him all the more acceptable to people who desire to study New York manners and laugh at New York peculiarities.

Besides, "Squatter Sovereignty" is not more essentially local than the "Lights o' London," or "Youth," or "Taken from Life," or the "Romany Rye." Billy, the goat, is a thoroughgoing American, and he, together with pigs and chickens, the big telescope at ten cents a peep, the Widow Nolan's great "pianner" and the roaring fun of the drama cannot fail to repeat over the country the success which the play achieved in New York.

Edwin Booth in London.

It is well known among Edwin Booth's friends that his present engagement in London was undertaken with the greatest reluctance. He was bound, however, to appear this season in the English provinces, having been released from most of his engagements last year on the stipulation that he would return in a twelvemonth and fulfil them. As a matter of course, it would not do to go direct to the provincial cities, and so Mr. Booth hired a theatre in the metropolis, making up his mind to lose money by playing in an unfashionable house in the unfashionable season.

While his artistic success has exceeded his expectations, this may not be saying much for his pocket. Whatever the cost to his purse the recognition he has obtained is worth it. This is his third professional visit to London. The first attempt was years ago, before his art had matured and when his genius was necessarily imperceptible to prejudice. His second endeavor was a year ago, when he played at the Princess' and closed with a number of joint appearances with Mr. Irving at the Lyceum. At the Princess' he was passed by unnoticed by the select circle whose approval is necessary to an acknowledged success on the London stage, and it was not until he was allowed to measure his strength with Irving at the Lyceum that his high qualities as a tragedian began to be admitted. That they are more freely recognized now, and most freely of all by those who are most apt to snap and snarl at everything American, was perhaps to be expected, but it is certain, nevertheless, that Mr. Booth was not looking forward anxiously for a triumph at the Adelphi, and it may fairly be said that he has conquered prejudice by indifference.

It is true the parts in which he has appeared so far are his two greatest rôles—Richelieu and Bertuccio. In the former he is unapproachable by any living actor, and superior even to the tragedian by whom the part was created—in the latter he is able to administer the most delicate of all flattery to Englishmen, the elevation of a rather common-place English melodrama to a level with classic English tragedy. What Edmund Kean was to Sir Edward Mortimer in the "Iron Chest," Edwin Booth is to Bertuccio in the "Fool's Revenge." But for him this play would have been doomed to the same forgetfulness which has overtaken the rest of Tom Taylor's pieces. It is worth even Mr. Booth's while to compel an admiration so long withheld and at last so grudgingly given, for it is only by overcoming prejudice abroad, and malice at home that he can hope to wear the wreath which belongs to him as the greatest actor of his time.

American Plays and Playwriters.

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The author of such a play must of necessity cut his cloth to suit his customer, the customer in most cases, either being a lady who has never learned the profession of acting, or may be some fellow with more money than brains or talent whose aspirations for histrionic fame lead him to believe that if he can only get a play the public will endure his fortune and fame are assured.

In the construction of such a play scarcely a scintillation of a plot is necessary, the whole bent of the thing being the working up of the principal character (if it be a melodrama) to certain climaxes and buncombe situations, which in most cases are brought about without rhyme or reason; but no matter, so they elicit applause and get an encore for each tableau. If the bright exhalation be a comedian he must be made to get all the laughs no matter if it be at the expense of and by placing in contempt all the other characters who surround him.

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furor in a direction that is not now anticipated, and if such is the case the heavy melodramas will suffer.

Employment of Children.

Whenever young men and women are announced to appear on the stage if it is known that they are not adults it becomes a serious question with Mr. Gerry's society as to what their ages are and whether they are legally debarred from taking part in a theatrical performance on the score of youth. There is no such opposition to the employment of children in any other calling, and we cannot help thinking that the course which is invariably pursued by Mr. Gerry is a last vestige of the old time bigotry respecting the stage.

In the factories and workshops in this city and throughout the country children are employed from infancy at the severest toil, but we never hear of the watchfulness of Mr. Gerry's officers to prevent violations of the Compulsory Education Act. Surely here is a field for the exercise of the Gerry philanthropy, but strange to say that law is allowed to become a dead letter, while a raid is made upon every manager who dares to employ children in a theatre.

As a rule we are not in favor of miniature opera companies, but it is not because children should not be allowed to work, but because they cannot act or sing. Upon this point we might make a very strong argument, but there are times when people welcome the precocious gifts of children upon the stage and even take pleasure in the artistic immaturity which is inseparable from childhood. The reception accorded to the Miniature Ideals now at Wallack's was of this character, and what is acceptable to the public it is safe for Mr. Gerry to let alone.

It is to the credit of Mayor Grace that he took a broad view of this matter, and consequently one not at all satisfactory to Mr. Gerry. In the cases of a few children who were very young, or in delicate health, he withheld his consent for their appearance, but in many others, even where the youngsters were under age, he gave permission for their employment. Praiseworthy as this liberality was, it might have been carried further without harm to the children but on the contary to their benefit. It was clearly shown that the Management had provided proper guardianship for all the youngsters in their employ, and there was no danger that the little ones would be overworked during the Wallack season. On the contrary, what will be work to them when they become older, is now only play, and it is a very narrow spirit which forbids them to play to their profit, especially as in the instance of the boy who previously sold matches for a living, the necessity of earning a living is a condition to the engagement.

It must be conceded, however, that the employment of children in theatres is a matter where each case ought to be judged upon its merits. But the same rule ought to apply to the employment of children in any calling. What the managers have a right to demand from Mr. Gerry is that he shall treat them exactly as he treats other employers, but as the matter now looks he is disposed to persecute them because of a pronounced prejudice of his own.

Letters of a Print Collector.

I.

PINE'S PORTRAIT OF GARRICK.

Chance made me acquainted with the fact that there is in this country an original portrait of Garrick, painted by Robert Edge Pine, and formerly owned by Philip Hone. In 1838 the picture was exhibited by Mr. Hone at a Loan Exhibition given for the benefit of William Dunlap, the first manager of the first Park Theatre, and the historian of the early days of the American stage. How the portrait came to be painted, how it came into Mr. Hone's possession, or to whom it had passed, I did not know, and it was again by chance that I learned the interesting story.

My first knowledge of the picture I derived from a line in the Dunlap catalogue which was presented me by Mr. William Erving, the Fourth avenue bookseller. From Mr. Erving I subsequently purchased a privately printed *brochure*, entitled "Garrick; his Portrait in New York, its Artist and History." The narrative was from the pen of the late Gulian C. Verplanck, which in itself had a deep interest for me. When I came to New York a boy it was my good fortune to know Mr. Verplanck almost well. He was a quaint old gentleman of the true Knickerbocker stamp—small in stature, but possessing a strongly marked head and face. His nose was of unusual prominence—almost as long as his memory, which extended back to the beginning of the Republic.

Mr. Verplanck was a man of elegant taste and liberal culture. He was deeply imbued with the traditions of the theatre, and although he had never seen Garrick he was intimately acquainted with those who had. His maternal grandfather, William S. Johnson, long celebrated at the bar and in the Senate, had seen Roscius during a long residence in London in the whole range of his characters. From him Mr. Verplanck derived a vivid idea of Garrick's methods, and this was still further strengthened by frequent conversations with Charles Wilkes, long President of the Bank of New York, who had a distinct though youthful recollection of Garrick, and lived to compare him with Kemble, with Cooke, and with the elder Kean. But Mr. Verplanck not only knew those who had seen Garrick, but even some of those who had acted with him. Among the latter was Mrs. Tyler, an actress who came to America in 1795 with her husband, Joseph Tyler, for thirty years afterward a prime favorite with New York theatregoers.

Joseph Tyler was the first owner of Pine's portrait of Garrick. Pine was an English artist of considerable merit, who had emigrated to America some ten years before Tyler resolved to make this country his home. Garrick was a favorite subject with the artists of his time, even the greatest of English painters affording occasion for this apt description by a contemporary poet:

> Who has not seen the animated strife,
> Where Reynolds calls the canvas into life;
> Betwixt the tragic and the comic muse,
> Courted by both, and dubious where to choose,
> The matchless actor stands——

Garrick sat to Pine repeatedly, but this, with the exception of a painting purchased in England by Elias Dexter, formerly of New York and now in possession of Edward Dexter printseller and connoisseur of this city, I believe is the only one of his portraits which has never been engraved. It was painted some time between the years 1776 and 1779, and it is especially interesting because it represents the actor in attitude and expression at the most impressive moment of his life—in the chief incident during the delivery of his farewell address upon his retirement from the stage. His last performance was in the part of Don Felix, in "The Wonder," and he is painted in the costume in which he played that character. After the play came the farewell address, in brief simple and unstudied prose. Garrick began by saying that he had in vain attempted a more elaborate and poetic farewell, and then proceeded:

"This is to me an awful moment; it is no less than parting forever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favors and upon the spot where that kindness and those favors were enjoyed."

Here, says Davies, the quaint author, actor and bookseller, who was Garrick's most acceptable biographer, he was unable to proceed until he was relieved by a flood of tears. It is to this incident to which Sheridan gracefully refers in his monody:

> By the hushed wonder which his accents drew,
> By his last parting tears, repaid by you.

Garrick, according to Davies, thus resumed: "Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here (putting his hand on his heart) fixed and unalterable."

These are the words, this the emotion, this the attitude which Pine caught and preserved, transferring the painting to America to be the chief theatrical ornament of the New World. How the picture came into Tyler's possession I have not been able to learn. As an actor Tyler almost always played the old men of tragedy and comedy—Shakspere's dukes, doges and princes, but was most acceptable of all as Gen. Washington, in Dunlap's "Glory of Columbia," in which he appeared the night before he died. To add to his income Tyler kept a public house for at least a quarter of a century before his death—first, in the beginning of the century, "a little way out of town," that is, Verplanck says, just above the intersection of Varick and Canal streets; then, during the summer, a hotel at Rockaway, and finally a spacious establishment at Bloomingdale on the Hudson. "In the most public room in the house," writes Verplanck, "hung Pine's portrait of Garrick, where it was often examined and discussed, its authenticity vouched for, and its likeness admitted by those whose memory ran back to the London stage in 1776, or who from knowledge of art or acquaintance with pictures or literature, were entitled to speak on such a point with authority."

Tyler's hotel at Rockaway was a favorite resort when the present century was in its teens for the elite of the dramatic profession as well as the fashion and talent of New York. The Apollo-like Cooper, the towering and stately Fennel, the accomplished and scholarly Holman were all frequent visitors at Tyler's hostlery, and at least on one occasion Mr. Verplanck saw there a tragedian, probably greater than Garrick even, the gifted but ungovernable George Frederick Cooke. It was there that Mr. Hone often gazed upon Pine's portrait of Garrick, and "determined to have it whenever it could be had for love or money." He was compelled to wait, however, until after Tyler's death, which did not occur until 1823, before he was able to possess the coveted treasure. When Hone's collection was sold the picture was bought by A. M. Cozzens, and it was for him that Mr. Verplanck's history of the painting was written. Only one hundred copies of the narrative were printed, and these entirely for private circulation. Accompanying it was a photograph by Fredericks, from which the above engraving was made.

"Where is the picture now?" I asked Mr. Erving. He remembered that it had been sold after Cozzens' death, but who became the purchaser he was unable to recall. From Mr. H. B. Balt, the printseller, I subsequently learned that it had been bought by the late James Lenox, and so I assumed that it had been placed among the art treasures of the Lenox Gallery. Inquiry at the library verified this conclusion. There it will remain, not only a memorial of the munificence of its last owner, of the skill of the artist and the fame of the subject, but to those who know its history it will also bring back a thankful remembrance of Joseph Tyler for its preservation.

"Squatter Sovereignty."

While Mr. Edward Harrigan is making a new departure by introducing melodrama of his own on the stage of the Theatre Comique from which the local element is eliminated, Mr. M. W. Hanley is attempting an equally radical experiment by taking "Squatter Sovereignty" on the road. Both will succeed we have no doubt, for Mr. Harrigan has shown constantly improving constructive power as a dramatist, and "Squatter Sovereignty" achieved as great success as any American drama which preceded it, not even excepting the "Banker's Daughter."

It may be urged against "Squatter Sovereignty" that it is too local in its interest to be effective away from New York. It must not be forgotten, however, that the New York squatter is not to the people of other cities what Toole's London costermonger was to us—a being entirely unintelligible in his peculiarities and language. Not in New York alone but in every city on the continent there is a population which pays no rent and devotes itself to the cultivation of goats. The squatter abounds everywhere, and if on the rocks of Harlem and Mackerelville he is a little more exaggerated than anywhere else, that will make him all the more acceptable to people who desire to study New York manners and laugh at New York peculiarities.

Besides, "Squatter Sovereignty" is not more essentially local than the "Lights o' London," or "Youth," or "Taken from Life," or the "Romany Rye." Billy, the goat, is a thoroughgoing American, and he, together with pigs and chickens, the big telescope at ten cents a peep, the Widow Nolan's great "pianner" and the roaring fun of the drama cannot fail to repeat over the country the success which the play achieved in New York.

Edwin Booth in London.

It is well known among Edwin Booth's friends that his present engagement in London was undertaken with the greatest reluctance. He was bound, however, to appear this season in the English provinces, having been released from most of his engagements last year on the stipulation that he would return in a twelvemonth and fulfil them. As a matter of course, it would not do to go direct to the provincial cities, and so Mr. Booth hired a theatre in the metropolis, making up his mind to lose money by playing in an unfashionable house in the unfashionable season.

While his artistic success has exceeded his expectations, this may not be saying much for his pocket. Whatever the cost to his purse the recognition he has obtained is worth it. This is his third professional visit to London. The first attempt was years ago, before his art had matured and when his genius was necessarily imperceptible to prejudice. His second endeavor was a year ago, when he played at the Princess' and closed with a number of joint appearances with Mr. Irving at the Lyceum. At the Princess' he was passed by unnoticed by the select circle whose approval is necessary to an acknowledged success on the London stage, and it was not until he was allowed to measure his strength with Irving at the Lyceum that his high qualities as a tragedian began to be admitted. That they are more freely recognized now, and most freely of all by those who are most apt to snap and snarl at everything American, was perhaps to be expected, but it is certain, nevertheless, that Mr. Booth was not looking forward anxiously for a triumph at the Adelphi, and it may fairly be said that he has conquered prejudice by indifference.

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The author of such a play must of necessity cut his cloth to suit his customer, the customer in most cases, either being a lady who has never learned the profession of acting, or may be some fellow with more money than brains or talent whose aspirations for histrionic fame lead him to believe that if he can only get a play the public will endure his fortune and fame are assured.

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Even some of our best actors have this class of plays, and although they deem them the

veriest rubbish, they contend they are the best drawing cards, and that they are compelled to do them rather than plays constructed upon more legitimate bases.

Another desideratum with the purchasers of such plays is the smallness of the cast of characters, as the star (who is generally the manager of his own company) has to foot the bills out of his receipts, and of course wishes to make the expenses as small as possible. This being the case, the writer of the play is restricted to the introduction of a certain number of personages who are all subservient to the refulgent rays of the bright peculiar meteor.

It will thus be seen that we have dealt first with a class of American dramatic productions which at the present day seem to be most popular with the theatre going public. They live for a time, and indeed some of them make a great deal of money, but all must go, sooner or later, to the rag bag with other of the earth's rubbish.

On the other hand, if an American author writes a play that has merit in a literary point of view, the greater will be his difficulty in getting a hearing for it. There are but few theatres in the country that keep regular stock companies, and these few, with but one exception, are conducted by persons who are not themselves professional players, while in most cases the business managers have been selected from a class who know nothing of the theatre or its literature.

Into such hands the author is compelled to intrust his play, and on such judgment as theirs depends its fate. If they read it at all (and in most cases I believe they do not) it will either be returned as utterly unworthy of production, with no reason assigned for its condemnation, or if they believe it would be successful they do not care to take the risk of an untried work, but would be quite willing to produce it, if the author will guarantee the entire expenses of the theatre, and a certain profit for the management.

As the struggling dramatic writer is not rich such conditions preclude the possibility of the public hearing many a good play, and as the Americans, although a play going are not a play reading people (as in France, England and some other countries), the author can derive nothing from its publication, and thus a damper is put upon the creation of a native dramatic literature.

It has been contended by others, and I still contend, that we as a nation have sufficient brains among us to create a dramatic literature unsurpassed by any other people; but it must be nurtured first by the public, and next by the gentlemen who control our theatres, but as long as our dramatists are compelled to be literary hacks, and have to fit a bad actor with a part as a tailor would a customer with a pair of breeches, or else pay to have his best works brought before the public, more wholesome and standard work is out of the question.

Some thirty years ago, George H. Boker, of Philadelphia, then a young man, (afterwards our Minister to Russia), wrote several capital plays in verse, but meeting with much opposition and little encouragement, abandoned the pursuit in disgust. The plays show great dramatic constructive power, and the diction is pure and good. Many others could be mentioned here, who in the first half of the present century gave evidence of much dramatic force, but the craze, being then as it now is for foreign productions they early retired from a profitless field.

In the last twenty years we have gone from one craze to another. We have had the English burlesque (a very bad imitation of the French opera bouffe without its wit and quaint catching airs) depicted by half nude women with their variety breakdowns and jigs. All theatregoers can remember what a surfeit they gave us of this. Then came the French drama, with its dishonored wives and mawkish sentimentality. Thus we have crept on until we have got down to the penny-gaff English melodrama, which, in its elaborate production of realistic scenery and effects, reminds one of a sugar-coated bonbon which if stripped of its coating (the most toothsome morsel) would leave but the bitter kernel to be enjoyed; and all this is tolerated to the exclusion of much better work.

It will thus be seen the public and those who sit in judgment on plays are much like Æsop's fabled ass who, being placed in a flower garden, espying a bunch of thistles passed the beautiful flowers to munch the thistles.

R. J.

THE THEATRE makes its appearance at a time when the theatres are dull and uninteresting on the outside, but inside full of the excitement of preparation. At some of the houses rehearsals have already begun, and at all the carpenters and painters are at work.

The only theatre which goes on in the same even tenor throughout the year is the Madison Square, where "Esmeralda" is the eight months' old attraction. Next to it comes Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre, which closes to-night but will soon be ablaze again. Daly's will be reopened on Wednesday, and sooner or later all the others will follow, and then there will be many things to be seen and noted behind the curtain.

"PATIENCE" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Reginald Bunthorne	Master Arthur Dunn
Archibald Grosvenor	Master Harry Hamlin
Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor	Master Eddie Jacobs
Colonel Caverly	Master Augustus Collins
Major Murgathroyd	Master Frank Keef
The Duke	Master George Morgan
The Lady Angela	Miss Marguerite Fish
The Lady Saphir	Miss Lillian Calef
The Lady Ella	Miss Minnie Connor
The Lady Jane	Miss Ida Mulle
Patience	Miss Jennie Dunn

After the noise and bother attending an inquiry by Mayor Grace into the ages and fitness of the young artists at the instance of President Gerry, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, "Patience" was produced at Wallack's Theatre on Monday evening by the Boston Miniature Ideal Opera Company, when it was found the boys were nearly all young men, and most of the misses were maidens.

In the æsthetic costumes of this æsthetic opera the groups of young people presented a charming picture when the curtain was rung up upon the first act. Throughout the performance was effective, for notwithstanding the tenor, baritone and bass parts were all sung in soprano voices, even the heavy dragoon choruses being necessarily in the hands of boy soprani, it was found once more that the Gilbert libretto and the Sullivan music were sufficiently elastic to allow a successful realization of the impossible in the impossible realized.

Master Harry as Grosvenor made the hit of the piece by fair singing, capital acting and a picturesque appearance. Master Arthur as Bunthorne just missed being funny in the effort to be ludicrous. Miss Marguerite as Lady Angela showed much childish cleverness both in acting and singing, but Miss Jennie as Patience acted better than she sang. It will thus be seen that the test parts were the failures of the performance, which is not to be wondered at, as it is the immaturity of the characters which demands greater maturity in the creation than can possibly belong to children.

Much complaint was heard of the orchestra, and the complaints would have been just if the band had not been compelled to violate all the laws of musical composition to accommodate itself to the immature voices of children. The condemnation of the orchestra was in fact the most sweeping condemnation of the whole performance, as it only failed in making the inartistic artistic.

"OLIVETTE" AT THE BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Olivette	Mme. Selina Dolaro
The Countess Bathilde	Miss Lilly Post
Veloutine	Miss Victoria Reynolds
Moustique	Miss Kitty Ayres
Captain De Merrimac	Mr. Joseph S. Greensfelder
Valentin	Mr. Charles Campbell
Duc des Ifs	Mr. George Gaston
Coquelicot	Mr. Frederick H. Frear
Marvejol	Mr. Charles Tucker

A revival of "Olivette" calls for no particular mention further than to present a cast which is excellent throughout and noteworthy for that reason.

Madame Dolaro was in good voice and acted with spirit in the title *role*, and Miss Lilly Post, who is almost new even to the patrons of the Bijou, sang and acted the Countess with so much credit that she promises to become a great favorite.

Mr. Greensfelder made an amusing Captain Merimac, and the other *roles* were all creditably filled.

The regular season at this house will begin about the middle of September, when the regular company will be brought forward. Among the artists engaged particular mention must be made of Madame Cottrelly, so long a favorite with the Germans as the singing soubrette at the Thalia Theatre. Lillian Russell is also engaged, and Mr. McCaull expects her to keep her engagement notwithstanding she

rather queerly announces that she will not sing in America this season. Miss Post is retained and Laura Joyce will join the company. Of the gentlemen the most noteworthy are John Howson and Digby Bell.

It is Mr. McCaull's intention to devote his theatre this year, as last, to comic opera, and the revival of "Olivette" might be put down as the beginning of the season, if the management did not prefer to call it a summer season so as to provide for a regular season later on.

It is my first business, perhaps, to give the word, but when I speak from the prompt place I speak with authority, and I always expect to be heard with the respect which belongs to me by virtue of my office. It is to be remembered that I speak not for myself alone, but for THE THEATRE, and so, like a judge on the bench, my rulings have the force of law.

* * *

The subject that is nearest to my heart just now is the Actors' Fund. I am sorry that it is necessary for me to speak of this matter, but I have so many criticisms and complaints that it would be unpardonable in me to remain quiet. First of all, I have been told more than once that there is to be too much red tape in the disposition of the Fund. I am afraid this is true, and I only need say that charity when it is formal loses half its sweetness. There is a danger, however, which I am not disposed shall be overlooked, and that is that the Actors' Fund shall not be allowed to become a bounty upon which loafers may live. Between the red tape on the one hand and the schemes of idle but designing persons to live upon the Fund, I foresee a great deal of trouble, and I shall be much surprised if an effort to benefit the profession does not result in positive detriment.

* * *

In the disposition of the Fund it is next to unavoidable that there will be a trial by newspaper in many of the cases. This is an evil that I can only hope will be avoided. Relief when it is made public becomes almost as objectionable as suffering and want.

* * *

Then there will be resort to the courts I am very certain. This Fund is a public trust which must be administered with judicial fairness, but those who are denied relief are sure to deny the fairness of the trustees in their case. The consequence will be that before very long some judge will be invoked to compel the relief which the trustees refused. This will bring both the Fund and the profession into disrepute, and in the end defeat the purpose intended by the contributors.

* * *

If it is intended to afford relief only to those who are members of the association under the bylaws, there will be a row before very long. I wish this provision could be enforced, for that would shut off a great many unworthy persons, but I fear that under the Act of Incorporation it is not possible to do this. While the Fund exists relief to those named by the law is a legal right, and neither the trustees nor the association can narrow the scope of an act of the Legislature.

* * *

I am often asked why the old Dramatic Fund was a failure. In my opinion it has not been a failure further than the indifference of actors would make any fund fail. It was founded in 1848, and it now has an investment of $53,000, with fifty-three paying members and only seven beneficiaries. Actors will not join it because it costs on an average $11 a year to belong to it. When I have urged young men to join it, they have either inveighed against the cost or declared they would never need it. One of these was accustomed to ask me to luncheon at least four times a year. One day I told him if he would give the $3—which he was in the habit of spending on me every quarter, and for which I was not reasonably grateful—to the Dramatic Fund he would be making provision for a rainy day. He only laughed, and said he would never need it. It was only two or three years afterward that I was asked to hold the book at the benefit which kept him out of the almshouse, and I contributed out of my own slender stock of savings to bury him.

* * *

If I could have had my way I would have put some of the vigor of the new Fund into the old one and some of the conservatism of the old into the new. Instead of fifty-three there ought to be 1,053 paying members to the Dramatic Fund, which would insure an income of nearly $12,000 from the profession. By joining the two funds this could be assured independently of the receipts from benefits on Actors' Day. Altogether the annual income could be made at least $25,000, one-half of which should be for investment and distribution of the interest under the rules of the Dramatic Fund, and the other half to relieve distress under no rule but the joint arbitration of necessity and mercy.

* * *

Although I am only the Prompter I have a heart and a head as well as an ear and a tongue. Distress is always sure to find me out because I am always touched by it. I hear more than my share of the tales of suffering and want, and sometimes I even fancy that I am compelled to share other people's infirmities. In my experience I have found that improvidence is the besetting sin of the profession, but somehow I always forgive improvidence in the presence of hunger or disease. It don't do to argue indiscretion when a little assistance will save a human life. I have a soft place somewhere which prevents me from distinguishing between worldly worthiness and downright need. That is why I want a big dramatic pocket near at hand, into which almost any hand may go when palsied and helpless, and I believe I would succor anything except voluntary idleness.

* * *

But age must be cared for as well as helplessness. That is where the Dramatic Fund has the advantage over the Actors' Fund. Sixty years is the limit of an actor's working life. There are few meu like John Gilbert whose powers remain unimpared in spite of advancing age. After sixty a man may not need assistance, but the chances are that he will find an annuity something which will add to the comforts of existence. Five hundred dollars a year would not come amiss to most old actors, and that would be a big return even after forty years contribution to the Dramatic Fund. Just think of it! A youngster of twenty would pay into the Fund only $440 before he reached the annuity age, but if he lived to reach it, he would draw out $60 more than his investment annually. I am not an old man yet but I joined the Fund on the day it was founded, and so you see I shall be able to draw on it before very long. I have my own house and my books and my pictures and a snug little bank account, but even if the bank was to break I could leave the prompt place and live on my annuity.

* * *

As to Actors' Homes I don't believe in them. They are impracticable, I think. In the first place they have CHARITY HOME written over the portal in letters altogether too bold for the liking of the inmates. Then there are almost sure to be conditions attached which cannot fail to be burdensome as well as distasteful. Snug Harbors may do for sailors, and Military Retreats for soldiers, but actors are too much like other people to care to be locked up in an artistic almshouse under the conditions of some old fool's will.

* * *

The Forrest Home instead of being a monument to the tragedian is a standing proof of its founder's folly. It is so far away from Philadelphia that the inmates never see anything in human shape except themselves or the too numerous statues of the vain old man who gave this Home out of his over-estimated abundance. It is a downright hardship to the eight old men and women in the Forrest Home to be stared out of countenance by half a dozen bronze Forrests in tragic attitudes. They would much prefer seeing a picture of Gus Williams, as "One of the Finest," or prints of John McCullough, as Spartacus or Virginius, in a shop window. Besides they are not allowed to forget that they were once actresses and actors; but at least once a year are forcibly reminded that they are actresses and actors no longer. To the hourly Forrest pill is added an annual Shakspere purging. On the twenty-third of April, Shakspere's birthday, Forrest solemnly decreed that one of Shakspere's plays should be acted in the little theatre attached to the Home. I confess I would like to see Herr Cline scale the garden wall as Romeo with what is left of his tight-rope agility, with old Mrs. La Fuert mouthing Juliet. Spear, Thoman and the rest might wrestle with the other parts, although the old women are no longer fit even for the Nurse, while the old men are suited only to the characters of the Gravediggers. Then the Declaration of Independence is ordered to be read at the Home every Fourth of July, becoming no longer a symbol of liberty but a badge of slavery. Altogether the Forrest Home is unsatisfactory to the outsider, and intolerable to the insider.

* * *

I am in favor of invoking the aid of the courts for turning the Forrest Home into a Forrest Fund. All the inmates have friends with whom they could live in comfort and contentment if the Forrest Fund yields them $500 a year. Some legal means ought to be found for the sale of the property in order to provide for the inmates as Forrest annuitants.

* * *

There is another thing to which I wish to allude before I close this homily. It is the reluctance of wealthy actors and managers to make bequests in their wills for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund. In the later years of his life I had great hopes of William Niblo. All his money had been made in the theatrical business. Instead of giving a part of it for the benefit of actors he gave $175,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association to found a Niblo Library. "If he had given the money to us," said William Davidge to me one day, "we should have reared a statue to his memory in the rooms of the Fund." "But wasn't he too ugly to care to be perpetuated in that way?" I asked in response.

* * *

What I want to see is a large and growing permanent Dramatic Fund with a good sized Actors' Fund for instant distribution where it is needed "without publicity." By uniting the two Funds two objects equally worthy can be attained, and although I am only a Prompter I trust the great managers and great actors will listen to me with as much respect as if I had been called upon to settle a disputed reading in Shakspere.

* * *

As the Prompter, I beg to say at the outset, that I claim every prompter's right to mix in his own opinion with other people's, so that nobody can tell whose they are and consequently feel bound to accept many things which would be objected to if it was known in whose head they originated.

—Somebody has taken the trouble to deny that Mr. R. M. Field, of the Boston Museum, will direct Mr. Boucicault's engagements next season, although it is admitted that Mr. Baucicault will play a long engagement at the Museum. This simply puts the boot on the other leg—it is Mr. Boucicault who is to manage Mr. Field's engagements.

—Mr. James W. Morrissey is to "boom" the Wyndham Comedy Company, who begin their American tour at the Union Square Theatre, October 30. There is something so suggestive in the name of the company and Mr. Morrissey's characteristics, that an inveterate punster on the Square says there will be no deficiency in wind, hem!

—Although Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera is announced for production at the Standard Theatre in November, we are not unmindful that the facetious librettist and the tuneful composer are a little uncertain.

—An American girl, Miss Lillian Noyton, made a successful *debut* in Paris recently, as Marguerite, in "Faust." It is surprising that Miss Noyton was not announced as Mlle. Notoni.

—Among the pieces announced for Wallack's next season is "The Parvenu," a three act comedy from the Court Theatre, London. English comedy just now delights in such names as "The Colonel" and "The Squire," but "The Parvenu" is more suggestive of the comedy element than most names of the same kind.

—While Mr. Lawrence Barrett's literary taste in accepting plays from such accomplished poets as George H. Boker is to be commended, it is impossible to look forward with much enthusiasm to a piece with such a title as "Launcelot, the Dwarf." Mr. Boker's work is almost sure to possess poetic merit, but the name is suggestive of the lack of human interest which prevented the success of one or two other pieces with which Mr. Barrett associated his name in the past.

—It has been predicted in the newspapers that the character of Gen. Josiah Limber, in Mr. John T. Raymond's new play, "For Congress," will prove a greater hit even than Col. Sellers. Such confident assurances respecting an untried part in an untried piece are unwise. If Gen. Limber should prove inferior to Col. Sellers people will be apt to overlook his actual merits because the part does not turn out to be what they were led to expect.

—The Greenroom is very much amused over the box office announcement that Aimee's Cyprienne, in "Divorcons," is so lifelike that Brussels refused to accept it. This is probably the first time that confessed failure was advertised in evidence of surpassing merit.

—Marion Elmore, who sailed on the 29th, was in this country in 1878 as a member of Lydia Thompson's company.

—Mr. Richard Dorney, having been "communicated with" by Mr. Daly, desired the daily press to announce that he had been recalled from Five Mile River, Conn., where he was having a good time fishing, clam-baking, dancing, &c., whereupon somebody timidly asks who Mr. Dorney is. Mr. Dorney is the press agent or business manager, or something of that kind, for Daly's Theatre, and consequently, under the new rules relating to theatrical affairs, he is entitled to mention by the press instead of the "ladies and gentlemen who have been communicated with, and who are concerned in the new cast of the Passing Regiment.'"

—It is a curious fact that before there is any announcement of the actors and actresses engaged for a new piece we are assured that the animals have been secured. We do not know when or where Mr. Bartley Campbell's Nihilist drama is to be produced, but we are assured that elephant Bamboo is on his way here so as to be ready when the rehearsals begin.

—The following is floating through the press :—

Mr. Frank A. Heywood the associate editor of the *Saturday Night*, is at work on another play entitled "Mignon; or, the Indian Bride." Mr. Heywood's emotional drama, "Woman's Love," will be produced in London in the winter, six months prior to its presentation in America.

As nobody ever heard of the *Saturday Night*, or of Mr. Heywood, or of Mr. Heywood's emotional drama before this, and is never likely to hear of them again except in this perfunctory way, it is really very kind in him to produce "Woman's Love" in London "six months prior to its presentation in America."

—Mr. Augustin Daly's excursions through the dictionary must be exceedingly laborious. Almost every year he wants a new name for the opening performances at his theatre. This year he is to give the "Passing Regiment" for a brief period, beginning August 9, preparatory to the production of "Mankind," and he calls the revival a "Prefatory Season."

—It is gravely announced that Mr. Charles Wyndham will visit New York next week "incognito" to inspect the theatres of this city preparatory to building his new theatre in London. While here it is kindly promised that he will personally explain to the artists and carpenters the sketches and models for "Fourteen Days," with which he begins his tour in this country. This must mean that Mr. Wyndham is coming simply as Mr. Wind'em, disguised in ordinary attire and prepared to live in a Fourth avenue boarding house.

—There is serious complaint among actors and actresses engaged by the agents that they have not yet been "communicated with" by their managers.

—Because Mr. David Belasco is to succeed Mr. William Seymour as stage manager at the Madison Square Theatre, and is described by some admiring friend as a young man of great ability, the author of "La Belle Russe" and "Hearts of Oak," is no excuse for accusing him of "impudent plagiarisms" in these "types of aggravated badness in play-making or play-stealing." Impertinent and uncalled for abuse is not independent criticism.

—Miss Ada Dyas was specially engaged to play Esther Eccles in "Caste," and Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," at the Newport Casino, and it is said that her delivery of the hunting speech aroused genuine enthusiasm among a class of people who are notably apathetic. "The polo players could understand that," remarked a witty actress, "and it is a great compliment to the fashionables that they found Lady Gay so fresh. After a pause she added maliciously—"I am rejoiced that Robertson's girlish heroines are maturing."

—It is said that Mr. A. M. Palmer tried to engage Charles Coghlan to take the place of Charles R. Thorne, Jr., at the Union Square Theatre, but found the English actor's American terms too exorbitant.

—According to a California paper Mr. John Gilbert died July 7; on the contrary, there is still plenty of work in the great actor.

—Mr. Abbey's frankness in regard to Mrs. Langtry may not be judicious but it is very refreshing. He describes her as a "stoutish amateur," not pretty from an American point of view but an incomparable "dresser," with very slight experience and a genius for acting that is summed up as a "liking for the profession."

—Mr. Edward Zimmerman, formerly with Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, will be the manager and Mr. W. H. Daly, the stage manager for Mr. Stetson at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this season.

—Mrs. Marie Wilkins will play what is described as a Mother Frochard part in the "Romany Rye." Mrs. Wilkins is an accomplished general actress, but she plays the stage hag with so much fervor that it is to be feared she will be confined to the disagreeable roles hereafter.

—Gus Williams is the only actor on the American stage who requires more than a year for his seasons. He closes at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre this evening, having played without interruption from August 1, 1881, to August 5, 1882.

—Theo is not so young as she once was, and that too plain speaking lady, Olive Logan, says she has no voice, but everybody admits that she has a way of captivating people. She tests her powers in this city first of all with Offenbach's "Mme. L'Archiduc."

—Mary Anderson will play in New York six weeks this season—two at the Grand Opera House, and four at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. That she has tragic ability was long ago conceded, and so she must expect to be measured this year for artistic growth.

—It has become the fashion in this country not only to produce English melodrama with English scenery, properties and appointments, but with English stage direction, and so it is not surprising that Mr. Charles Cathcart, of the Princess', is announced to arrive in a few days to superintend the production of the "Romany Rye" at Booth's.

—Singers are like Connecticut tobacco, which is sent to Cuba that it may come back with the Havana stamp—they must receive a European indorsement before they can expect a favorable reception in their own country. If Miss Hope Glenn, the contralto, who is to accompany Mme. Nilsson in her concert tour under Mr. Abbey's management, had come direct from Iowa instead of from the Crystal Palace concerts—the Boosy ballad concerts, the Monday popular concerts and Burnaby's choir—well, we should hear nothing about her being an American girl, and she might have stayed in Iowa, where she was born, until she died.

—Two of the greatest artists of this century, Malibran and Patti, first achieved success in New York, and now it seems that Fraulein Meta, who was born in this country and made her debut at the Thalia Theatre two years ago, is to be added to the list. At the least the success which she achieved at Baireuth gives promise of a great future.

—Mr. John McCullough left Omaha on Wednesday for a trip to Fort Washakie, Wy. T., and the Yellowstone Park with a party organized by General Sheridan. They go determined to commence with Nature "in her wildest woods," and will return by way of the Northern Pacific Railway.

—Mrs. Crisp, the widow of the late Harry Crisp, who is summering with Miss Annie Clarke, of the Boston Museum, has determined to adopt the stage as a profession. During her husband's lifetime she was a devoted wife and his friends will all wish her success both for his sake and her own.

—A poke-bonnet has kicked up a lively fuss in the Criterion Opera Troupe at New Orleans. A letter from that city says: "Adella Barker quit Gorman's Criterion Opera Troupe because Florence Valliere complained that Miss Barker's poke-bonnet, which she wore as the 'Aunt' in 'Pinafore,' detracted attention from her (Valliere), and she demanded that the bonnet should be reefed."

—Mr. Theododore Moss, disgusted with the complaints and strictures occasioned by the organization of the Act-

or's Fund, has determined to decline the treasurership. This is to be regretted, as Mr. Moss was just the man to fill this responsible office. Unless wiser counsels prevail, the faultfinding spirit will destroy the usefulness of the Fund at the outset.

—An application for relief has been made to the Actor's Fund, action upon which should not be delayed an hour. It is in behalf of the venerable Thomas H. Hadaway, now his 81st year. Mr. Hadaway will be pleasantly remembered by old theatregoers. He came to this country in 1831 with his wife, the distinguished Miss Hallande, of the English stage. Mrs. Hadaway fell a victim to the cholera in 1832. Mr. Hadaway played in this city and Philadelphia for many years, being the rival of Burton and Sefton as a comedian. He was the best Caleb Quotem ever seen in this country. His last engagement was at Barnum's Museum, when it was located on the site of the *Herald* office, at Broadway and Ann street. Since his retirement Mr. Hadaway has lived at Stony Brook, L. I., where it was believed he was possessed of a competence. Advancing years, however, so impaired his faculties that assistance has become necessary to ease his last days. In such a case it should not be grudgingly given.

—Augustin Daly is using a part of the $20,000 he made during his Western trip to improve the auditorium of Daly's Theatre. The prospective improvements which will all be complete in time for the opening on the 9th inst. will make the theatre one of the cosiest and most elegant in a city noted for its many cosy and elegant. "It is so handsome it almost makes me mad to look at it," said a gentleman yesterday, who was allowed that privilege.

—Miss Margaret Mathers will make her *debut* as Juliet at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on August 28. The cast will include Mr. Alexander Salvini as Romeo, Mr. Milnes Levich as Mercutio, Mr. E. O. Jepson as Friar Lawrence, Mr. W. Davidge as Capulet and Miss Josie Bailey as Lady Capulet.

—The business staff of the Madison Square Theatre took flight on Thursday for the prairies, to prepare for the opening of the season in the West. Charles Frohman, Robert Filkins, Charles McGerchey, Charles Hicks and Marc Klaw, are among those thus early on the wing.

—Mr. P. T. Barnum has returned from Europe to find the Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson Circus in the full tide of prosperity along the Hudson. Exhibitions were given at Poughkeepsie on the 1st, Hudson on the 2d, Gloversville on the 3d and Schenectady on the 4th, the business being of such proportions as to be great even in Mr. Barnum's eyes. To-day the Circus exhibits at Saratoga. The route for next week is Glen Falls 7th, Rutland 8th, Burlington 9th, Montpelier 10th and White River Junction 11th.

—That eminent actor, Emperor, one of Mr. Barnum's most accomplished performers, broke loose at Troy on Thursday, and went on a spree all over the city. First he entered the lower room of the Rensselaer rail mill, followed by a whole troupe of elephants, and on going outside stepped on some red hot rails which made him roar with pain. Emperor then went through the town knocking Patrick Burns over an embankment, tossing Michael Minnehan against a fence with such force as to break three ribs, embracing Mrs. Langly so energetically as to frighten her into convulsions, throwing Mrs. Molten up a flight of seven stairs with her baby in her arms, and paying his respects to many other persons. At last the enraged animal was captured and secured. The other elephants behaved better, one of them taking a swim in the Hudson.

—Mr. M. B. Leavitt arrived by the Alaska last Sunday, announcing that he had engaged fifteen of the best people in the specialty line to be found on the other side for his numerous combinations. He has secured two new burlesques "Claude Duval" and "Mantaux Noirs." Mr. Leavitt will have eight attractions on the road this season.

—Miss Rose Eytinge has arrived from Europe, and is already at work preparing for her starring tour. She will devote herself to the "Princess of Paris," and repeat her great triumphs in Armande in "Led Astray," and Nancy Sykes, parts in which she is unrivalled.

—Herr Conried, of the Thalia Theatre, sailed for home on Tuesday, bringing with him a number of new artists.

PRODUCTION OF "PARSIFAL" AT BAIREUTH.

The most important artistic event of the year is the production of Wagner's "Parsifal" at Baireuth. In many respects this opera differs from the rest of Wagner's works, but in none is the difference so marked as in the strong religious element which pervades it. This was inevitable from the subject chosen by the composer, which is the same as that treated by Tennyson in the latest of his published "Idyls of the King"—the Search for the Holy Grail.

When the curtain rises on the first act, a forest glade in Monsalvat, the domains of the Holy Grail, is disclosed. Here and there are scattered large rocks, and at the back is seen the glimmer of a quiet lake. Gurnemanz, an old man in the costume of the Grail, and two young esquires are discovered sleeping. Day is dawning, and from the Castle is heard the solemn morning reveille of trombones giving out the "Grail-motive," which has already been heard in the overture. Gurnemanz awakes, arouses the young esquires, and as two knights enter from the castle of the Grail inquires of them concerning King Amfortas' health, for Amfortas is suffering from a grievous wound in his side, which no human power can cure. Even a simple, which Gawain has exerted all his bravery to gain, has brought no relief, and as Gurnemanz learns this he bewails their helplessness. "But one thing and but one man can help the king," and as he says this there is heard for the first time the strains of the "Fool-motive," in which is given the first suggestion of the "guileless fool" who is the chosen successor of the Grail and its guardians. And now Kundry, exhausted by a long, hard ride, hurries on the stage. She wears the raiment of a servant of the Grail, but it is all in disorder, and her black hair is streaming wildly down her back. As she comes we hear in the orchestra the "Kundry-motive." She presses on Gurnemanz a crystal flask. "Here, take it!" she says. "If this fails, Arabia bears naught else can give him ease." And as, worn out, she sinks down on the ground, Amfortas appears, borne in a litter and attended by a train of knights, on his way to the bath in which he hopes to find some relief after a night of agony. Gurnemanz gives him the flask Kundry has brought. The king is borne off to his bath and Gurnemanz and Kundry remain, the latter lying exhausted on the ground. One of the esquires reproaches her for her wild and savage looks, but Gurnemanz defends her. Long has she wrought for the servants of the Grail and faithful and bold has she been. When Titurel, Amfortas' father, first built the Castle of the Grail, he found her asleep in a wood in the Grail's domain. Since then she has rarely ceased from her work or been absent from Monsalvat, but whenever she has, misfortune has ever attended the knights. And as Gurnemanz says this we first hear the "Spell-motive." Suddenly, turning to Kundry, Gurnemanz asks her sharply, "Where wert thou when our commander lost the spear?" and again we hear the "Spell-motive," this time more strongly marked. As one of the esquires asks Gurnemanz about the loss of the spear, the old knight unfolds the whole story of Klingsor, of Amfortas' fall and of the loss of the sacred spear. When Titurel, the Christian king, was sore beset by pagan enemies, the Grail—the cup which was used at the last Passover, and which caught the Saviour's blood upon the cross—and the spear by which that blood was shed were sent to Titurel from heaven as a token of assistance from above. For these holy things Titurel built the Castle of Monsalvat, where dwelt the Knights of the Grail. None could attain to their service unless he were perfectly pure. Klingsor strove for it, but, unable to stifle the evil thoughts of his mind, failed. Then he went over altogether to the Evil One and swore bitter enmity to the servants of the Grail. He learned magic arts, and by their means turned the wilderness into a fairy garden, which he peopled with blooming maidens, whom he employed to seduce the Grail's defenders. Many of them fell, and sore was the sorrow in Monsalvat. At last, borne down by the weight of years, Titurel gave up the regal power to his son Amfortas. The latter started forth to conquer Klingsor, but fell a victim to the fascinations of one of the enchanted maidens, and as he lay in her arms Klingsor stole the sacred spear and with it inflicted the wound which still rankles in Amfortas' side. Amfortas, conscience stricken and wretched, knelt at the plundered sanctuary of the Grail, praying for some sign of hope, when there appeared a heavenly face above the shrine from whose lips came these words:—

By pity 'lightened
A guileless fool;
Wait for him
My chosen tool.

As Gurnemanz finishes his story there is a cry of horror from the lake. Some one has shot a swan as it circled in the sky, and in Monsalvat all beasts and birds are held sacred and may not be hurt. Then is heard for the first time the "Parsifal-motive." As Parsifal is dragged in by several of the esquires, bearing in his hand the bow with which he had shot the swan, Gurnemanz reproaches him for his cruel deed, and Parsifal, who has done it through ignorance, silently breaks his bow and arrows, repentant. Then Gurnemanz questions him as to whence he came, who his father was, why he came hither and what is his name, but to each of these questions he answers, "I know not." Gurnemanz declares him an utter fool, when Kundry, who has been all along watching the scene in silence, breaks in. His father was Gamuret, she says, who perished in battle, and his mother, to save him from a like untimely fate, brought him up in solitude in the woods, ignorant of arms and warlike training. Then Parsifal tells how he has seen men in shining armor, astride noble beasts, riding past the wood, and how he would have been like them and had followed them, forgetting his mother. Kundry tells him that his mother is dead, when he springs savagely at her, but is held back by Gurnemanz. Parsifal staggers, half fainting from the shock of the news, and Kundry brings water and sprinkles his face. As Gurnemanz approves her returning good for evil she cries, "I do no good! I only long for rest." Then she is seized by a sudden drowsiness, against which she struggles, while again is heard the "Spell-motive." Subdued by the power of the spell she crawls into a thicket and is seen no more. Then Gurnemanz, laying Parsifal's arm on his own neck, leads him away. As they appear to walk, the scene, by a panoramic device, changes gradually. The smiling glade disappears and they go through rocky passes in the mountains, arriving at last at a mighty hall. As they approach it the sound of bells is heard, and with it the "Love feast motive." The Knights of the Grail stream into the hall and join in a solemn hymn, while answering them are heard in turn the voices of younger men from the mid height of the hall and the voices of boys from the top of the dome. Then Amfortas, preceded by the shrine which holds the Grail, is borne in and placed upon a couch

From the back of the hall comes the voice of old Titurel, commanding his son to unveil the Grail. Amfortas begs that he may be spared from doing so, for what is joy and strength to every one else is bitterest agony to him. At last he complies and bears around the hall the sacred vessel, which glows with supernatural light. The feast of the Last Supper is then gone through with, and the knights depart bearing out Amfortas and leaving Gurnemanz alone with Parsifal, who has been watching the whole scene with speechless wonder. Gurnemanz asks him if he understands what he has seen, and when he shakes his head again pronounces him a fool and thrusts him out of a small side door, bidding him begone on his way. With this the curtain falls on the first act.

The second act opens in Klingsor's magic castle. The enchanter is seen in the inner keep, sitting before a metal mirror, soliloquizing. The hour has come at last, and Parsifal, drawn by his magic swan, is approaching He holds Kundry meanwhile in a deathly sleep, from which she will awake but to do his bidding. Then he summons her, and when she appears commands her to try the power of her magic charms on the youth who is now approaching, the most dangerous foe he has yet had to deal with, for him "sheerest folly shields." And as he goes on we hear the "Spell-motive," the "Klingsor-motive," the "Kundry-motive" and the "Parsifal-motive," as the theme which suggests each occurs in turn. When Klingsor commands her to try her blandishments on Parsifal Kundry at first refuses, though "he who spurns her sets her free," but overcome by the power of his spells she at last complies and disappears to set about her work. Meanwhile Parsifal has approached the tower, and now puts to rout the knights whom Klingsor summons to its defence. Suddenly the scene changes. The tower sinks into the ground and in its place rises a lovely garden, into which rush a number of beautiful maidens in extremest excitement and terror. They see Parsifal standing on the wall and beg him not to harm them. But when he answers them kindly their alarm changes to merriment, and they crowd around him, wooing him with softest caresses. Some leave the scene and return in flower dresses, appearing like flowers themselves, as they press about Parsifal, singing the "Caressing Melody." Parsifal repulses them, first gently, then more brusquely, and each time that he does so, we hear the "Parsifal-motive" recurring more and more strongly. At last, as he quite loses patience with them, Kundry's voice is heard calling him. The flower maidens disappear, and Parsifal, looking timidly around, sees Kundry, but utterly transformed, and become transcendently beautiful. She calls him to her, tells him of his own birth and of his mother's death, and in exchange for the mother love which he has lost, offers him her own. Parsifal almost yields, but as she presses a first kiss on his lips, he springs up suddenly in extreme terror, clutching his heart. He seems to feel Amfortas' spear wound burning in his side, and all the scene in the Hall of the Grail recurs to him. Kundry becomes more earnest and passionate, but he repulses her only the more until at last she calls for help in desperation. Klingsor appears and threatens Parsifal with the sacred spear. He hurls it at him, but it remains suspended harmless over the head of Parsifal, who, grasping it with a gesture of exalted rapture, makes with it the sign of the cross, and the whole garden withers up into a desert, while the damsels lie like shrivelled flowers about the place. Parsifal turns to Kundry, reminds her of where only they shall meet again, and the second act closes.

The third act opens after a lapse of many years in the domains of the Grail on Good Friday morning. Gurnemanz, now extremely aged, is startled by what sounds like the moaning of an animal in a thicket near by his hermit's cell. He goes to it and drags out Kundry, cold, stiff, and nearly lifeless. He revives her, and she, without a word, goes quietly to work again as if her labors had never ceased. As she is drawing water from a spring she sees some one approaching through the wood. A knight, clad in complete black armor, with lowered visor, walks slowly up and sits down by the spring. Gurnemanz addresses him, but, getting no answer, reminds him that it is Good Friday morning, and that no one bearing weapons may come near Monsalvat on that holy day. Rising silently the knight thrusts the spear into the ground and takes off his helmet, revealing the face of Parsifal. Gurnemanz recognizes first him and then the sacred spear. As he does this we hear first the "Fool-motive" and afterward the "Grail-motive." Parsifal then greets Gurnemanz, and tells him of his long and weary wanderings in search of Monsalvat. Gurnemanz and Kundry remove his armor, while the latter bathes his feet in the spring and dries them with her hair. Kundry takes a flask of ointment and pours part of it on his feet. Parsifal hands the rest of it to Gurnemanz, asking him to pour it on his head, for to-day he must be anointed king. Gurnemanz then anoints him king, and as his first act Parsifal baptizes Kundry. Gurnemanz brings out a coat of mail and mantle of the Knights of the Grail, which he and Kundry put on Parsifal. Then he and Gurnemanz, followed by Kundry, set out for the Hall of the Grail. There the knights are assembled, sorrowing for the death of the old King, Titurel; for Amfortas, conscience stricken and sorrowing, has for a long time refused to uncover the Grail; and Titurel, deprived of the supernatural strength it lent him, has breathed his last. Amfortas is brought in, and the knights, pressing around him, urge him once more to uncover the Grail. He refuses, and begs them to end his misery by plunging their swords into his breast. Parsifal comes forward, touches Amfortas' side with the point of the spear and the wound is healed. Parsifal announces that henceforth he is to govern in Amfortas' place, and commands them to open the shrine of the Grail. He holds it aloft, and, as all gaze on it with intense rapture, the curtain descends, Kundry sinking slowly to the ground—dead.

As at the "Nibelungen" performances in 1876, the artists engaged are among the first in Germany. Mme. Materna, who was at the head of the singers then, is, of course, the principal soprano now, though she shares her *role* with two others. Scaria, the famous Vienna bass, is also among them, besides Carl Hill, the admirable Alberich of 1876, and Winkelmann, fresh from his London successes. There is one peculiar feature of the performances, and that is that the heaviest *roles* are each given to two or more singers, who sing on alternate nights. Thus there will be three, or possibly four, Kundrys, while Parsifal will have three representatives. The full cast is as follows:—

Amfortas...	Theodor Reichmann	Munich
	Anton Fuchs	Munich
Titurel	August Kindermann	Munich
Gurnemanz.	Emil Scaria	Vienna
	Gustav Siehr	Munich
Parsifal	Hermann Winkelmann	Hamburg
	Heinrich Gudehns	Dresden
	Ferdinand Jager	Dresden
Klingsor	Carl Hill	Schwerin
	Anton Fuchs	Munich
Kundry	Amalia Materna	Vienna
	Marianne Brandt	Berlin
	Theresa Malten	Dresden

It is rumored that Herr and Frau Vogl may appear as Parsifal and Kundry before the end of the summer, but that is doubtful, though possible. At the opening performance on July 26 the cast was as follows:—

Amfortas	Theodor Reichmann
Titurel	August Kindermann
Gurnemanz	Emil Scaria
Parsifal	Hermann Winkelmann
Klingsor	Carl Hill
Kundry	Amalia Materna

The rehearsals began the first week in July and were pushed with extraordinary vigor, lasting from nine o'clock in the morning until nine at night. The scene at one of the earliest of the rehearsals was thus described by a correspondent of the *Herald*:—

As all the interest of the place now centres in the rehearsals I can hardly do better than give you a description of one which I saw a day or two ago—all the more that the scene was rather a striking one and Wagner's method of holding a rehearsal somewhat peculiar. The rehearsal was set for five o'clock, but by half-pass four a very motley crowd had gathered around the door of the theatre. Most of the solo singers were there—Materna, Miss Carrie Pringle (a young American girl, who has one of the smaller parts), Winkelmann, Scaria, Jager and the rest of them—chatting away with each other or with their friends. There was a party of officers in gay uniforms calmly inspecting Klingsor's "Blumen-Madchen" (not "flower girls" by any means), and apparently glad of any excitement to break the monotony of their garrison life. There were a lot of boy choristers chasing each other about through the crowd, and looking as mischievous as choir boys, for some inscrutable reason, always do. And as a background to the whole there was a hedge of curious Baireuthers, who had come up the hill to see the artists go in to their work much as they would come to see the animals feed. Within the sacred precincts of the theatre they could not go, for at the door stood two or three watchful Cerberuses, who informed me with great vehemence that they had orders "to admit nobody who was not a member of the company. Nobody could go in on any pretence, not even a mouse." And I have no doubt that they were right.

The scene inside was in striking contrast to that without. Suddenly Wagner, who had been in a little garden just outside the theatre, came in. He was dressed in a light drab overcoat and a dark coat, which were both thrown open, in a white waistcoat and a pair of very light trousers, and he had a huge black necktie, which spread out over his overcoat. The face was the same to which we are accustomed in the pictures, and from where I sat I could see very little change in him, except that his hair was somewhat grayer than it used to be. He walked briskly across the stage, stopping to speak to one or two of the people, then over a temporary bridge which has been built across the "mystic chasm" to give access to the auditorium and took his seat in the middle of the front row. There was a momentary hush, Levi's voice was heard from behind the curved screen over the "mystic chasm," and the rehearsal of the first act began. I shall not attempt to describe the music now. I only wish to give you some idea of how Wagner rehearses his operas. The leading singers were all in their places at the front of the stage. On the right was Jager, leaning back in his seat, attentive but comparatively indifferent, for he was not to sing. Next him was Materna, in a pretty Parisian costume and a big Gainsborough hat, with her arm on the back of her chair and her head in her hand, evidently concentrating her mind on her work. Next her came Siehr, the Gurnemanz; then Reichmann, then Winkelmann, then three or four of the minor singers. In the second row were Fuchs, Hill and one or two others. Some of the singers who were not yet perfect in their parts had their scores in their laps. After the music began everything went on smoothly enough for a while, Levi stopping the orchestra occasionally to make a suggestion, but Wagner sitting perfectly still, with Fisher, Levi's assistant, beside him. Suddenly Wagner's voice was heard, there was a sudden pause, and open flew a little trap in the screen just over Levi's head. Through this Wagner and Levi held an earnest colloquy for a moment, then the trap was closed and the rehearsal went on. Now and again Wagner's voice would be heard out of the darkness calling out a suggestion to some one on the stage, and the interviews with Levi through the little trap door were very frequent, but that was all. At last there was an incident. A brass band had been playing behind the scenes, and when it had finished Wagner stopped the orchestra and called out "Herr Moritz!" Herr Moritz, the custodian of the theatre and a sort of factotum of "The Master," came out from the side and Wagner said, "Herr Moritz, be good enough to tell the band that that was very good." One could fancy the pleased faces of the band as they tucked their trumpets and trombones under their arms and went away to supper. Meanwhile the male chorus, which had not yet been employed, had come in and were standing in a semicircle with one of their chorusmasters in the middle. The passage was reached where Parsifal shoots the swan, the chorusmaster beat time frantically with his hand and the chorus broke out into their expressions of horror at the outrage, the orchestra going on all the while. But the passage did not go right at first, and there was another stoppage, more colloquies between Levi and Wagner through the trap, a repeat, and then at last everything went smoothly. And so the rehearsal went on, Levi correcting every fault that he noticed in singers or orchestra, and Wagner keeping a sharp eye on both and on Levi as well. What impressed one most about it all was the extreme thoroughness with which each point was gone over by Wagner and Levi on the one hand and the intense earnestness and attention of the singers on the other. At last, after two hours and a half of this hard work, the end of the first scene of the act was reached, and there was a pause of ten minutes, during which everybody hurried out to get a breath of fresh air, only to hurry into the theatre again to have an hour or two more of it.

On the day of the first performance there was great excitement in the little German town. It was obvious that many of the people had not come for the first performance for the theatre could not hold a quarter of them. Although the hour set for the performance was four o'clock by two o'clock a steady stream of pedestrians was setting toward the theatre. Little knots of curious idlers collected before the doors of the artists' houses to see the heroes and heroines of the day set out, and at the theatre there was a great crowd by three o'clock. Much excitement and deep interest were evident on all hands. The road up which the carriages drove was thickly lined with people on both sides for a long distance, and every face was curiously scanned by the crowds in the search for celebrities. Inside the theatre at half-past three P. M. the scene was very interesting but not brilliant. The house was not finely lighted and there was a remarkable absence of handsome toilets. Few men were in full dress, and the majority of the ladies were in hats and street dresses, even in the Princes' gallery. The King's box was empty. On the right hand side of the Princes' gallery were the Grand Dukes of Saxe-Weimer, Saxe-Meinengen, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the Duchess of Edinburgh and suites. On the left hand side were Liszt, Wagner's family and the Countess of Schleintz, Count Apponys and a few others. The house was full, scarcely an empty seat being in view because of the great number of well known people present.

At about four o'clock the fanfare summoning the audience to their places was heard, and five minutes afterward the tap from Herr Levi's baton brought silence. The overture was then begun, and as it proceeded the lights were turned gradually down until the house was in almost complete darkness, when the curtain went up. The first act was admirably given. The scenery was very beautiful and no hitch occurred in the intricate machinery. The work of the singers was excellent, and this was true, indeed, of all three acts. There was no such accident as marred the production of the "Ring des Nibelungen." The cast was very strong and the scenic effects were remarkable. Materna distinguished herself signally, singing with all the breadth, intelligence and finish which marked her work in New York. Her acting was strong and picturesque, but not exaggerated. Winkelmann made a capital Parsifal; Scaria also was admirable and Hill was good but not remarkable. Reichmann was excellent. The chorus sang extremely well, particularly the Blumen-Maidchens. The orchestra was satisfactory without being phenomenal in point of quality, tone or finish of execution. The performance, on the whole, was thoroughly satisfactory, not one serious shortcoming being observable from beginning to end. The score contains many passages of great beauty, the overture, some of Gurnemanz's music, the choruses in the Hall of the Grail in the first act, the scene between Kundry and Parsifal and the Blumen-Maidchens music in the second act and the early part of the third act being among the best. On the other hand much of the music is somewhat monotonous and uninteresting and the climax is not remarkably strong. Considerable enthusiasm was manifested after the first and second acts, but there was less after the third act. After the first act Wagner was called for and made a short speech, deprecating being called for. After the third act he was again summoned and made a short speech, eulogizing the artists, and on the conclusion of his remarks he led a round of vehement applause for them. They were earnestly called for, but did not appear. The audience dispersed quietly, apparently much pleased.

It will be bad news to a great many Americans who may not be able to hear "Parsifal" this summer to be told that Wagner has decided never to allow it to be given outside of Baireuth. His chief reason is that the subject of the work is so serious, almost sacred, that the opera should never have a place in the general repertories of opera houses, where it might be played between "Carmen" on one night and "Le Nozze di Figaro" on another. A second reason, I imagine, is the difficulty of mounting it properly. This is probably not greater than in the case of the "Ring des Nibelungen," which has been repeatedly given in other places. But with the "Ring" inadequate stage setting does not make so much difference. It is a matter of small moment if Fricka and her rams are rather absurd; but any imperfection of machinery which would cast ridicule on so sacred a subject as the "Holy Grail" is quite another matter. However, if we may not hear "Parsifal" in America, there is at least a chance of hearing it again soon at Baireuth, and many Americans will be ready no doubt to make the pilgrimage. It is designed to give festival performances of "Parsifal" again next summer and to give along with it one of Wagner's other operas—either "Lohengrin" or "Tristan and Isolde." Whether this plan will be carried out is still very uncertain, however, and nothing is likely to be decided until after the present series of performances is over. If it is not carried out next year, it will be very likely the year after.

The following programme for the coming season in Paris includes new plays and revivals, which are already underlined at the leading theatres: At the Comedie Francaise, "Les Corbeaux," by Henry Becque; the fiftieth anniversary performance (on November 22) of Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," and a three-act comedy by M. Edouard Pailleron. At the Odeon a French version of "Othello;" M. Coppee's drama in verse, "Severs Torelli," and M. Marras' three-act drama, "La Famille d'Armelles." At the Vaudeville, MM. Veron and Gondinet's three-act comedy, "Gogo;" M. Sardou's new piece, written for Mme. Sara Bernhardt, and a four-act comedy by MM. Meilhac and Wolff. At the Gymnase, M. Feuillet's "Un Roman Parisien;" M. Jules Claretie's "Monsieur le Ministre," and M. Delpit's "Le Pere de Martial." At the Palais Royal, farcical comedies by MM. de Najac, Libert, and Fouche, by M. Hennequin, and by MM. Meilhac and Gille; and "La Doctoresse," by MM. Ferrier and Boccage, in which Mlle. Rejane will appear. At the Gaiete, a new drama by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. At the Varietes, a new comedy by MM. Meilhac and Millaud, for Judic. At the Porte St. Martin, M. Adolphe Belot's "Le Pave de Paris," and Jules Verne's "Une Voyage a Travers l'Impossible." And at the Chatelet, MM. Erckman-Chatrian's "Madame Therese."

The Italian opera season at Covent Garden ended on Saturday, July 22. It was not a particularly successful season, the series of performances of German opera at the Haymarket having made great inroads into the receipts and patronage at Mr. Gye's establishment. During the last week of the season Boito's "Mefistofele," with Mme. Albani in the dual *role* of Margherita and Elena, was presented.

Johann Strauss is at his summer retreat in Austrian Tyrol, hard at work on his new opera, "Venetian Nights," which is to be produced simultaneously at the Theatre Auder Wien, in Vienna, and the Thalia Theatre, in this city, some time in December.

Mme. Ellmenrich is at present in Vienna, where she is perfecting herself in the English language. She will return here and appear during the coming season as Adrienne and Margurite Gautier, acting them in the vernacular.

Both "Esmeralda" and "Hazel Kirke" will be produced in London under the direction of Mr. Charles Frohman. "Esmeralda" will probably follow "The Colonel" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Mr. Charles Coghlan will perform the part in Mrs. Burnett's play now acted here by Mr. E. J. Buckley.

The London *Standard* of yesterday says: "Mr. Booth was hardly seen at his best last night in the play of "Don Cæsar de Bazan." In one sense his appearance was a mistake. Mr. Booth was welcomed with the usual demonstrations of approval. His company, with one exception, is very weak."

The latest melodrama by Messsr. Pettitt and Augustus Harris is called "Luck—a story of £50,000." It will be produced shortly at the Drury Lane Theatre, London.

Arrangements have been perfected at Hamburg for the appearance of Mme. Albani in German opera there during the coming winter.

"TAKEN FROM LIFE" AT M'VICKER'S THEATRE CHICAGO.

Walter Lee, an artist.....Mr. Gerald Eyre
Philip Radley, an adventurer.....Mr. J. D. Beveridge
William Maguire, a socialist.....Mr. M. J. Jordan
Titus Knott, a nondescript.....Mr. Felix Morris
John Denby, a country gentleman.....Mr. G. H. Leonard
Joe Gallon, a trainer.....Mr. John A. Howell
Robert Channel, a sportsman.....Mr. Wilmot Eyre
Jack, a stable boy.....Miss Fanny Cohn
Michael Durnford, a nihilist.....Mr. W. H. Riley
Sergeant Arnold, a detective.....Mr. Charles Burbidge
Richard Botton, a warden.....Mr. L. N. Glover
Kate Denby.....Miss Louise Balfe
Bella Greystone, an heiress.....Miss Theresa Welden
Mary Maguire, a servant.....Miss Florence Wood

[*From the Chicago Herald*, August 30.]

"Taken from Life," the latest successful London melodrama by Henry Pettitt, last night inaugarated the twenty-sixth season of McVicker's management in this city. The occasion was not only interesting on this score, but was made especially noteworthy by reason of the fact that the drama was played for the first time in this country. Not many months ago it was produced at the London Adelphi, where it ran for 200 nights. Mr. Sam Colville, who brought "The World" to this country, captured "Taken from Life" for the States. Colville tells us he made $75,000 out of "The World." If this is so, we can see no reason why "Taken from Life" should not be a far more profitable venture.

A more decided success than that of last night we have not witnessed for many a day, and both the play and the players deserved every sign of approbation they received. "Taken from Life" is a more legitimate piece of melodramatic work than either "The World" or "Youth," indeed, in deftness of construction, in variety and vigor of character and in the possession of that sustained interest which carries away our feelings and emotions and hurries us along with a hungering and a burning we can only liken it to such plays as "The Ticket-of-Leave-Man," "The Colleen Bawn," &c. In "Taken from Life" there is certainly no such scene of human interest as the raft incident, but as a play it is so far superior that it can scarcely be compared. Two-thirds of "The World's" success depended upon the scenic artist and the stage carpenter; in "Taken from Life" the actors have the best of it. There is a stronger, more dramatic and more plausible story in the latter piece, the characters are far more clearly defined, the dramatic construction from beginning to end is finer, the situations are more skilfully reached, the dialogue is terse, crisp and to the point—just what it should be in good melodrama—which plainly tells the story, and it has one scene which, when in perfect working order will, we believe, be quite as effectively realistic as the explosion scene in "The World"—we mean the blowing up of the Clerkenwell prison wall in the third act.

The play is in five acts, one set scene to each act. When the curtain rises we are introduced to a quiet bit of English country life, which offers a strong contrast to the exciting scenes following. There is a pretty ivy-covered

villa sheltered by the foliage of many trees. This is the home of John Denby (Mr. G. H. Leonard), a proud, irritable, conscienceless horse-racing type of the English country "gentleman," whose affairs have become embarrassed through his betting proclivities. The premises are in the hands of the low comedy character of the play, Titus Knott (Mr. Felix Morris), a disreputable bailiff, who has been placed in possession by the villain Philip Radley (Mr. J. D. Beveridge). This character is truly magnificent in its thoroughbred villany. Entirely destitute of conscience, he fairly revels in nearly every vice that makes man detestable. He is a thief, a forger, a blackleg on the turf, a bully and a coward, a seducer of women, a kidnapper—in fact he hesitates at no crime in the calendar of iniquity to further his ends. This man has woven a net of financial difficulty around Denby solely to secure the latter's sister Kate (Miss Louise Balfe), as his wife—or mistress—to him it matters not which. Kate, a rather conventional type of feminine sweetness, patience, courage and devotion, unknown to her brother, has become the affianced of a poor, young and consequently struggling artist, Walter Lee (Mr. Gerald Eyre). Radley appears on the scene, points out to Denby the ruin and humiliation staring him in the face, unless some friend comes to the rescue. He offers to be that friend, on condition that Denby orders Lee, who is a guest of the Denbys, to leave the premises. This the brother proceeds to do. A confession of love for Kate is coming from the artist. Denby taunts him with an abuse of his hospitality. Radley gloats over his supposed victory. Kate declares for her lover, and amid the audience's yells of approbation the curtain falls upon a prospective marriage. After the lapse of a year the history is taken up again, and in this second act we have a wonderfully compact and very dramatic piece of work. Kate and her husband are living in very humble lodgings. He has been sick, and they are poor, the proceeds of his pictures purchased by a cheap dealer being all they have to have to live upon. A child has been born. The picture of the small, poor but happy family is prettily drawn. There is the tenderest solicitude each for the other; misfortunes have bound them only closer together; they build airy castles of their future when Walter paints his way into the academy and look forward to the day when they can send their son to college. While Walter is absent a few moments Radley and Denby make their appearance. From this moment until the curtain falls upon the act, the spectator is chained with interest to his seat. The child is abducted by Knott. Radley urges Kate to leave her husband, contrasting her present surroundings with those she would have had with him. Kate of course "scorns his advances." At this juncture Lee makes his appearance. After asking his wife to go an errand, he has an exciting scene with Radley. Both swear war, and Radley retires after being threatened with summary ejectment. Upon his heels Denby makes his appearance. He abuses the artist, who takes it very meekly until he tells him that he has stolen the child. Lee threatens Denby. A scuffle ensues. Denby pulls a knife, with which he accidentally inflicts upon himself a slight wound. He is alarmed. So is Lee, who rushes for a doctor. During his absence a man named Maguire (Mr. M. J. Jordan) makes his appearance. Formerly a tenant of Denby's he had been ejected and brutally treated. He seizes the knife and stabs him to the heart. The only witness to this deed is Radley. He sees his opportunity, tells Maguire to escape, and when Lee returns accuses him of the murder.

The subsequent events of the play, which lead to the restoration of Kate to her husband and child after seven years and the punishment of the villain, Radley, have been related by us already. All went very well last night for a first effort, and the business with the horse was judiciously arranged, although we believe the scene could be made more effective by his relating his escape mounted on the Derby favorite instead of allowing the animal to walk across the stage.

The actors and the actresses, considering that they only came together a few days ago, did their work remarkably well and carefully avoided rant and excess of gesture; but the cast could still be much improved. The ladies are the weak element in it. Mr. J. D. Beveridge, who was the original Radley at the London Adelphi, played the part last night. They say he used to be hissed and howled at by the London audiences, and we can well believe it. The *role* is one which many actors would spoil by overacting. This Mr. Beveridge carefully avoids, and wins in a most repulsive *role* a distinct triumph. He presents this white livered villain quietly, effectively, and in a thoroughly unconventional manner. In his crime there was a positive fascination. This gentlemen is evidently one of the strongest and most vigorous actors we have had from England recently. Mr. Gerald Eyre as the suffering hero bore himself well and will do better when he has more confidence in the business. He was particularly good in the scenes with his wife in the second act, and in the touching incident in the fourth, where the son, in the garb of a stable boy, and the father meet. Mr. M. J. Jordan, as Maguire, gave a most artistic bit of acting, and for his scene in the first act which he worked up most cleverly, he won the ringing applause of the house. His murder scene was also well done. Mr. Felix Morris made a good eccentric character out of the low comedy Knott. Mr. G. H. Leonard rendered the unworthy brother; Mr. John A. Howell's trainer looked as if he had stepped out of a Cruickshank's picture. He was perfect in his make-up, gesture, movement and speech. Mr. Howell comes from Drury Lane we are told. Miss Louise Balfe, as the much loved wife Kate, won the sympathy of the exceedingly sympathetic house, but she is not equal to the *role*. She is quite acceptable in the lighter phases of the character, but wherever power was needed she failed. Miss Theresa Weldon was too heavy and slow in her light comedy, and Miss Florence Wood might have done much better with the good soubrette *role* of Mary. Miss Fanny Cohn, who played Jack, the stable boy, perhaps will do better than she did last night. She did not seem to have enough confidence in herself.

It is only necessary to say that the stage setting was everything that possibly could be desired; that the leading members of the company were called out after every act, and that the play will be given until further notice.

The Sad Fate of Two Fakes.

I.

An actor stood in Union Square one blazing summer day,
And looked with rapture on a tramp who on a Park bench lay.

II.

"Reliable Sam" was this tramp's name—as a "fresh guy" he was the star—
His "props" he carried in a sack and his breath came from afar.

III.

His nose was like a liver pad—'twas frescoed o'er and o'er,
And for his ears he'd a platform rigged—than this need I say more?

IV.

The elbows of his trousers were a dreadful sight to see,
In fact this tramp was singularly, was doubly, out at knee.

V.

In the dozing tramp whom the actor saw reposing in the Park,
He recognized a fake who'd played Lucullus in the Ark.

VI.

"Ah, give thee good den," the actor said, as he sized him up from the knees,
He proffered a hand like a flounder, it covered a sandwich with ease.

VII.

"I fain would grapple a beery draught," remarked Reliable Sam—
"And know a spot," the actor said, "where sports the playful clam!"

VIII.

"Come, Harold, let's go," said Reliable Sam, "where the schooners are foaming with glee,
Emitting a fragrance as glorious as Hoboken boarding-house tea."

IX.

"Where the pretzel reposeth in grandeur, an æsthetic object of art,
Like an end man's diamonds sparkling in any minstrel's first part.

X.

So, arm-in-arm they departed—the tramp looked behind him askance—
Away they floated together and "took in" the lunch at a glance.

XI.

As proud as the corpse in the Shaughraun, despite the fringe on their knees,
Reliable Sam and young Harold were soon to be part of the cheese.

XII.

They each took a schooner and then they savagely ravished the grub,
But paled as they saw the bartender scraping hair and stale blood from his club.

XIII.

They started to make a quick exit—that barkeeper every one knows—
And he hit with unerring precision the head of the man from Cohoes.

XIV.

Sam was up in the air full three minutes, on the ceiling his imprint was left,—
He is minus an ear and a nostril, of both eyes and six teeth is bereft.

XV.

Sam and Harold were found in the gutter, kicked, bruised, masticated and cut,
But e'en there a duel they fought for a Reina Victoria but.

XVI.

All this happened under Brown's office—I never was handy at dates—
Where the heavy man weareth trick breeches and glideth about upon skates.

XVII.

As they fought, a policeman came by—bore down on the flats from the highland—
He took them before great Judge Gumbo who gave them six months on the Island.

XVIII.

Sad, sad was the fate of these fakes, of woe they have drank the last cup,—
What matters it?—they who'd played Hamlet, done a clog, sang a song, are now "up."

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

THE THEATRE will be published weekly—the initial number appearing Saturday, August 5.

THE THEATRE is a sixteen page journal, printed in large, clear type and on heavy paper. In order to bring it within the reach of all the price for single numbers has been fixed at five cents.

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1882.

The Theatre List.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S Co. will comprise Louis James, Otis Skinner, Marie Wainwright, Ben Rogers, F. C. Mosley C. Plunkett, Addie Plunkett, Fred. Morton, Percy Winter, Erroll Dunbar, Chas. Rolfe, Homer Cope, A. T. Riddle, Garrie Davidson Minnie Monk.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT'S Co. in "Baron Rudolph," Montreal, August 28. The company engaged includes Charles Mestayer, F. M. Kendrick, Alfred Beverly, Adele Bray, S. C. Dubois, Hugh Fuller, George White and Miss Ida Glenn.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL'S Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., July 31. The company comprises Rufus Scott, Harry Hotto, Fred. E. Bond, D. Gilfeather, Will S. Martin, Wm. Warrington, Virginia Bray, Henrietta Berger, Marie Henley and Margaret Parker.

JOHN T RAYMOND'S Co., Lexington, Ky., August 28, with Mr. David D. Lloyd's play, "For Congress." Mr. Raymond's Company will comprise O. H. Barr, Harry Pearson, George F. De Vere, J. F. Dean, John Marble, J. B. Renauld, Stella Boniface, Lizzie Creese, Ruth F. Cowles, Belle Flohr, Jennie Boyd and Mabel Crosby.

BARLOW, WILSON & CO.'S MINSTREL TROUPE, which begins in Central New York in September, will include Milt Barlow, George Wilson, Schoolcraft and Coes, Col. Wagner, Naoni, the juggler; T. B. Dixon, Charles Younge, George Gale, William Belknap, Robert McIntyre, F. A. Howard, F. F. Ward, George Campbell, John Williams, John Fenton, John Doyle, Stoneback and Lewis, Gallagher and West, Williams and Morton, John Coleman, John Fletcher, A. Marsh, James Benton and Eddie Fox.

MARY ANDERSON'S Co. begins the season at Troy, N. Y. Her support will comprise J. B. Studley, Robert Downing, H. B. Gorman, Charles Hawthorne, J. W. Ford (of London), J. B. Coleman, H. A. Lowry, Frank Currier, R. Bourne, Miss Adelaide Ford Mrs. Pennoyer, Mary Doud, Bertha Morris, and Oliver Doud, stage manager.

MARION ELMORE'S Co., in "Chispa," opens in New York, and then South for twelve weeks. The company will consist of Frank Losee. Randolph Murray, G. B. Waldron, F. C. Dunn, W. T. Melville, George Mordaunt, Lena Merville and Kate Fletcher.

THOS. KEENE'S Co. for next season will be composed of F. C. Hagar, W. G. Beach, A. B. Howard, George Searell, Carl Ahrendt, Annie W. Story, Constance Hamlin, Mrs. S. A. Baker, Katie Baker and others.

BAUM'S MAID OF ARRAN Co. includes Louis F. Baum, Myron Leffingwell, C. Wilson Charles, J. H. Nicholson, Frank Crane, Agnes Hallock, Katharine Gray, Addie Cumming, Jennie Seeley and Genevieve Roberts.

MODJESKA begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2.

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA Co, Piper's New Grand Opera House, Peoria, Ill., September 7.

JOHN W. DUNNE'S COMEDY Co., "Karl," Chicago, August 28.

FRANK MAYO, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, September 4. San Francisco, September 18.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, "Elsa," Park Theatre, New York, September 4.

MLLE. THEO, opera bouffe, Aronson's New Casino, New York September 11.

KIRALFY BROS'. MICHAEL STROGOFF Co., Chicago, August 12.

KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD Co., Globe Theatre, Boston, August 28.

LAURA DON, in "A Daughter of the Nile," Standard Theatre, New York, September 4. Among the company will be Harry Lee E. M. Holland, Lin Harris, Sol Smith Edwin Cleary, Helen Tracy, Helen Bancroft, Ray Alexander, and Mrs. Sedley Brown.

ANNIE PIXLEY'S Co., in "M'liss" and "Nora," will open at Columbus, Ohio, in September. The company will comprise George C. Boniface, Charles Manbury, A. Z. Chipman, ·. C. Daly, William Johnson, Donald Harold, William Shrader. Emma Cliefden and Mrs. Chipman.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY Co., Park Theatre, New York, October 30. The company will include Mr. J. G. Graham, Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. J. G. Taylor, Mr. W. D. Denny, Mr. Edwin Sheppard. Mr. Henry Caish, Miss Kate Pattison, Miss Myra Holme and Miss Kate Hodson.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE, Harlem.—Attractions—the "Lights o' London," Mrs. G. C. Howard's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Company, Bartley Campbell's "Galley Slave," Philadelphia Church Choir, Gus Williams, Minnie Palmer and Maffit and Bartholomew.

WINDSOR THEATRE, August 21.—Attractions—Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in the "Danites," James A. Herne in "Hearts of Oak," Salsbury Troubadours, Wm. Horace Lingard and Alice Dunning, Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart," Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue," "Lights o' London," Wm. Scanlan in a new Irish drama, "The World," Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight in "Baron Rudolph," Oliver Doud Byron, "Mankind," Mme. Janauschek, "Hazael Kirke," Callender's Minstrels, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Lawrence Barrett. John A. Stevens in "Unknown," Tony Denier's "Humpty Dumpty," Buffalo Bill, "Esmeralda," from Madison Square Theatre; Barney McAuley in "A Messenger from Jarvis Section," Aldrich and Parsloe in "My Partner," Joseph K Emmet, Lester Wallack, in "Rosedale" and "Ours," Herrmann, Edwin F. Thorne and Nat C. Goodwin in the "Black Flag," Annie Pixley in "M liss," James O'Neill in "A Celebrated Case," Robson and Crane and others.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, August 28.—Attractions—Collier's "Lights o' London," Clara Morris, "The World," Lawrence Barrett, Gus Williams, Joseph Jefferson, Lotta, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, John T. Raymond, Annie Pixley, Den Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, Mary Anderson, Aldrich and Parsloe, Maggie Mitchell and the Kiralfys.

PARK THEATRE, September 4—.Attractions—Maggie Mitchell in "Elsa," John T. Raymond, October 2; Mrs. Langtry, October 30; the Florences, Robson and Crane.

M. W. HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY Co., Bridgeport, August 27. The company will comprise Sam E. Ryan, J. H. Ryan, John F. Ward, Bart W. Wallace, Max Arnold, James Tierney, Frank Mara, F. J. Long, Eugene Rourke, J. Fitzsimmons, Frank M. Wyatt, Emil Heusel, Thomas Ray, William Ridgeway, Edward A. Eagleton, Charles Miller, Mary Stuart, Ida Ward, Mary Bird, F. Mara, Niel Crandell and Sara Kerward.

CHRISTINE NILSSON CONCERTS, Boston Music Hall, November 1.—The name of the noble Swedish tenor engaged for these concerts is Bjorksten. Miss Hope Glenn and the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston completes the company. The members of the Quintet Club are:—Mr. Isadore Schmitzler, first violin; Mr. Ernst Thiele, second violin; Mr. Thomas Ryan, clarinet and viola; Mr. William Schade, flute and viola, and Mr. Frederick Giese, violoncello.

HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.—Opening Attractions—"The Blackbird," by Edward Harrigan. It is a historical Irish drama in five acts, and the period of the story is after the battle of Culloden, A. D. 1746. The following is the complete cast:—Redmond Darcy, colonel in Charles Stuart's army, Mr. De Wolf Hopper; Jones Neville, major in the army of George II., Mr Mark Price; Con O'Carolin, a piper, Mr. Edward Harrigan; Peery Dunleary, a process server, Mr. Harry Fisher; Maurteen Mahr, an idiot boy, Mr. Tony Hart; Father James, a fugitive priest, Mr. M. Drew; Bartle Donovan, butler at the Darcy Castle, Mr. William Scallan; Pierce Dupont, a smuggler, Mr Frank Budworth; Sergeant Saltpeter, Mr. William Gray; Private Goslin, Mr. John Wild; Fighting Fitzpatrick, Mr. John Quinn; Lady Helen Darcy, Miss Mattie Earl; Mona Mahr, her foster sister, Miss Sallie Williams and Biddie Doyle, landlady of the Seagull's Nest, Miss Annie Ware.

THALIA THEATRE, September 14.—Madame Gallmeyer, the German soubrette, will begin her engagement in October; and in January and February Herr Mitterwurzer will present a round of Shaksperian characters. Among the musical novelties promised are "The Lace Handkerchief" and "Venetian Knights," both by Strauss.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE Co., Booth's Theatre, New York, September 18.—The company will include John W. Norton, Charles T. Rockwell, E. L. Tilton, F. F. Mackay, Harry Dixey, Miss Emma Stockman, Georgia Cayvan, Marie Wilkins, Ernestina Floyd, Jean Delmar and Mrs. Octavia Allen.

FROHMAN DRAMATIC Co., Colorado Circui , now at Denver, comprises the following well known people:—Ada Ward, Virge Emily. Abbie Pierce, Rellie Deaves, Jennie Lamont, Charles Wheatleigh, Ed Marble (who repre ents the manager), M. A. Kennedy, John Dillon, George Osborne, Harry Colton, W. F. Doyle, Joseph M. Francœur, Logan Paul, Hawley Chapman and D. Belasco. The repertory will be "The Octoroon," "East Lynne," "Mary Warner," "Our Boys," "Woman in Red," "Arrah na Pogue" and "American Born."

ROBSON & CRANE, in "D. A. M." Springfield, Mass., September 25.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S WORLD Co., Grand Opera House, N. Y.—The company will include Robert Mantell, an English actor, George R. Sprague, Maurice Pike, Charles T. Nichols, George Conway, John J. Burke, H. A. Morey, Henry Blanke, Robert Brower, J. M. Howland, Frederick Jerome, Miss Jenny Lant, Miss Fanny Barry and Miss Katie Blanke.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA COMPANY.—The Season begins September 11. The following artists are engaged for the company: Eugene Clark, Louis De Lange, Robert Evans, Ike Lester, Misses Elma Delaro, Bessie Gray, Jennie Prince, Helen Dayne and Kate Thayre.

HARRIS COMEDY Co.—Julian Reed, F. H. Wright James Vincent, James E. Nagle, George W Barnum, Prof. Waldeman, W. H Fairfield, Helen Reimer and Lillie Wright.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—Preliminary season August 21, with "Ranch No. 10."

DAVENE'S COLOSSAL ALLIED ATTRACTIONS.—The French Davene Troupe, which for several years past has appeared with success as principal attraction in the vaudeville parts of such spectacles as "Black Crook," "Enchantment," &c., have organized a large company of specialty people, to be known as "Davene's Colossal Allied Attractions." The Company comprise, besides the Davene Family, Miss Ella Wesner, Miss St. George Hussey, The Villion Bicycle Troupe, Miss Alice Gleason, The Comical Cawthorns, Boyd and Sarsfield, Hallen and Hart, Sheehan and Coyne, and, under the capable management of Harry D. Grahame, will no doubt meet with due success. The season will begin in New York early in September.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE will commence their season at the Grand Opera House, New York city, on October 23, and will produce the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," "Eileen Oge" (No Thoroughfare), and others in preparation, not forgetting the ever popular "Mighty Dollar." The following ladies and gentlemen have already been engaged for the season: Miss Florence Noble, Miss Ottolingui, Miss Helen Corbett Mr. Davenport Bebus, Mr. Lin Harris, Mr. C Dade, Mr Dageman, Mr. Montserat, Mr. W. Jackson, Mr. J. N Deaver and Mr. J. Barker. Mr. W. T. Elliott, acting manager.

NEW PLAYS.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company will next season add to their *repertoire* "The Magic Bell," by Francis T. S. Darley, of Philadelphia.

A new play by Mr. A. C. Gunter, called "The Dime Novel," will be produced at the Bijou Opera House during next March. Like all of Mr. Gunter's serious and comic play's, this is said to be extremely hilarious. Mr. Jesse Williams is composing new music for the piece, which, as the title of it implies, is a satire upon the insatiable ambition of very young persons to outdo the brilliant achievements of heroes who figure in cheap romances.

Mr. Robert G. Morris' new play, "An Irish American," is expected to be produced in Chicago in August.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll's new play, "The Wild, Wild West," which is now nearly completed, will be produced at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, early next season.

Mr. John McCaull has had a new libretto written for "The Snake Charmer." The opera will be revived at the Bijou Opera House next season with one or two additions to the score, which are being written by M. Audran.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson's new comic opera, "Captain Kidd," will be produced at the new Casino at the close of Mme. Theo's engagement.

The managers of the Madison Square Theatre on Tuesday afternoon received from Mr. Bronson Howard the new play for which he had contracted to write and have completed for them by August 1. It is said that Mr. Bronson Howard considers it the best play that he has yet written.

Charles Stevenson, who is in London, has engaged Frank Rogers to rewrite for him "The Lyons Mail, placing the scenes in Colorado.

The scene of "Chispa," the new play selected for Marion Elmore, is laid in a camp of lumbermen in the Redwood forest of Santa Cruz county, California. The place is known as Bachelor's Gulch, by reason of the rule that no woman shall be allowed within its borders. The prologue deals with a wagon train crossing the Plains in the early days, and pictures the death of Chispa's parents, and her adoption by Old Zeke, a mountain guide. In the lumber camp she is reared with an Indian for a playmate, and is educated in all the secrets of woodcraft and forest sports, but kept in total ignorance of the outer world. To this camp one day there comes the man who unintentionally killed Chispa's mother in the prologue, accompanied by a young lady whom he has imposed on a San Franciscan as the heiress of Chispa's father. The attempt of Old Zeke to enforce the rule of the camp is the first step in the development of a plot which is said to be simple but full of dramatic novelty.

Miss Elmore, with her sister, Lina Merville, sails from London July 29. She goes through the South after her New York engagement.

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VOL. 1.—NO. 2. NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

English Ideas of Beauty.

It can scarcely be gainsaid that Mrs. Langtry would never have become a professional actress if she had not first acquired notoriety as a professional beauty. There never was a clearer case of social success, dependent on one qualification only, paving the way to a dramatic triumph. This was a startling but not altogether unnatural conclusion, for by one of those strange freaks which periodically seize upon the English and American mind, an unknown lady was brought into unexpected prominence, and by means of her numerous photographs displayed on sale in the shop windows she became as much an object of public interest and admiration as if she had been a candidate for popular favor on the stage. To her the photographed attitudes would become as much a reality as if she was posing as Miss Hardcastle, or assuming the simple, graceful and natural situations of Hester Grazebrook in Tom Taylor's charming comedy. A transition which to another would have been forced, to her was the natural sequence of an unreal existence outside of herself, and she could scarcely fail to long to be in herself the picture over which the world went mad by its counterfeit presentment.

In presenting Mrs. Langtry to the American public Mr. Abbey makes a remarkable admission touching the point of interest in his star on this side of the water. He is not sure that she will be beautiful in American eyes. This declaration would imply that there may be a radical difference between the English and the American idea of beauty. It may be that national as well as individual tastes differ, and Mr. Abby's ratiocination would indicate that national judgment in the matter of beauty is only the majority of individual opinion in a country. Out of this comes the American idea and the English idea. We shall not attempt to apply the former to Mrs. Langtry's case, or even seek to find out what it is, until she is put to the test at the Park Theatre, but as the latter has been applied already, and as it is upon the English that the lady challenges the American idea, it seems incumbent on us to inquire what the English idea of beauty is as a philosophical and æsthetic study of its relation to dramatic art of which it is so prominently brought forward as an element.

It may, perhaps, be accepted as an axiom that the Englishman judges the physical perfections of a woman as he would those of a horse—by her points. In judging of an animal he requires not merely a curved and rounded perfection of outline, but a completeness of detail which to the inexperienced eye would result in downright ugliness. Beauty in the drawing room is put to exactly the same test as beauty in the stable, and the beauties of society must submit to have their claims to admiration adjusted by the same rules which apply to the fillies on the Downs. Only one American poet has dared to sing of a barefoot maiden in her exposed but lithe and graceful beauty who could forget

> —Her tattered gown,
> And her graceful ankles bare and brown,

but an Englishman would not hesitate to speak of the Queen's fetlocks if they were deserving of his praise. "Fine points, my boy," he is apt to say, "capital disposition, but there is no telling how she would go in the collar." In a woman a Roman nose is an Englishman's abomination, but he glories in the dilated nostrils of a belle at a rout in the same words as of a flyer at a race. The sculptured perfection of Grecian art which would cast all forms of beauty in the same mould, making a pretty but inexpressive face the test, is not an Englishman's ideal. He wants a classic head superbly poised on perfect shoulders with statuesque symmetry between the shoulder and the ear. As to the shoulders they must be like marble, and the ears only satisfy him when they are so small that jewels of any kind would mar their perfection. No Englishman finds physical perfection in a small waist, which American women so much affect, and to him a drawn corset is as objectionable as an overdrawn saddle. Tight girths he despises, for he knows that in a woman as in a horse splendid carriage is impossible where there is cramped motion.

Carriage enters more largely into the English

idea of beauty than any other consideration. "Perfect points, by Jove," he is sometimes heard to say with enthusiasm, but adding in tones of deep regret, "but no carriage." The late Mrs. Rousby was considered a beauty on both sides of the Atlantic, but Englishmen bewailed the absence of carriage, and one young sprig of the nobility when he saw her as Rosalind for the first time explained it as owing to the fact that her legs began like a coffee pot at the fetlocks. In Mrs. Langtry perfection of carriage must have been the chief element of her social success, for our picture of her does not show the more delicate outline of face where tints of pink and white chase each other, which is so charming in many American beauties. In her case the Englishman raves over something entirely outside of the face, and the task before Mr. Abbey is to prove that beauty consists in perfect deportment and grace of movement to the satisfaction of the average American mind.

This will be a difficult undertaking.

Trotting horses are peculiar to America, and an American woman moves like an American horse. An English woman glides rather than walks, moving only her lower limbs. Watch an American girl in the street and you will see that she moves with her head and shoulders in accord with the motion of her feet. It is simply the trotting idea developing itself into a national characteristic. An American trotter moves from the shoulders, and the feet go in unison with the head. In direct opposition to this the Englishman insists upon seeing the heels of his horse, and he is not content unless the poetry of motion in his animal is perfect in measure and rhythm. It follows from all this that the question is whether the trotting American girl and the simple minded American man who regards her jerky ways as the correct thing in women will be prepared to appreciate the lithe and graceful movements of the English thoroughbred.

It is to be remarked, however, that the trotting idea has found its way from America into England. It has not been adopted, it is true, but it has had a modifying influence and this modification must be felt in a society where everything is horsey. It cannot change English ideas of beauty, but it has changed the insular notion as to the uses to which beauty is to be put. Mrs. Langtry is the first outcome of this modification; she flies from the drawing room to the stage, not to show the world that she is an actress so much as to exemplify the English idea of beauty. Pushed forward in consequence of the trotting idea she comes as a protest against it, not because it is horsey, but because it is pure American business. We shall not care for this, for we know that no English lady would have dared to go upon the stage before the trotting age and knowing that she is to be judged only by her "points" we shall make her a concession similar to her own by measuring her not according to the American but the English idea of beauty.

One of the Voiceless.

When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes sang his plaintive wail for the voiceless, sighing,

> A few can touch the magic string,
> And noisy fame is proud to win them;
> Alas for those who never sing,
> But die with all their music in them,

his harp celebrated only the failure of the poet to give form to his music. That even the singer may be voiceless, so far as the world is concerned, is proved by the death of Sister Agnes, at Baltimore. As a singer she would have been phenomenal, but religion denied to art that to which art has a claim even above the claims of the Church.

It is a pathetic story, that of a nun denying to the world the best gift of Heaven, and with a voice that might have rivalled Patti's, immuring herself in a convent and dying one of the voiceless. The world is better for the ministering angels who wear the garb of religion and devote themselves to works of charity and mercy, but it is, if possible, better still because of the humanizing and refining influences of music, and the great children of Song are too few for the stage to surrender one of her daughters to the Church.

Dramatic Journalism in America.

Dramatic journalism in this country has been a growth backward. In the first decade of the present century there were numerous periodicals in this city, in Philadelphia and in Boston devoted to the stage and its literature.

One of these was a monthly miniature journal published in Boston called the *Polyanthos*, now very scarce, but much sought after because of its portraits of early celebrities. Another Boston publication called the *Comet*, edited by some person whose *nom de plume* was Will Wildfire, was even better as a critical review than the *Polyanthos*.

In this city John Howard Payne, when he was still a boy, published his *Thespian Mirror*, displaying a dramatic judgment and critical acumen far beyond his years

But best of all was the *Mirror of Taste*, a dramatic magazine printed at Philadelphia, remarkable for excellent portraits of the principal actors of the time, including three splendid character prints of George Frederick Cooke, designed by the celebrated artist, Leslie, and engraved by Edwin. The last named periodical is to be classed with the English magazines, the *Monthly Mirror* and the *Theatrical Inquisitor*, in the character of its engravings, and it was superior to them in the quality of its criticism. The last and the best estimate of Cooke's acting in his great parts was printed in its pages, and but for its strictures and commendations we should have no adequate conception of the first of the Jeffersons and the Warrens in this country.

All these journals were shortlived because they overshot the taste and culture of their time, but it is not surprising that they were started, for in that period the study of the stage was as much an amusement in our best society as polo and coaching and yachting is now. As early as 1803 Washington Irving fleshed his maiden pen in dramatic criticism. Elias Hicks, grave Quaker as he was, did not disdain to write of the drama. John Wells, eminent at the Bar, sought delight in the theatre and brought to the discussion of acting the methodical reasoning of a well trained legal mind. William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, was the friend and familiar of the lights of the profession. Under such conditions and with such surroundings it was natural the limited circle of polite society should imagine itself the great world, and find itself too weak to carry its projects to a successful conclusion in the face of the illiteracy and indifference it was compelled to encounter.

The dramatic journals disappeared but dramatic aspiration was not dead. One generation gave place to another, but the young men were scarcely less ardent in spirit than the old, and then it was that Drake and Halleck sung of actors and actresses in "The Croakers" and Woodworth and Fay and Noah and Morris rose up to be the arbiters of the world behind the scenes, only passing away within the recollection of most of us.

Contemporary with those last named was Judah, an actor of some skill, a dramatist of some merit and a writer full of gall. Although he never published a dramatic journal he was the forerunner of the dramatic journalism with which this epoch is familiar. He was bitter but not helpful, abusive but not just either to himself or to others. In a little book, entitled "Gotham and Gothamites," he indulged in awkwardly worded libels upon the profession which sent him to jail. There was a sensitiveness to making people's private affairs public half a century ago, and though it has been lost sight of of late years, it is one to be encouraged.

A good many readers of THE THEATRE will be sorry that similar penalties are not sometimes inflicted upon Mr. Judah's successors. It is perhaps better as it is. The excuse for the older dramatists, that they partook of the vices of their time is that of modern dramatic journalists. Like the theatrical manager the theatrical journalist aims simply to be a purveyer of amusement. Both seek to minister to what they conceive to be the reigning taste, and if it is believed that that taste is depraved the depravity is sure to be felt in the theatre and its literature.

THE THEATRE seeks something different—to be not the organ of the profession, but an ex-

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ponent of the ideas which give the profession its position among the arts and its high place in literature. In such a scheme the personal foibles which belong in one form or another to all men and women cannot be allowed to take the place of the artistic and literary achievements of the stage in the dramatic chronicle of the time. There are some things which are too trivial for cold and naked type. These it is our purpose to avoid, but instead we shall always endeavor to supply something worthy of the best culture of the profession and of the element in society which looks upon the theatre as the only high form of amusement developed by modern civilization.

We aim our arrows at the moon and by this means we at least expect to reach the stars.

Gilbert, not Sullivan.

While it is undeniable that Mr. Sullivan's music is thoroughly suited to Mr. Gilbert's verse, it is not to be claimed for either that it ranks very high as art. The persiflage of "Pinafore," the "Pirates" and "Patience" is admirable in its way, and so are the tuneful melodies to which it is set, whether the words are sung by Sir Joseph Porter, by the burly policemen or by a score of æsthetic maidens. There is no reason to doubt that the new opera which is promised for the Standard Theatre in November will be worthy to follow its predecessors, and whether it is called "Iolanthe" or "Crudimene" makes little difference, provided the satire shows no falling off in the librettist, and the music shows no slavish imitation of himself in the composer.

The success of "Pinafore" was so phenomenal that it has become dangerous to discuss the phenomena. It must be conceded, however, that the credit of catching the public taste belongs more clearly to Mr. Gilbert than to Mr. Sullivan. The melodies were very pretty and very catching, but they were not characterized by any striking novelty or originality. They had much of the beauty but none of the brilliancy of French opera bouffe, and it is plain that if Jules Offenbach had not been Arthur Sullivan would not be. In contrast with this is the verse of Mr. Gilbert, which is as sparkling and as grotesque as his own ballads, perfect in story as in sentiment, and poetic if not poetry.

Scarcely sufficient attention has been given to this element in the joint work of the two men. That which is peculiarly Gilbertian in the Gilbert-Sullivan opera is the poetic satire which enters so largely into the versification and story telling of all the works these co-laborers have yet produced. This element is entirely lacking in the libretti which serve as vehicles for Offenbach's brilliant numbers. Even "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein" was a cluster of diamonds set in clay, which often degenerated into mud. Mr. Gilbert's libretto on the contrary has the purity and freshness of a running brook, the form and sometimes even the substance of poetry, and the verve and the perfection of comedy. To say that, "When I was a lad," and "A policeman's lot is not a happy one," are not poetry, is not to the purpose—they are as much so in their way as "John Gilpin's Ride," the "Song of the Shirt," or even Coleridge's admirable "Genevieve."

We are inclined to bewail the success which has attended the Gilbert-Sullivan school of opera, very much as Colley Cibber bewailed the popularity of the "Beggar's Opera." It is for the time at least the downfall of the legitimate. All things considered, it is to this age what Gay's work was to his—the combination of English song and English ballad in dramatic form. In the "Beggars' Opera" was the vice of one age, and in "Pinafore," the "Pirates of Penzance" and "Patience" is the vice of another. In the one it is coarse - in the other dainty. Gay presented a picture of the outcasts of society in picturesque attitudes. Gilbert presents society as outcast to the picturesque. The difference is only one of development, and the change in taste which the one mirrors in comparison with the other is the outcome of the change in manners.

It is not surprising that Mr. Gilbert should excel Mr. Sullivan in their joint work. English song has always been vastly superior to English music. There is no literature which can compare with English literature, whether presented in the philosophical dramatic poetry of "Hamlet," or the jingle and simplicity of "Sally in our Alley." From Shakspere to Tennyson, and from Henry Cary to W. S Gilbert, English verse has ranked above all others in all the moods to which it is capable of giving expression English acting in every epoch, in the age between Cibber and Garrick, in the Garrick era, in the Siddons, Kemble and Kean period, and even in this degenerate time, has proved itself the outward embodiment of English poetry. As the poet and the actor sat together in the tap room at the Mermaid, and the coffee room at White's, as they are now seen together in the drag of my Lord Tomnoddy, and at the evening parties of my Lady Noodle, so the pen and the sock have always been united to make English literature the great and glorious thing it is. English composers and musicians on the other hand have always occupied a lower plane than the composers and musicians of Italy and Germany, and even of France. For what always has been, there must be some reason in which there is a necessity that it should continue to be. That is why Gilbert is so vastly superior to Sullivan, and unsatisfactory as the reason is it is one which makes itself felt now as it always made itself felt before.

Nobody hears nowadays of the music of the "Beggars' Opera," but Captain Macheath and Polly will live forever. In the same way Sir Joseph Porter and Patience are ticketed for immortality, but it is Gilbert, not Sullivan, who will be credited with their creation.

Stars Among Sticks.

A London newspaper speaking of Edwin Booth's recent appearances, congratulates him upon the fact that he appears to much greater advantage when he is seen in a company of capable players than when he is a star among sticks.

It used to be said of Mr. Booth, with how much truth we cannot say, that he preferred to surround himself with poor players, that his own qualities as an actor might be displayed to greater advantage in contrast. If this was true, and it has often had the color of truth from his surroundings, we are glad to hear that he has changed his mind on this point with such marked advantage to himself.

The lesson which Mr. Booth seems to have learned is one which can be learned with advantage by other stars. It is a mistaken idea that there is an advantage to a star in being surrounded by sticks. Necessarily the admiration is all bestowed upon the star, but it would be none the less hearty if there were other actors who could be admired in other parts besides that of the star.

On the English stage this seems to be recognized, and it may be that the general perfection of an English cast has had its influence with Mr. Booth in inducing him to change his policy. At the Lyceum, under Mr. Irving, not only are the parts all well filled, but in the intended revival of "Romeo and Juliet," Mr. Irving will play Mercutio, giving the title *role* to Mr. Ferriss. The sacrifice of this part is not a great one, but to do the piece at all with the star subordinate to the dramatic interest of a piece is a sacrifice. It is, however, a gain to art, and its tendency will be to improve still further the general excellence of the English stage in casting tragedy.

It is the wish of American theatregoers to see not only Mr. Booth, but all our tragedians adequately supported. Mr. Barrett has generally attained to greater excellence in this respect than any one else, but we want the excellence to be general. Sticks are excellent things in the places to which they belong, but they are not pleasing when they are used to surround a great star in a great play.

Letters of a Print Collector.

II.

JOSEPH TYLER'S GARDEN.

In my previous letter I spoke of Tyler's Garden, "a little way out of town," noting Verplanck's reference to it as just above the intersection of Varick and Canal streets. I had often indulged the vain hope of finding an old

print of the building, but singularly enough I had never bethought me to ascertain its exact locality, contenting myself with the indefinite references to it contained in the recollections of old men.

"Change is inactive in the Eighth Ward if anywhere in New York," said Mr. Dexter to me one day, "and as likely as not Tyler's Garden has been undisturbed by the march of improvement."

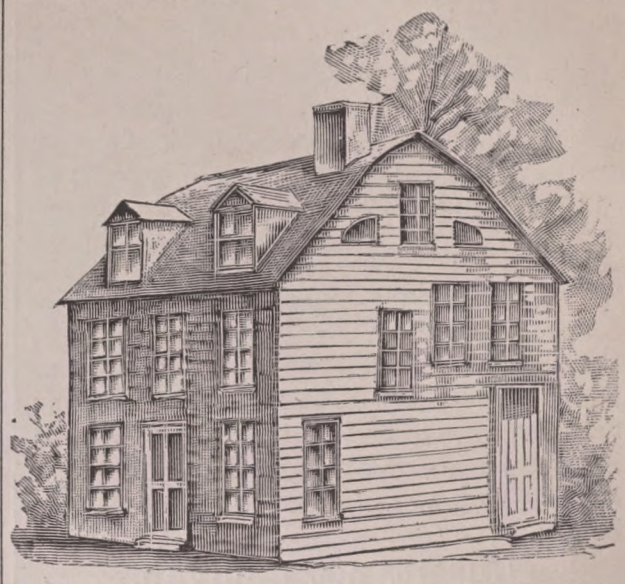
Here was an idea, but the references to the neighborhood and to the Garden itself which I had encountered in the course of my reading I knew were exceedingly vague. There, for instance, was John Randel, Jr., Civil Engineer and "Secretary and Surveyor to the Commissioners of Streets and Roads in the city of New York," who was more familiar than any one else with "the lay of the land" above Canal street in the earlier years of the present century. The Street Commissioners had an office at what is now the intersection of Bleecker and Christopher streets, and Randel, who lived "in the city," was in the habit of visiting it daily. In going to the office he generally crossed a ditch cut through Lispenard's Meadows, on a plank laid across it, about midway between the old stone bridge in Broadway and what is now St. John's Chapel. That venerable temple had not yet been built' and the streets above the Meadows were not laid out until after the year 1808. Beyond Canal street, Randel says, were only fenced lots and fields not then under cultivation. The principal building was Colonel Burr's dwelling, known as Richmond Hill, afterwards used as a theatre. It was situated on an eminence, the site being in what is now Charlton street, between Varick and Macdougal. Randel makes no reference to Tyler's Garden, which is the less surprising as the "beaten path" he usually took was considerably to the east of it, passing very near to the Burr house and leading to Greenwich village, now Abingdon square.

How I could ascertain if the building was still standing, unless I knew its exact locality, was a conundrum which stared me in the face and stubbornly insisted upon its inconvertibility. At last, by the merest accident, I found what I was looking for where I had read it many times before without comprehending its significance as fixing one of the historical spots in New York. It is in an incidental reference made by Dunlap in his "History of the American Theatre" to "Mount Vernon Gardens," previously the "White Conduit House" in Broadway, at Leonard street, which fixes the situation of Tyler's, not as it was in the fields in 1803, but as it was in the city in 1832, at the southwest corner of Spring and Hudson streets.

Among the old actors on the American stage there is none in whom I had felt a greater interest than in Joseph Tyler. Verplanck, who knew him well, says of him that had he been a member of some great and permanent company, where he could have confined himself to his peculiar walk, he might have left an historical dramatic name, but that under the arbitrary theatrical consulate of Cooper and Price he was often compelled to play the tyrant or villain on the stage, sometimes even Blue Beard himself, and dimmed the just honors he merited in his proper sphere. He was an Englishman by birth but an American by choice. Mr. Tyler was in early life a barber, but before coming to America he had good provincial practice in England as actor and singer. He made his American *debut* February 10, 1796, at the old theatre in John Street, as Manley in the "Provoked Husband," Mrs. Tyler playing Lady Grace. Being of a manly figure and a very good actor he became the favorite representative on the New York stage of the old men of comedy and drama. As already remarked he was especially acceptable as General Washington, of whom Hallam was the original representative, and he continued to play the part for almost a quarter of a century.

In view of the fact that Mr. Tyler was constantly employed in the New York Theatre it may seem strange that he found it necessary to open and keep a public house. This need occasion no surprise, for in those days actors' salaries were not exorbitant. When Dunlap was the manager of the Old Park, then the new theatre, Tyler's weekly income was only twenty dollars, and I doubt if it ever exceeded this amount. There was indeed an exception, and that was after Dunlap's bankruptcy, in 1805, when Tyler became one of the managers of the Park Theatre and received fifty dollars a week for management besides his salary as an actor. This, however, was not lasting, and in a few months Tyler sunk out of sight as a manager yielding the reins to Thomas A. Cooper, who became supreme in everything relating to the American stage.

It is not wonderful that I should have an interest in an actor who was great enough to deserve fame but was denied it by circumstances, but I confess to another source of interest in Joseph Tyler—my interest in the stories of old theatrical taverns. Naturally enough as soon I knew where Tyler's Garden stood I went there to ascertain if it is standing still. It is, and it is as well preserved as a nonagenarian possibly can be. It is so modest and unpretending in its appearance that like many an old lady more vivacious than her grandchildren, one would not suspect age until he succeeded in arousing recollections. Now it is used in part as a tea store, the upper part of the building, barring a tin roof and a coat of paint, presenting the same appearance that it did when Tyler occupied it as a public house and hung up Pine's portrait of Garrick in the tap room. Forty years ago the lower floor was used as a crockery store, then it became a tailor shop, and finally dashed its sides out to accommodate itself to the peculiar taste of the tea trade. Its appearance in consequence is exceedingly ludicrous, and I can only compare it to that presented by an old lady who passes my window almost every day. She wears a modest bonnet and shawl and a plain frock, but underneath is a pair of flaming red stockings which she takes great pains to show as her one mark of ornamentation.



The picture which I offer with this letter is not of the building as it is but as it was. It gives a good idea of Joseph Tyler's tavern as it stood in the fields, "a little way out of town," beyond Lispenard's Meadows. In a few years it will disappear altogether, for the march of improvement has begun even in the Eighth Ward, and when it begins it never stops until every vestige of the past has been obliterated. I feel myself fortunate in being able to save to the eye a print of a building which is an important link in the chain of American dramatic history.

Libelling Actors.

There are two ways of libelling actors. One is by the publication of scandals and of stories affecting their private lives which whether true or untrue are equally injurious. The other is by depreciating the actor's professional standing with open malice or by pretended inadvertence. In the latter case an explanation follows, the effect of which is even more hurtful than the original wound. Here is a specimen:

"Robert Johnston will not be the captain of supernumeraries with one of J. W. Collier's "Lights o' London" companies next season, as stated in our past issue. Mr. Collier writes us that Mr. J. will be the stage manager of one of the companies, and is to play the first old man—Squire Armytage—as he did the past season."

Mr. Johnston is not an unknown actor. He has long been well and favorably known as a player and playwriter, and at different periods he met with decided success as a manager. In the good old days of stock companies he was the leading man at the Bowery and other metropolitan theatres, and he played the great *roles* of tragedy not only with ability but distinction.

No theatrical journalist who is fit for his position could be in ignorance as to who Mr. Johnston is, and consequently any allusion to him as engaged for "captain of the supernumeries" could only be intended to hurt him in his professional pride and to injure him in his business. A falsehood is deliberately printed, and it is recalled in a way that is intended to repeat the original slur. Against this kind of

thing THE THEATRE will always oppose itself, for if there is any one thing more than another in which the actor is entitled to generous treatment, it is against malice in the ink of the theatrical chronicler.

An Interview with Mrs. Langtry.

The much abused "interview" is sometimes useful, not so much for what is said by the subject of the interviewer as by what is revealed of the personality and characteristics of the person subjected to the process. To this category belongs a talk with Mrs. Langtry at Nottingham by a *Herald* correspondent who was fortunate enough to find the famed English beauty as "she sat with her back to the fire to dry her hair"—"long and luxuriant hair falling below her waist."

The correspondent was evidently an American, for he asked Mrs. Langtry why "As You Like It" had not been given, and why it was intended that the first appearance of the actress as Rosalind should be at Nottingham, as had been proposed. That the correspondent used an Americanism in putting the question is apparent from the reply. Mrs. Langtry said:

"As for the choice of Nottingham, it was not for the purpose of 'trying it on a dog,' as you suggest—if that is an American theatrical phrase, I must say I don't like it—but merely for the purpose of having a good rehearsal in public before my company disbanded."

Like most English women, Mrs. Langtry thought, or affected to think, that being interviewed was like being put on trial for murder or something of that kind. She knew she was to talk about herself, but she put her pretended doubts in the most innocent fashion possible. "Now interview me, please. What do you want me to say?" The correspondent suggested that anything she might be pleased to say would be interesting to American readers—her views on the Egyptian question or the recent scenes in the House of Commons, for instance. This was the deft Langtry answer:

"As to the Egyptian question I have nothing to say, for I eschew politics, and as for the House of Commons I can't for the life of me help comparing it to a theatre. The performances are given every evening during the season with a matinee on Wednesdays, and the bill is changed as often as the managers can do so to the satisfaction of the public. 'Egypt' is having a good run just now, but 'Ireland' has not been taken permanently off the boards. The difference between the House of Commons and a theatre is that the former lacks the cheerfulness that is given by brilliant lights and beautiful dresses, and I may add that I much prefer the applause of the public in a theatre to the peculiar noises one hears during a grand performance at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's. Mr. W. E. Gladstone, the great tragic actor of Her Majesty's Government Company, is a dear friend of mine, and I like him very much, for whenever he can escape from his theatre he comes to see me in mine. Surely you are not going to put down all that nonsense, are you? Really? Well, go on; what shall I do next?"

The correspondent suggested the proper caper under the circumstances, and his way of reporting what occurred suggests a running fire of conversation in which the beauty takes good care to reveal herself while pretending to be very anxious to conceal everything but what relates to her public life. This is the report:

"Tell you something about myself? What do you want to know? Everything? That's rather cruel of you to ask me to be my own biographer, but I'll try. Let me see; you mean my public life, of course; my private affairs cannot possibly interest anybody? You think they would? How very odd! Now I would much prefer to confine our conversation to my public career, if you don't mind. You don't, do you?"

But the correspondent did mind, and he even asked her to talk about her friends. We can imagine how shocked she wanted to appear when she replied:

"About my friends? Why that would be worse still; I hate to talk about myself, but I think it would not be in good taste to gossip about the dear friends who have been so kind to me."

The story was told all the same, however, and here it is:

"Very well, then. How persistent you are! I will tell you how I came before the public if you wish. You know my father is a prominent man in the Church. He s the Dean of Jersey and the head of the ecclesiastics in Jersey, and the oldest dean in the Church of England. It is rather curious that all my ancestors—father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and I don't know how many more—have been deans. The Le Bretons seem to have a sort of prescriptive right to the deanery of Jersey. I was born and educated in Jersey, but is not correct for you to say that I spent my bread-and-butter days there. I never had any bread-and-butter days. As the only sister of six stout brothers I shared their out-door sports in a most boyish fashion. It would be more accurate to describe my girlhood, as my 'Tom-boy days,' I think. My brother, Clement Le Breton, who is a barrister in good standing in London, married Lord Ravelagh's daughter, and it was through Lord Ravelagh and the painter, Frank Miles, that I was first introduced into London society. This was after I had been married for some years to Mr. Langtry, who at the time of my marriage owned property in Ireland worth about £3,000 a year, but which is now not worth more than £300. My life in Jersey had been spent almost entirely in the open air, and as Mr. Langtry was fond of yachting I became an expert yachtswoman and was very fond of all sorts of out-door exercise, but I longed to see something more of the world."

Mrs. Langtry's social success was the next point, of course. This is what she said about it, and she tells of the way she became a professional beauty with as much *naivete* as if she was relating the story of something legitimately professional:

"Well, I went to London and was brought out by my friends. Among the most enthusiastic of these was Mr. Frank Miles, the artist. I learned afterward that he saw me one evening at a theatre and tried in vain to discover who I was. He went to his club and among his artist friends declaring that he had seen a beauty, and he described me to everybody he knew until one day one of his friends met me and was duly introduced. Then Mr. Miles came and begged me to sit for my portrait. I consented, and when the portrait was finished he sold it to Prince Leopold. From that time I was invited everywhere and made a great deal of by many members of the royal family and the nobility. My husband was delighted at my social success—which he did not, however, care to share—and supplied me freely with the means of going about in English society. The painters completed the work of making me popular. They raved about my 'classical head,' as they called it, and declared that they discovered in the shape of my neck rare 'lines of beauty.' After Frank Miles I sat for portraits to Millais and Burne Jones, and now Frith is putting my face in one of his great pictures. After the painters the photographers set to work and I became so famous that the people stood on chairs in the street to see me pass, and the shopkeepers named their goods after me. I really wish you had not made me talk so much about myself."

Is she a beauty? Here is her own opinion on this interesting subject:

"Now you must know I had never set myself up for a beauty. I never thought I was one and don't think I am one now. I am never in the least surprised when I hear people say they are very much disappointed about my beauty. But the artists insisted that I was."

Then as to her theatrical career. Hear Mrs. Langtry:

"How funny it is to talk of my theatrical career! Why, do you know I made my very first public appearance on any stage last November? That was at the Town Hall, Twickenham, and we played the 'Fair Encounter.' Then next I appeared at a matinee performance at the Haymarket Theatre, December 15, playing in 'She Stoops to Conquer,' but my professional career did not actually begin until January 19."

How it all came about:

"Ah! I did promise to tell you what led me to go upon the stage professionally. Fashionable life in London, added to my husband's heavy expenditures and decreasing income from his Irish property, had reduced our means so much that retrenchment became necessary. Mr. Langtry went on a trip to America and I went back to my Jersey home. On his return we went back to London and lived in a little furnished house. Mr. Langtry, however, had no idea of economizing. He has never known what it is to deny himself or me anything he thought we ought to have. Ah! I see you have guessed the result. I lived among my friends until Mr. Miles and several of my warm admirers suggested the stage. I jumped at the idea, then grew alarmed, but finally determined to adopt the profession. Mr. Langtry agreed, but he said he would not touch any money I might earn, as he had enough for his own needs in the £200 or £300 a year remaining to him."

Somebody has given Mrs. Langtry the hint, and she sings the same old tune very well indeed:

"But I am sure I shall like the Americans. They are so much more courteous and generous than the English. The Americans I have met seem to me to resemble the French in regard to politeness, and that is why I like them, I suppose, for, you know, I am French. We all speak French in Jersey, and I can talk easily in the Jersey *patois*, but at home we generally spoke English, because my mother was a Scotchwoman. I am now looking forward anxiously to my first appearance in New York, three months hence. Till then I do not play here except for two weeks in London, when we shall do 'As You Like It,' and I shall make my first appearance as Rosalind."

And she even likes to be interviewed:

"So this is what you call interviewing, is it? Really I don't mind it a bit. I had an idea that it was something terrible to be interviewed, and all you have done has been to say some pleasant things to me and to ask me some very ordinary questions which I can't imagine can be of the slightest consequence to the American public, whatever answers I might make. If all the gentlemen of the American press prove as courteous as you I am sure I shall be pleased to talk to them as much as they like. Of course I shall see you when I get to New York—very glad indeed. *Au revoir!*"

How anxious all this must make us all to see the Dean's daughter, Frank Miles' beauty, the

pet of the nobility, and an actress whose career only dates from January 19. As to Mr. Langtry quietly living on his £200 or £300 a year, he is too modest to be considered at all.

"THE PASSING REGIMENT" AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Linthicum Winthrop	W. J. Le Moyne
Peregrine Bunker	Charles Lecl rcq
Young Mr. R. Hoffmeister	James Lewis
Colonel Vankleck	Geor e Parkes
Dolf Van Tassal, M. D.	Henry Miller
Paul Dexter	Iohn Drew
Thorpe Syoam	Harry M. Pitt
Scipio	W. H. Beekman
Solomon	Earle Sterling
The Bugler	Mr. Saloon
Mrs. Melinda Winthrop	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
Telka Essoff	Miss Ada Rehan
Mrs. Matilda Bunker	Miss May Sylvie
Linda	Miss Helen Stoepel
Millicent Merritt	Miss May Fielding
Mary Ann	Miss Bell Urquhart
Sophie	Miss Isabelle Everson
Jane	Miss Hapgood

Mr. Augustin Daly threw open his doors on Wednesday evening for what he calls a prefatory season, reviving his chief success of last year, "The Passing Regiment." Although it was for a first night of the season even for Mr. Daly the house was well filled, and though many first-nighters were absent, their places were well supplied by people who apparently only go to a theatre on the first night of a play, when the regular first-nighter is out of town.

During the summer Mr. Daly has added many improvements to his little theatre, making it one of the most elegant and cosy houses in the metropolis. The seats in the parquet have been rearranged, allowing a space of two inches between the rows. An aisle has been made through the centre of the auditorium, making five in all. The line of vision has been improved by changing the pitch of the floor. To add to the security of the parquet four brick piers with stone foundations have been erected under the floor, in addition to the iron columns which have always supported it, and a corrugated iron curtain, which extends from the subcellar to the roof of the theatre, has been provided to shut off the auditorium completely from the stage in the event of a fire occurring in the latter. Two private boxes have been added and the two back rows of seats removed. A new fireproof dome, handsomely decorated, replaces the former lattice-work in the ceiling. A new dressing room for ladies has been built on the balcony floor, and throughout the house has been newly decorated and furnished.

In the details of the rearrangement Mr. Daly's deft hand is seen in the disposition of the furniture and in the artistic effect which he knows so well how to make felt rather than seen. His improvements are so well done that it must have repaid him for their cost in the delight of creating beauty for others to enjoy.

With two exceptions the cast of "The Passing Regiment" was the same as last year, Miss Helen Stoepel, better known to theatregoers as Bijou Heron, taking Marie Williams' part of Linda Bunker, and Mr. Henry Miller succeeding Digby Bell as Dolf Van Tassal. There was nothing in the performance of either so essentially different from the parts as they were formerly acted as to call for mention. Miss Stoepel was received with great favor, and Mr. Miller, if showing some evidences of inexperience, was acceptable. He has a fine manly figure, and with the training he is sure to receive at Mr. Daly's hands, he may grow into an actor of merit. The other parts are too familiar to require remark.

It was gravely announced a few days ago that one of our energetic young managers was about to sail for Europe to engage chorus singers for a New York theatre. In all my experience as a Prompter I never knew a time when it was necessary to go abroad for chorus people or extras of any kind. We make them here as well as in Europe, and even if we did not the supply of the imported article during the last few years was great enough to make a voyage in search of this order of talent unnecessary for a long time to come.

* * *

My own opinion is that this ransacking of the European capitals for singers and utility actors, while there are hundreds of unemployed people equally capable in the country already comes out of a mistaken advertising idea. Young managers are apt to be both vain and foolish, and when they see Mr. Abbey going to England to engage Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Irving, Mr. Palmer going to Paris to see the latest Parisian success with his own eyes before determining upon its production at the Union Square Theatre, and Mr. Brooks utilizing a summer trip abroad by buying up all the startling melodramas in the foreign market, they imagine that it is impossible to produce "Pinafore" or the "Pirates" or "Patience," without importing the people who are to voice Mr. Sullivan's um-tum.

* * *

I never could sing, but if I cannot do justice to the Sullivan music, you may accuse me of giving the word with a twang.

* * *

But to the advertising idea: the young manager likes to see his name in the newspapers, and he will pay the expense of a voyage to Liverpool for the pleasure of having the press say he is going, has gone, will return and has returned. When he goes to engage chorus singers he only carries this disposition to get into the papers to an absurd and exceedingly expensive limit. If any manager in New York wants chorus singers I can get him first rate people—I was going to say in an hour. I know that a single advertisement in the *Herald* would fill a stage with them for I have tried it. The young manager who is now in London cannot do better, and I shall be very much surprised if it is not found that he has made a very long journey and gone to great expense not to do as well.

* * *

At all events if the young manager had not been imbued with the advertising idea he would have remained in New York and made up his company of native and naturalized talent.

* * *

I have often wondered that it never occurs to the young managers that chorus singers must be plenty in a country which is constantly growing a crop of *prime donne* for the European opera markets. I am a comparatively young man—if I told my age people might think me too old for a Prompter—but I come of a family of prompters and my father often told me that Malibran ought to be considered an American, because the first recognition she obtained as a great artist was at the Park Theatre. Patti's *debut* I remember distinctly. I was just leaving the prompt place that night when the manager came in. "I ran to the Academy to-night to oblige Strakosch," he said, "but by Jove, I was spell-bound! Maurice has a song bird that will make him as rich as Crœsus if he can manage to keep it caged." If Maurice Strakosch had been trying to advertise himself by going to Europe every season for attractions instead of looking in his own family for an artist, I believe the world would have missed the greatest voice that was ever heard on the lyric stage. It may be said that Patti is not an American, but if she was not actually born here she was brought here so young that all there is of her is too thoroughly American to be good enough for a chorus singer in the opinion of the young manager.

* * *

There are so many American girls studying music in Europe that it would be nothing more than a coincidence if a young manager should happen to bring over a whole company of Americans sometime. The only reason to my mind why it has not happened already is that Americans are too much in demand as principals in Europe to make it necessary for them to accept more humble positions.

* * *

As regards actors and actresses we are very apt to do for strangers what we will not do for our own countrymen and countrywomen. America is the only country in the world that does this. I believe that the newspapers are more to blame for it than anything else. In Paris one never sees the names of an English or American actor in a newspaper but in London and here the claims of French actors have preference to those of artists who can speak the language of the people. Do you remember when Fechter came over? He was introduced by a letter from Dickens, and the American public went very near accepting not only the French actor who spoke broken English on the stage but the grimaces of a French dancing master as the ideal Hamlet.

* * *

I notice that somebody has given Fanny Davenport, who is now in London, the credit of saying that she will remain in England until she has succeeded in demonstrating the equality of English and American acting. If this is Fanny's determination I am afraid I shall never see her from the wings again. In the first place I do not believe she is the person to do it. When she was younger she might have accomplished something by the charm of her bounce but now the absence of repose in her acting will not satisfy the English. Besides the English people are not longing for American dramatic art. Even Edwin Booth, who I regard as the best actor in the world, is rather coldly admired in London for no other reason than that he is an American. If Booth cannot move the English to something more than cold admiration I do not see what hope there is for Miss Davenport.

* * *

It is natural, perhaps, for Englishmen to regard America as their theatrical heritage. It has been ever since 1752, when a lot of Englishmen founded the American Company. When the Revolution was over this company was reorganized and became the Old American Company. The realm behind the footlights was the only part of His Majesty's forces in America which refused to yield, and succeeded in maintaining its portion. That stand has been maintained ever since, and even in America the American actor lives and moves and has his being almost by the leave of his British brother. Indeed, I

have often thought I held my own place as Prompter by sufferance of Her Majesty, and I believe that even now an edict of the Queen would dismiss me.

* * *

Englishmen are Englishmen always, and it is hard to convince any of them that an American can do anything better than pay his money at the box office to see English actors. Because he is an Englishman was one reason why the young manager went to London for chorus girls. An English leading man imagines that an American actor should always be ready to step aside for him even in an American theatre. If an American should dare to ask for an engagement in an English company in an English theatre the whole British people would demand to know "what the beggar means, you know."

* * *

Although I am as thoroughgoing an American as it is possible to be, I am not hostile to English actors either as Englishmen or actors. If they want to try their fortunes on this side of the water I have no objection, but when they come I like to see them come to stay. Most of them do, I am happy to say, but some of them come and go like foragers in an enemy's country. It would be invidious to name them, of course, but I have in my mind the case of one particular Englishman who brought an English company here last season, practically stranded it, and is now in London gathering another together which he is sure to strand this season.

* * *

The French have no such well founded claim as the English, but for all that the Frenchman is the Heathen Chinee of the American theatre. A Chinese wall is maintained around the French stage and no American actor has ever yet had the agility to climb over it. A few Englishmen have tried it, but with results that were far from satisfactory. It is a singular fact that the Frenchman can get out if the Englishman or American cannot get in, and when the French actor appears in London or New York he is accepted in preference to the home-made article. In New York the thing is managed in a way that would be impertinent if it was not French. Think of an expedition down the Bay to receive a Parisian bouffe artist who has never been in America and whose name is only known to Americans by the grace of the newspapers. If Edwin Booth goes to Paris the only reception he will get will be a rather unmannerly one from the French customs officers.

* * *

With the Germans in New York it is different. They maintain two theatres in the metropolis for the professors of acting and singing in their own tongue, which are as essentially American as Wallack's. Both the Germania and the Thalia are permanent institutions. It is true they are constantly strengthened with newly imported German talent but not more decidedly so than the so-called American theatres with English talent, and neither Herr Neuendorff nor Herr Conreid would think of going to Berlin for a chorus.

* * *

Aimee I see is not coming, and I am not surprised.

* * *

When I first heard of the intention to bring her here to appear in comedy I thought it a strange freak. As an actress she never pleased me because her grimaces had too much of the coarseness of the fishmarket. She was strong only in the grotesque, which bordered on the hazardous. I have held the book long enough to know that that would never do in comedy—not even in French comedy. French sin on the stage is always gilt-edged but Aimee I am sure would show her own monogram too plainly.

—Mr. A. M. Palmer has purchased the Parisian success of Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrain, "Les Rantzau," and proposes producing it at the opening of the regular season at the Union Square in November. At last accounts, Mr. Palmer was in Switzerland, but now that he has settled upon his attractions for the season, he will be hurrying home to begin his preparations for the winter campaign.

—People who are unhappy when the thermometer is at 80° are not likely to wait in case of fire in the new Casino for the heat to rise to 180°, in order to see the leaden caps in the ceiling over the stage begin to melt, and put the automatic sprinkler at work. It may not be in order to doubt the utility of the invention, but a fire may be very destructive before the heat from the stage will melt the lead in the ceiling.

—A new drop curtain, illustrating a scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream," will be unrolled at Niblo's Garden on the first night of the season under the new management. A still more interesting event, however, is the association of Mr. John F. Poole with Mr. E. G. Gilmore in the management. At the Grand Opera House the fruits of Mr. Poole's management were seen not only in the success of what has always been a failing house but in the revolution which was effected in the feelings of leading stars. The first appearance of Dion Boucicault, Lester Wallack and Edwin Booth on the West Side are events which deserve to be celebrated in dramatic history.

—It is understood that "Esmeralda" will be withdrawn from the stage of the Madison Square Theatre in October, to be followed by Mr. Bronson Howard's new play. Among the artists who are named to have parts in Mr. Howard's play are George Clarke, H. Lacy, W. J. Lemoyne, Thomas Whiffen, E. M. Holland, Mrs. Agnes Booth, Miss Carrie Turner, Miss Sidney Cowell and Mrs. Whiffen. Mr. Howard has always been fortunate in the original representatives of his characters in New York, and these names indicate that his luck has not deserted him.

—Mr. Daly has in contemplation the production of A. W. Pinero's play, "The Squire," to follow "Mankind." Mr. Pinero is accused of having appropriated this play from Hardy's novel, "Far From the Madding Crowd," which was dramatized for Clara Morris by Mr. Cazauran and produced at the Union Square Theatre. There it was a decided failure, but in London Mr. Pinero's piece has been a great success.

—In spite of an inauspicious beginning Mlle. Rhea is on her way to America for a second season. She will arrive in New York early next week.

—Kiralfy Brothers have engaged as their premiere danseuses for the coming season Mlle. de Gilberte, of the Royal Alhambra Palace, London, and Mlle. Bajetta, of the Florence Opera House, Italy.

—Miss Mary Anderson will not visit the South during the coming season, nor will she play any one night stands in the West.

—Mr. W. J. Fleming goes to Minneapolis, Minn., as leading man and stage manager for Phosa McAlister, the manageress of the Pence Opera House. This is one of the few inland theatres which has resisted the combination plan and has succeeded in maintaining a stock company. The season opens August 28 with "Divorce" and this is to be followed with the "Three Guardsmen."

—Miss Minnie Palmer is the latest American actress announced as ambitious to obtain an English endorsement. She will appear in London June 4, 1883. The lady would do better to stay at home and save her money.

—When Mr. E. F. Thorne read in the first number of THE THEATRE, "there never was a better name for a blood-curdling melodrama" than the "Black Flag" he said, "there it is again—blood-curdling." Mr. Harry Watkins was present and he said, "My dear boy, there never was a better name for a blood-curdling melodrama than the Black Flag."

—It has long been Mr. Thomas Keene's ambition to play in New York, and now he is announced to appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in January. We confess that we are almost as anxious to judge Mr. Keene as he is to be judged.

—An entirely new effect will be used in the wreck scene in "The Romany Rye" as produced at Booth's Theatre, showing the rise and fall of the waves and phosphorescent light on the water. It is the invention of Mr. Ben Sherwood.

—It would be interesting to ascertain who put it into the heads of the French residents of New York to give Mlle. Theo a reception upon her arrival, and who will pay for the tug which is to go down the Bay to welcome her.

—Mr. Maurice Grau evidently believes that M. Capoul's charm is as lasting and as effective as a woman's, for he has again engaged the French tenor for his tours in the two Americas.

—It is announced that the "cretonne" scene and all the stage furniture for "Fourteen Days" will be brought here by Mr. Charles Wyndham from the Criterion Theatre, London. This is almost a challenge for the scenery and appointments at the Union Square Theatre and generally regarded as unsurpassable, and Mr. Wyndham will be expected to surpass it.

—Osmond Tearle was so delighted with his part of Dudley Brand in Belasco's "La Belle Russe" that he has purchased the right to produce the piece in England, from Mr. Frank L. Goodwin.

—Mr. Henry Cook, who married a daughter of Commodore Tooker some years ago, losing his wife within a twelvemonth, is now about to wed a daughter of Mr. John Tooker, the Commodore's brother.

—"A lovely number," was Leonard Grover's comment on THE THEATRE last Saturday.

—We are told that Joseffy, the pianist, has been devoting a part of his summer vacation to composition, and has finished the orchestration of a pianoforte concerto of considerable proportions. Why proportions? And why speak of this class of work as if it was composition?

—Miss Addie J. Eaton has been engaged by the Harrisons as leading lady for next season.

—Mr. Louis W. Lein (formerly with Max Strakosch, J. H. Mapleson, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence) will be the manager of Messrs. Robert Grau and Geo. B. Snyder's Philadelphia Church Choir Opera Company next season.

—Mrs. John E. Ince (Emma Jones) has returned to the stage. At present she is connected with George Holland's Company, playing at the Newport Casino.

—A Baltimore paper is responsible for calling Minnie Palmer Mrs. John R. Rodgers. Now there will be more thunder all round the sky.

—All the pall bearers at the funeral of the late Manager Goodwin were from Philadelphia. They were Dr. Thomas H. Andrews, Thomas J. Diehl, Esq., Charles M.

Southwell and Frank L. Gardner. Among those present were S. F. Nixon, Mr. Goodwin's late partner; Sam Heilbron, one of his business associates, and Turrel Tuttle, treasurer of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

—A beery individual who heard Luke Schoolcraft sing "Put on Dem Golden Slippers," pulling out a five dollar bill, said: "Here, you done that well; take this and treat the crowd." Schoolcraft handed it back to him as he was being hustled out by the police, saying, "Keep it to pay your fine in the morning."

—Marcus Mayer had a benefit in San Francisco last week.

—Manager Abbey has made a run to the White Mountains previous to the hard work of the season which is before him.

—Mr. James W. Morrissey says he has purchased a new play which is better than "The World." Mr. Morrissey is a good judge of a play and never puts his money in an inferior article.

—Mrs. Adelaide Phillips has gone to Europe to be absent a year.

—There is a story that Mr. Townsend Percy claims copyright to the name of THE THEATRE, and contemplates an injunction to prevent the use of what he regards as his property. It may be that Mr. Percy has copyrighted all the words in the dictionary for his own use when he gets ready.

—Sydney Howard and wife, engaged for the "Romany Rye," arrived from England on Tuesday.

—Mr. McCaull had engaged a tenor named Hoff, but the singer has given up the stage in a huff, and gone back to Richmond, Va., where he belongs.

—"A letter from Mr. Booth informs me"—Goodness gracious! what has become of those foreign papers?

—Is it Margaret Mather or Margaret Mathers? Which reminds us of the old story of the ice-drink mixer—"Wid ice or widout ice?" "With ice, please." "Haven't got no ice."

—The "Romany Rye," it is expected by Brooks and Dickson, will create the fall "boom" in theatricals.

—The Boston Miniature Ideal Opera Company, now singing at Wallack's, will appear in England early next spring.

—Colonel Mapleson was recently handed a three-sheet poster in Milan, Italy, headed "The World" and Campanini. "Heavens!" said the Colonel, "My favorite tenor on a raft in mid-ocean. Save him for Patti, save him." "American Assurance" he called Mr. Jas. Morrissey's combination benefit.

—The Alcazar is to change hands again. Mr. Fred Zimmerman retiring on the 18th instant, and Messrs Zimmerman, Haines & Schwab surrendering their contract to Mr. Meyer. In the two weeks following Mr. Zimmerman's retirement the stage will be filled by the Norcross Opera Company in the "Mascotte."

—Miss Jennie Calef if to play the title *role* in "M'liss," a No. 2 company having been organized "for the small towns." The small towns seem in a fair way to have more amusement this winter than they will be willing to pay for.

—Scott Marble, a Chicago dramatist, became so absorbed while working upon a new play for Minnie Maddern that a sneak thief purloined his watch from his room without his notice. If the public can be absorbed as profoundly the new play will be a success.

—Bartley Campbell has an engraved vignette at the head of his letter paper, representing two Amorini, perched upon folio volumes, fencing with quill pens, and dramatic masks for shields. One volume is lettered Shakspere, the other B. C.; and the motto is, "A Friendly Tilt for Immortality." Between the two there is no danger that the stage will be in want of good plays, for if B. C. lives as long as W. S., another dramatist will not be needed for two hundred and fifty years.

—Miss Emma Juch, the prima donna, sailed for Hamburg by the Westphalia, on Thursday.

—Mr. Jas. W. Morrissey has in press an elegantly illustrated book in pamphlet form, containing the story of the "Romany Rye." The circulation will be 100,000.

—Mr. John T. Raymond will begin his season in Lexington, Ky., and will produce for the first time in America, his new play, entitled "For Congress."

—Mr. Chas. Wyndham is said to be "the handsomest man on the English stage."

—It is M. Busnach, of Paris, who is to write the play for the scenery of the "Living Age," produced at the Union Square Theatre in May. Writing a play to save scenery is a new device in dramatic criticism, but it may succeed.

Olive Logan writes to the Philadelphia *Times*, under date of July 28:—The last appearances of Mesdames Patti and Albani are announced at the Italian Opera, and this is a sign, if there were no other, of the waning tide of the season of fashion. For a fortnight or three weeks there will be gayeties; to the sound of the latest valse tune Edwin will whirl Angelina in the circling round of the cotillon; dinner will be eaten in fine company for a time yet, and garden parties will still be rife. Nevertheless there is a decided break in the phalanx of fashion, and after Goodwood races it will be Bonsoir, la compagnie. Spite of foreign disturbances the present season in London has been a splendid one, and there have been many incidents about it which will always cause it to be remembered with pleasure by Americans.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Moncure Conway summoned their friends to their charming suburban "Inglewood," at Bedford Park, Chiswick, to a garden party given in honor Judge Hoadley and Mrs. Hoadley, persons of distinction from Ohio. The weather was the garden-party-giver's dream, and the wonderful "Queen Anne" village never looks more quaint, more reposeful, more delightful than when, as now, midsummer's bloom is on the bushy fastnesses of its banks of verdure. Let the disillusions of life be what they may to the American traveller coming abroad for the first time, there is yet one thing which surpasses all expectation in its exquisite perfection. The rural beauty of English landscape scenery invariably exceeds all that imagination had figured up concerning it in the mind of the American tourist.

CHARLES WYNDHAM AND HIS THEATRE

There are many events of note which are either now transpiring or are announced at the theatres of the metropolis. Long ere this you have told your readers that Mr. Charles Wyndham is to figure among the galaxy of stars which are to shine in your firmament next year. The departure of this delightfully effervescing comedian will bring about various important changes. It will place the Criterion Theatre into the market for sale. This charming little bonbonniere, lined throughout with pale blue satin and stuffed with perfumed wadding, is far below the pavement of Piccadilly Circus, down, down, near neighbor to the cellars of the Criterion Restaurant. Many and costly alterations will have to be effected in it before it will satisfy the Lord Chamberlain's requirements in respect to safety from fire. Mr. Wyndham will return to a new and it is promised a far handsomer theatre, in an even better locality, if that be possible. A theatre is to be erected for him near the Grand Hotel, in the Northumberland avenue, Charing Cross, in the very heart of what is called "the theatrical market," for the Strand is the London thoroughfare for theatres, even as Broadway is the best, if not the only desirable locality for them in New York. Mr. Wyndham will avail himself of Mr. Steele Mackaye's clever inventive notions, as practiced at the Madison Avenue Theatre, and London for the first time will see the "dumb waiter" stage.

The opening of Mr. Wyndham's new theatre will probably see the closing and ensuing destruction of "The Avenue Theatre," whose site is needed for the enlargement of the Charing Cross Railway terminus. "The Avenue" itself is quite new, and one cannot but wonder at the shortsightedness of those immediately concerned in having thus erected a costly play house, foredoomed to destruction in the course of a few months. The closing of "The Avenue" will render those delightful singers and comedians, Monsieur Marius and Miss Florence St. John, homeless in the dramatic sense, and very likely it will then be their turn to inquire the price of firstclass steamer accommodation to New York. When they come I predict for you a good laugh over Marius' quaint inquiry in "Manteaux Noirs:" "Am I going too far, love? Only tell me if I am going too far," while your musicianly instinct will be truly charmed with St. John's treatment of the lovely ballad, "The Heart Sighs Ever to be Free."

RISTORI.

Madame Ristori continues her respect-commanding performances at Drury Lane. There is something of the invincible spirit of the fabled Lady Macbeth shown by this great artist herself in thus, when past sixty years of age, attacking an entirely new fortress in the dramatic redoubt. It is true her Elizabeth of England is even less clear cut than her Lady Macbeth. I mean, of course, in respect to its language. The wonderful by-play is as perfect as ever, the grand carriage, the regal attitudes, the painful death throes; but the words falter on that otherwise fluent tongue, and confusion ensues when intelligibility is most imperative. One cannot but hope that after one tournee in the United States Madame Adelaide Ristori will bid a long farewell to all her greatness on the mimic scene. Should she linger, lagging superfluous, it must happen that the verdict of her contemporaries will be to the bitter effect that even in the terrible matter of death her great rival Rachel had the better of her, since the immortal French woman flitted away to the land of shadows in the ripe, rich prime of her unsurpassable career.

Once the doors of the Lane close on Madame Ristori, all the effective of the theatre will be even more busily engaged than now in the preparation of the new drama by Messrs. Pettitt and Augustus Harris, which is jauntily entitled "Luck—A Story of £50,000." Mr. Augustus Harris, the enterprising lessee of old Drury, evidently holds the theory of Mr. Dion Boucicault to the effect that there is no "dead season" for good plays in London. "Luck—A Story of £50,000," will be told for the first time on the 5th of August, month of dog-days and moonlight strolls by the sounding sea.

NEW PLAYS.

"The custom of trying it on" with new plays at casual day performances is found to be an effective mode of testing the power of dramatic ventures. A play hastily rehearsed, insufficiently mounted, thoroughly undigested, must have indeed the requisite stamina if it survive the ordeal of a single afternoon performance in the presence of a careless audience, drawn together one scarce knows how, and far more disposed to "guy" than to seriously weigh any performance offered for its consideration. The adaptor and translator of "La Poudre aux Yeux," Mr. James Mortimer, must therefore feel considerable satisfaction in the success which his new play received, under the title of "Gammon," when presented at the Vaudeville Theatre the other afternoon. The wife of Mr. Mortimer,

professionally known as Miss Lydia Cowell, made a decided hit in the part of a quaint servant girl in this piece. The new comic opera, "The Vicar of Bray," music by Mr. E. Solomon, who composed that of "Billee Taylor," has been twice announced and twice postponed, the last time in consequence of the alarming illness of Mr. Solomon. Any one who knows what the anxieties and excitements of stage authorship are can feel no surprise at the sudden collapse of the strongest mind at these critical moments, when the touchstone of public opinion is about to be applied to the artistic work over which one has labored so long and ardently, and whose execution is about to be entrusted to the hands of incompetence, indifference, and sometimes spite. But Mr. Solomon has disease's best antidote, stalwart youth, on his side, and that gives his friends warrant in the belief that he will soon be his own man again, and again composing other agreeable numbers as tunesome as his "fetching" roundelay, "All on Account of Eliza." Apropos, let me state that "Billee Taylor" has just been revived in London at the Gaiety Theatre, with several American favorites in the cast. Mr. Arnold Breedon, associated with the long run of the opera in New York, again personates the virtuous gardener, and Mr. W. Elton is a diverting exponent of the eccentricities of Ben Barnacle, the boatswain.

ANOTHER AMERICAN SINGER.

The concert at Dudley House yesterday afternoon was a great success in every sense of the word. The charity in whose behoof it was given—the hospital for women in Soho Square—must have benefited largely from a crowded auditorium filled with persons each paying three guineas entrance fee. The Princess of Wales, with her three daughters, was present, as also Princess Christian, otherwise Princess Helena, the most retiring of all the Queen's daughters. The programme was by amateurs, who gave their services, but the music they offered was rendered in a manner which would have done credit to experienced professionals. Lady A. Montagu, Lady Florence Duncombe, the Hon. Mrs. C. Eliot and Mrs. Moncrieff, all showed admirable skill in vocal and instrumental selections, while the noble contralto voice of Miss A. Huntingdon, the young American singer, was heard to the greatest advantage. Miss Huntingdon has youth, beauty, a commanding figure and a voice! So all the good fairies were bidden to her christening, presumably, unless one remains in the background who has yet to spit her spite at this engaging American girl. What is to be Miss Huntingdon's future? The operatic stage, like Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Cary? Or marriage in high life and drawing room triumphs only, like Mrs. Charles Moulton and Lady Colin Campbell? Qui vivra verra!

The title of Messrs. Harris and Pettitt's new melodrama produced at Drury Lane Theatre, London, last Saturday night, was changed from "Luck" to "Pluck," because of a discovery that the former name had been used in a piece of Claude Templer's, played at the Imperial Theatre about three years ago. It is amusing that the recollection of the name of a piece produced only three years ago should be regarded as a discovery. The success of the piece was equivocal. The plot it is impossible to describe in a few words. It is sufficient to say that the incidents comprised are drunkenness, seduction, a wedding, forgery, a murder, a railway collision, a financial panic, a riot, the wrecking of a bark, starvation and finally arson.

William Elton made quite a hit in London as Ben Barnacle in "Billee Taylor," and his singing of "All on Account of Eliza" is described as "immense." Mr. Elton was too essentially English for an American comedian, and it is agreeable to learn that he has succeeded in a country worthy of him.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, which is nearly completed, is to be called either "Iolanthe" or "Crudimene." It is described as a fairy opera, and persons to whom Mr. Sullivan has accorded the privilege of reading portions of the score speak in ecstatic terms of it. The finale of the first act is represented as being simply dazzling. Already preparations have begun for the rehearsals, which are to take place next month.

Mr. John Stevens has made a great hit at the Surrey Theatre with his play "The Unknown." It drew a large house every night and was applauded to the echo.

Manager Mapleson has engaged for his Patti tour in this country, and for "the summer opera season in London in 1883," Signor Victor Clodio, a popular Italian tenor, and (for America only) Mlle. Medea Mei, a young mezzo-soprano.

A despatch from Paris says Sara Bernhardt has purchased for her son the lease of the Ambigu Theatre. She gives 85,000 francs, with 40,000 francs as a half year's rent in advance.

Mr. Edmund Neapert, the celebrated Norwegian pianist and composer, has been engaged for a series of concerts in the United States. He leaves Norway for New York at the beginning of September.

Miss Eva Cummings, a young American, formerly of Brooklyn, has been singing during the present season at the Theatre Monforarti, Casale, and later at Acqui, Italy.

The theatrical press notices on Booth's performance of "Don Cæsar de Bazan" are uniformly good. The *Pall Mall* says of the interpretation and performance:—"This piece may count among Mr. Booth's triumphs. A brighter piece of acting or more captivating presentation of reckless gallantry on our stage has not recently been seen." The *St. James Gazette* says:—"The embodiment is concieved in the true spirit of romance. It is perhaps the most wholly satisfying that the actor has yet set before us."

Sadie Martinot, besides playing in Rip Van Winkle in London, will appear at Wednesday matinees in a play by Bret Harte, founded upon his Luck of Roaring Camp.

Mr. C. C. Fulton, of the Baltimore *American*, writes to his paper that he attended Mr. Booth's performance of "Richelieu," and found a large and brilliant audience present, who received Mr. Booth very warmly, and called him before the curtain with shouts of "Bravo!" "Bravo!"

Of Webster, the English actor who died recently, it is related that one day when at the point of death, two of his old friends had called to see him. The end they thought had come, so they reverently covered his face with a sheet and went down stairs to console themselves. They found out his whisky and cigars, and had sat down to make a night of it under the dead man's roof, when suddenly the door opened. There stood Benjamin Webster in his winding sheet, "I am not dead yet," chuckled the invincible old man, "but I see you know how to enjoy yourselves.

Mrs. John Wood wears three beautiful gowns in "Money," at the Vaudeville, London, in which play she takes the part of Lady Franklin. A dinner dress of ruby brocade is the handsomest; a gown of white lace and blue brocade the most graceful; and one of pink moire and some soft stuff the most becoming.

Somebody has told Mlle. Theo all about "the good Americans," and that the way to make them kind is to call them good. She has learned her lesson very well, and with a commercial glance across the Atlantic she wrote the following to a Paris newspaper:

DEAR SIR:—The truth as regards the terms of my engagement with Mr. Grau is as follows: One hundred thousand francs for sixty performances, to be given during two months in the United States (four cities only), commencing in New York, at the new Casino, on September 11. In addition, all expenses are to be paid for myself and two persons. Although I regret that I must part for a short time from my dear Parisians, still I look forward with delight to my *tournee* among "Les bons Americains."

LOUISE THEO.

The Elks' Rest, at Chicago, is to be dedicated to-morrow. An excellent programme has been prepared. Luther Laflin Mills, Esq., State's Attorney, will deliver the oration, and the Rev. Henry G. Perry, M. A., the invocation and benediction. The officers of Chicago Lodge to participate in the ceremonies are: William D. Eaton, Exalted Ruler; John Walpole, Esteemed Leading Knight; B. R. Hall, Esteemed Loyal Kntght; Ed. D. White, Esteemed Lecturing Knight, and Samuel B. Chase, Marshal. To the D. D. Deputy Exalted Grand Ruler, Bro. Simon Quinlin, has been awarded the honor of unveiling the monument.

Miss Louise Sylvester played "Fanchon" at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, last week.

The cast of "Imprudence," to be produced at the Boston Museum on Monday, includes Annie Clarke, Mrs. Vincent, Norah Bartlett, Gertie Blanchard, Messrs. Warren, Barron, Wilson, Hudson, Mason and Ham. It is a farcical comedy, in three acts.

Alice Oates will open her week at Oakland Garden, Boston, on Monday 14th, with the "Princess of Trebizonde."

Thatcher, Primrose and West played at Shakspere Hall, Syracuse, on Saturday. They were booked for Rochester on that evening but changed their date to get into the saline city ahead of Barlow, Wilson & Co., who were due at the Grand Opera House on the 10th.

Caryl Florio gave a piano recital at Waverly, N. Y., on the 9th.

McDowell's Opera Company has been doing "Pinafore," in Manitoba, with Misses Reber, Tillie McHenry and Meta White, and Mrs. Oline, Hatch and Standish. Mr. Jesse Williams, the leader of the orchestra, became suddenly ill at Portage la Prairie.

Ben Maginley played "A Square Man" at the Grand Opera House, Milwaukee, from the 2d to the 5th to good business.

Col. John Wood, of Kentucky, has leased a large brick building on Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn., formerly used as a pork packing establishment, for a term of five years, and will open a first class variety theatre as soon as the interior can be altered.

Joe Emmett plays "Fritz" at Cedar Rapids to-night.

J. C. Padgett is to be the stage manager at Hooley's, Chicago.

J. M. Hill is actively preparing his Mather "boom." Nothing has been heard of late, however, of his proposed excursion to the press.

There is a new theatre at Des Moines, and the manager desires that the audiences shall improve their manners. "Each man or boy," he says, in the rules printed in the playbill, "must conduct himself so that he would not be ashamed to have his mother or sister come and take a seat in any part of the house without an escort. There must be as good order in the gallery as there is down stairs. Gentlemen will not wear their hats, neither will they attempt to go from one row to another over the backs of seats." The people are further requested to applaud by clapping their hands, and not by yelling like wild beasts. "Ladies, when they feel like, should not hesitate to come to amusements unattended, as they have as much right to go to an entertainment as they have to go to church alone."

While the Madame Rive-King Concert party were doing the northwest, some amusing experiences were met. Thus, at Scattle, W. T., where the business was very large, the ticket-seller was asked by a noble looking speci-

men of territorial citizenship, "How much to go into this show?" "One dollar and a half," was the reply. "Gosh!" said the W. T., handing him the coin, "It must be something good for that price. More'n one banjo-player?" The ticket-seller shuffled his sheaf of admission cards and smiled gently.

Mr. Billy Emerson has secured a lease of the Bush Street Theatre, San Francisco, and having thoroughly renovated the same, will open the house sometime during the latter part of August, with a very strong and capable minstrel eompany.

Kit Clarke, lately manager of Haverly's New Mastodon Minstrels, has been engaged by M. B. Leavitt, as general manager of all his amusement enterprises. A wise selection.

Song of a Critic.

I.

Yes, I am a critic, bold and free!
I teach the art of hystriony
To actors old and actors young;
I know how this should be said or sung,
How that should be acted, and how dressed,
And so, you see,
That I am he
Who sits in judgment for all the rest.

II.

Opera, drama, comedy, dance,
First nights I settle by just one glance;
I can judge a play from a single scene,
And an actor's faults I never screen,
But his merits are things I ne'er perceive,
Unless, you see,
He's a friend to me,
Which makes a diff'rence, you may believe.

III.

Two acts I sit a solemn owl—
When others laugh I only scowl;
When others weep, with a winning smile
I show how naught can me beguile;
I can kill a play or an actor's art
With a single sneer,
Which is not queer—
That sneer of mine is a poisoned dart.

IV.

In the lobbies between the acts I stand,
And the homage which is my due command;
Condemn a play I have not seen,
By what poor fools suppose I mean—
My words are deft and dainty elves;
For actors, you see,
All come to me
To know what I think they should think of themselves.

V.

The one great man in the surging crowd,
Dressy, of course, but never loud;
Content in the lobbies I always stay,
From the second act till the end of the play—
I am the great bowed to by leading men,
But critics, you see,
They all hate me,
Because they know I can stab with a pen.

VI.

Women I dote on, and that's why
I say the things which make them cry.
It is my sport—as to men, a gibe
Will shiver the whole of the acting tribe;
But if any one tells the truth of me
I at once get mad,
And feel very bad
That my fighting weight should be 250.

The Theatre List.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S Co., Port Huron, Mich., August 21; Bay City 22, East Saginore 23, Jackson 24, Columbus, O., 28. He will produce a new play, entitled "Bankrupt," by Bjornsjerne Bjornsen. It ran at three theatres at one time in Vienna for over one hundred nights. It is based upon a financial crisis in Germany, and has been played in Germany, Norway and Sweden over three thousand times.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT'S Co. in "Baron Rudolph," Montreal, August 28.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL'S Co., Kalamazoo, Mich., July 31.

JOHN T. RAYMOND'S Co., Lexington, Ky., August 28, with Mr. David D. Lloyd's play, "For Congress."

BARLOW, WILSON & CO.'S MINSTREL TROUPE, Central New York in September.

MARY ANDERSON'S Co., Brooklyn, N Y., September 4.

MARION ELMORE'S Co., in "Chispa," opens in New York, and then South for twelve weeks.

THOS. KEENE'S Co. for next season will be composed of F. C. Hagar, W. G. Beach, A. B. Howard, George Searell, Carl Ahrendt, Annie W. Story, Constance Hamlin, Mrs. S. A. Baker, Katie Baker and others.

BAUM'S MAID OF ARRAN Co., Rochester, August 14. Toranto 21.

MODJESKA begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2.

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA CO., Piper's New Grand Opera House. Peoria, Ill., September 7.

JOHN W. DUNNE'S COMEDY Co., "Karl," Chicago, August 28.

FRANK MAYO, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, September 4. San Francisco, September 18.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, "Elsa," Park Theatre, New York, September 4.

MLLE. THEO, opera bouffe, Aronson's New Casino, New York, September 11.

KIRALFY BROS'. MICHAEL STROGOFF Co., Chicago, August 12.

KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD Co., Globe Theatre, Boston, August 28.

LAURA DON, in "A Daughter of the Nile," Standard Theatre, New York, September 4.

ANNIE PIXLEY'S Co. in "M'liss" and "Nora," will open at Columbus, Ohio, in September.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY Co., Park Theatre, New York, October 30

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE.—Harlem, September 25, the "Lights o' London."

WINDSOR THEATRE.—August 21, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin in the "Danites."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—August 28, Collier's "Lights o' London."

PARK THEATRE.—September 4, Maggie Mitchell in "Elsa;" John T. Raymond, October 2; Mrs. Langtry, October 30; the Florences, Robson and Crane.

M. W. HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY Co., Bridgeport, August 27.

THALIA THEATRE, September 14.—Madame Gallmeyer, the German soubrette, will begin her engagement in October; and in January and February Herr Mitterwurzer will present a round of Shaksperian characters. Among the musical novelties promised are "The Lace Handkerchief" and "Venetian Knights," both by Strauss.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE Co., Booth's Theatre, New York, September 18.

ROBSON & CRANE, in "D. A. M." Springfield, Mass., September 25.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S WORLD Co., Grand Opera House, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA COMPANY.—The Season begins September 11.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—Preliminary season August 21, with "Ranch No. 10."

DAVENE'S COLOSSAL ALLIED ATTRACTIONS.—New York early in September.

MR and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House New York, October 23.

CHRISTINE NILSSON CONCERTS, Boston Music Hall, November 1.

HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.—August 28, "The Blackbird," by Edward Harrigan.

BOSTON THEATRE.—August 14, "A Free Pardon," by Henry Pettitt.

FRANK L. GOODWIN'S LA BELLE RUSSE Co.—Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 18. The company will comprise Jeffreys Lewis, J. Newton Gotthold, Walter E. Dennis, Robert Hudson, J. B. Ailing, Mary E. Hill, Madge Butler, Lotta May.

BOSTON MUSEUM.—August 21, "Imprudence," by A. W. Pinero.

ALICE DUNNING LINGARD, Park Theatre, Boston, in "Divorcons."

SIGNOR SALVANI'S Co. will include Lewis Morrison, Adele Belgarde, Virginia Buchanan and Helen Bancroft.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—August 21, the "Black Flag." The Company includes Edwin F. Thorne, N. C. Goodwin, Edwin Varrey, J. G. Saville, Eliza Weathersby, Agnes Proctor and Mrs. Edwin F. Thorne.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—"Esmeralda." The acting staff of this theatre for the coming season will comprise Agnes Booth, Carrie Turner, Sidney Cowell, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Effie Ellsler, Louise Dillon, Belle Jackson, Ada Gilman, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Kate Dennin-Wilson, Mrs. Charles Walcot, Annie Russell, Nellie Taylor, Blanche Weaver, Belle Archer, Maude Stewart, Dolly Pike, Margaret Hatch, Florence Barrett, Mrs. C. L. Allen, Viola Allen, Estelle Clayton, May Walcot, Belle Gilbert, Augusta Chambers, Ella Sothern, Kate V. Morris Ruth Rich, Clara Spence, Marie Dudley, Blanche Thompson, Meroe Charles, Perle Dudley, Marion Lester, Lizzie Duroy, Lizade Le Baron, Kate Noah, Kate McKinstry, Cora Macy, Juliet Everts, Enid Leslie, John E. Owens, George Clarke, W. J. Lemoyne, E. M. Holland, Harry Lacy, Thomas Whiffen, Louis F. Massen, C. W. Couldock, Frank Weston, Harry Lee, J. H. Gilmour, John Dillon, Ed. Milliken, W. B. Cahill, Frank Colfax, E. J. Buckley, Charles M. Walcot, W. H. Gillette, B. R. Graham, Harry Allen, E. P. Wilkes, W. C. Cowper, Ramsey Morris, C. W. Stokes, H. E. Warren, E. H. Marshall, J. Caffray, Charles Wheatleigh, Herbert Archer, F M. Burbeck, Joseph Frankau, John D. White, C. Leslie Allen, Forrest Robinson, Harry Rainforth, George Lyon, J. F. Hagan, R. F. McClannin, Edgar L. Davenport, Harry Davenport, J. M. Gilbert, E. A. Barrow, N. Forbes Lennox, Ed. Warren, G. C. Charles, G. R. Boaler, J. O. Barrows, W. H. Crompton, F. Sargent, J. De Mille, H. Hogan, Marcus Moriarty, Percy Sage, S. S. Bloch, B. F. Horning and W. A. Lavelle.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.—"The Snake Charmer," August 14.

ERIC BAYLEY'S Co., Hamilton, Ont., September 18.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—"Youth," August 21; three weeks. The "Lights o' London," September 11. The cast of "Youth" will be as follows: Frank Darlington, Gus Levick; Rev. Mr Darlington, R. F. McClannin; Colonel Dalton, G. W. Thompson; Major Reckley, J. W. Murray; Hon. Arthur Lavender, W. H. Morris: Captain Loverton, W. H. Pope; Willie Spratley, Forbes Dawson; Larry O'Phesey, Frank Lamb; Tom Gardham, George Jordan; Detective, A. Kirby; Fowler, G. Herbertson; Waiter, Al Told; Miss Eve Malvoisie, Emma Wilmot; Mrs. Darlington, Mrs. Charles Poole; Mrs. Walsingham, Fanny Addison; Alice Wenlock, Frank Darlington's Cousin, Sarah Lascelles; Kitty Athol, Minnie Vining; Amy Athol, C. Colcraft; Bessie, Mollie Revel.

A CHILD OF THE STATE Co.—Park Theatre, Newark, N. J., September 4. In the company are Zelma Valdemir, Emma Stokes, Burt Burlingame, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilson, Edwin Browne, J. M. White. R. J. Renne, C. A. Marvin, Edward Price, H. C. Clarke and J. H. Miller.

MINNIE MADDERN Co.—Helen Sedgwick, Kate Bebe, Lilie George, Harold Forsberg, W. H. Whitecar, Chas. Mason, Wm. Cullington, J. F. Hennigan and E. Steavens.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S Co.—Union Square Theatre, September 18, The company is as follows: Mrs John Drew, Rose Wood, Lillian Lee, Frederick Robinson, B. T. Ringgold, Charles Waverly, Sam Hemple and Thomas Jefferson.

BAKER AND FARRON'S Co. for next season consists of Louise Dempsey, Helena Barr, Eva Pollock, Charles Herbert, Frank Ludlam, Geo. F. Barr, Fred De Vere, Jr., Harry Rich and Henry Walker.

HAZAEL KIRKE Co. No. 1.—Stockton, Cal., August 14, 15, Gilroy 16, 17, Salinas 18, Watsonville 19, Santa Cruz 21, San Jose 22, 23, Oakland 24, 25, Napa 26, Sacramento 28 (one week), San Francisco, Baldwin's Theatre, September 4 (two weeks); thence eastward, via Virginia City, Reno, Salt Lake City, Denver, &c.

THE HARRISONS—"Viva, a Sister's Sacrifice," Poughkeepsie, September 4. The company will include P. H. Anderson, Chas. Overton, Walter Kelly, W. H. Thompson, Murray Woods, W. H. Helmynch, Adelaide Eton, Grace Thorne, Mary Maddern, Alice Harrison, Louis Harrison.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA COMPANY will include Fay Templeton, Alice Vane, Lady Lee Templeton, Isabel Fuller, Alice Baldwin, Marie Celine, Mlle. Girard, Herminie Palaccio, Maureen Palaccio, Leonie Du Ville, Irene Avenal, Cora Crane, Seth M. Crane, J. C. Armand, Burton Adams, Ed. Morris, Wm. Guiberson, Joseph Le Brasse, Aug. Hennessey, Alex. J. McKirdy, Warren Ashley, and Hermann Perlet musical director.

DEFOSSEZ' FRENCH OPERA Co.—New Orleans, November 10. The season there will consist of fifty subscription performances. M. Defossez' company will consist of 120 persons, and the principal artists already engaged are Mmes. Panchioni, Bernadi Hasselmans, Reine, Scholia, Belia and MM. Tournie, Guibertaux, Coudray, Puget, Debrat and Jourdan. After the New Orleans engagement the company will go to South America.

COLLIER'S LIGHTS O' LONDON Co. No. 1.—Squire Armytage, Robert Johnston; Harold Armytage, James J. Thighe; Clifford Armytage, Horace Vinton; Marks, Harry Leonard; Seth Preene, Dominick Murray; Jos. Jarvis, Chas. Stanley; Shakspere, Emma Loraine; Jim, Thos. McBride; Skiffington, J. Hulburts; Detective Cutts, King Headley; Detective Watts, Walter Macnichol; Philosopher Jack, D. W. Van Deren; Percy De Vere, Esq., Arthur Giles; Joe, F. W. Gretton; Mr. Bancroft, W. T. Mitchell; Mr. Miles, Chas. Arthur; Muldoon, H. W. Montgomery; J. Bull, Lysander Thompson; Boxer, Eugene Elberts; Tim, Little Carrie Elberts; Bill, Harry Plunkett; Supt. of Police, Chas. Marshall; Porter of Workhouse, Geo. Roberts; Bess Marks,

Lizzie Caton Hudson; Hetty Preene, Edna Carey; Mrs. Jarvis, Annie Yeamans; Janet, Miss Montaigne; Annie, Miss Lawrence; Sal, Mrs. Elberts. Stage Directors, Robt. Johnston and H. W. Montgomery.

HERRMANN'S EUROPEAN SPECIALTY CO., W. H. Morton, Manager; B. S. rane Business Manager. Open season at Montreal, Canada, September 4; four nights. Ottawa, September 7 and 8.

ALEXANDER CAUFMAN CO.—Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, August 28, in Fred Marsden's "Called to Account." The company comprises Alexander Caufman, W. S. Harkins, H. B. Bradley, W. A. Sands, C. A. Burke, E. H. Lee, P. J. Reynolds, Lottie Church, Sylvia Gerrish, Mary Tousey, Mrs. Selden Irwin.

OSEPH F WHEELOCK'S CO.—Whitney's Grand Opera House, Detroit, Mich., September 11, in Len Grover and Townsend Percy's "Wardour;" and Fred Marsden's "Root of all Evil." The company includes Max Freeman, Harry T. Loomis, C. W. Sutton, Lawrence Eddinger, Jesse Hynes, Horace Pierce, Lillian Joyce, Amelia Watts, Belle Bailey and Mrs E. M. Post.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMBINATION.—Janesville, Wis., August 31, in a new drama by Charles Foster. The company includes W. J. Bailey, Charles Krone, Jule Keen, Charles Foster, W. Donaldson, Harry Melmer George Semble, Charles Thorne, Mary Tucker, Tillie Shields, Sallie Adams, Charles Burg r, Frank Thompson, William Flatt, Fred Alstodt and William Wiltch.

HESS ACME OPERA CO.—Grand Opera House, Chicago, August 14, for the week: Monday, "Chimes;" Tuesday, "Maritana;" Wednesday matinee, "Bohemian Giri;" evening, "Olivett;" Thursday, "Fra Diavolo;" Friday, "Rose Friquet;" Saturday matinee, "The Widow;" evening, "Bohemian Girl;" Sunday, "The Mascot."

ABBIE CARRINGTON CONCERT CO.—Waupaca, August 14, Stevens Point 15, Wausau 16 Grand Rapids 17, Black River Falls 18, Neilsville 19, Augusta 21, Chippewa Falls 22, Eau Claire 23, Menominee 24, Hudson 25, Baraboo 26, Portage City 28, Beaverdam 29, Horricon 30, Columbus 31, Watertown, September 1, Oconomowoc 2.

ADA GRAY, New York, August 21.

ALICE DUNNING-LINGARD, Boston, Mass., August 19.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—San Francisco, Cal., August 7.

BARRY AND FAY, Rochester, N. Y., September 8.

BUFFALO BILL, Janesville, Wis., August 31.

CALLENDER'S MINSTRELS, Bakersfield, August 10; Los Angeles, 11, 12; Tucson, A. T., 14, 15, 16; Tombstone, 17, 18, 19; Dallas, Texas, 22; Little Rock, Ark., 24, 25; Chicago, 27.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, Philadelphia, Pa., September 4.

CLARA MORRIS, Philadelphia, Pa., September 4.

COLVILLE'S WORLD, New York, Sep ember 18.

FRANK MAYO, Chicago, Ill., September 4.

FRED. B. WARD, Akron, Ohio, September 4.

GUS WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill., August 28; Cleveland, Ohio, September 4; Indianapolis, 18, 19 and 20.

HANLON BROTHERS CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, September 4.

HARRY MEREDITH, Philadelphia, Pa., August 14; New York, 21.

J. K. EMMET, Quincy, Ill, August 10; Burlington, 11; Cedar Rapids, 12; Minnepolis, Minn., 14, 15; La Croix, 16; Dubuque, Ia., 17; Rock Island, 18; Davenport, 19.

KATE CLAXTON, St. Johns, N. B., August 16, one week.

LOTTA, Buffalo, N. Y., September 1.

MINNIE PALMER, Philadelphia, Pa., September 4,

BERTHA WELBY'S CO., in "One Woman's Life," Hamilton, Ont., August 29.

ROBERT MCWADE, Chicago, August 6.

SMITH'S DOUBLE UNCLE TOM, Boston, August 28.

BENNETT AND MOULTON'S OPERA CO., Pembroke, Me., August 9, 10; Machias 11, 12; Cherryfield 14, 15; Millridge 16.

MARGARET MATHER, in "Romeo and Juliet," Chicago, August 28.

M B. CURTIS' SAM'L OF POSEN CO., Detroit, September 4.

MILTON NOBLES, St. Louis, September 4.

NEW YORK IDEAL OPERA CO., Providence, R. I., July 24.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE CO., Chicago, August 5.

WALLACE-VILLA CO., Port Jervis, N. Y., August 26.

CHICAGO CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO., Ottawa, August 10; Aurora 11, Elgin 12.

FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates," Kansas City, Mo., August 31; Denver, September 4, week; Leadville 11, 12, 13; Pueblo 14, Colorado Springs 15, 16.

F. B. WARDE, Akron, O., September 4.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE, in "My Partner" Rockford, Ill., September 4; Beloit, Wis., 5; Janesville 6, Milwaukee 7, 8, 9; Peoria, Ill., 11; Galesburg 12, Burlington, Iowa, 13; Des Moines 14, Cedar Rapids 15, Dubuque 17, Chicago 18.

LE CLAIR AND RUSSELL, Akron, Ohio, August 11, 12; Lancaster 14, Circleville 15, Chillicothe 16, 17, 18; Washington 19, Cleveland 21, week; Pittsburg 28.

FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO., Baltimore, September 11, week; Washington 18, week; Brooklyn 25, week.

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO., Helena, August 7, week; Deer Lodge 14, Butte 15, Dillon 16, Logan, Utah, 18, 19; Evanston, Wy. T., 21; Rawlins, Utah, 23; Laramie, Wy. T., 24; Cheyenne 25, 26; Denver, 28.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King," Williamsburg, N. Y., September 4; Troy, 11, 12, 13; Holyoke, Mass., 14; Worcester, 15; Fall River, 16; Providence, 18; Philadelphia, 25.

JULIA A. HUNT, in Florinel, Montreal, August 21; Ogdensburg, N. Y., 28; Brockville, Canada, 29; Whitby, 30; Toronto, 31; September 1, 2; Guelph, 4; Brantford, 5; Hamilton, 6; Lockport, N. Y., 7; Medina, 8; Canandaigua, 9; Auburn, 11; Syracuse, 12, 13; Binghamton, 14; Towanda, 15; Danville, 16; Brooklyn, 18.

MINNIE MADDERN, Cincinnati, O., September 4.

NILES, EVANS, BRYANT AND HOEY, Rochester, N. Y., August 14.

PALMER AND ULMER'S DANITES, New Haven, Conn, August 21.

HARRY DEAKIN'S LILIPUTIAN OPERA CO. consists of Jennie Quigley, Eliza Nestle, Admiral Dot, Commodore Foote, Major Davis, Captain Midget and George Gray, the giant.

BIG FOUR COMBINATION—Philadelphia, August 26.

LILLIE HALL'S SPECIALTY AND BURLESQUE CO., New York, August 28.

NILES, EVANS, BRYANT AND HOEY'S COMBINATION, Rochester, N. Y., August 14.

TONY PASTOR'S SPECIALTY CO., Rochester, N. Y., August 11; Buffalo 14.

COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October 16, for thirty nights.

A. O. MILLER COMBINATION, composed of A. O. Miller, John Lemon, Paul Hortland, J. Harry Browne, W. J Holton, Frank Lewis, Burt Miller, Mrs. A. O. Miller, Stella Miller, Lulu Miller and Julia Lemon.

MLLE. THEO'S FRENCH COMIC OPERA CO., New York, September 11.

MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY consists of the following members: Francis Wilson, Robert E. Graham, J. M. Norcross, Misse. Emma Carson, Leonora Bradley, Myron Calice, Myra Vs Barrie, Dan McCullough, Fred Perkins, musical director.

WHITELEY'S DRAMATIC CO.—Des Moines, Iowa, August 21. The company comprises: Ida Lewis Maude Atkinson, Carrie C. Carter, Ella Weaver, Nellie Thorne. Nellie Denn, Little Juno, Wm. H. Cooper, Rob. V. Ferguson, R. J. Johnson, Rodney G. Guptill, J. W. McConnell, Edward Elroy, Lincoln Carter, Sebastian Simonsen

WHITELEY'S HIDDEN HAND CO., Joliet, Ill., August 14, Streator 15, Ottawa 16, Aurora 17.—The company consists of Nera Vernon, Dick Oglesby, Harry Wentworth, George Marion, J. P. Kilbourne, Jean Vampire, Geo. W. Deyo, G. B. Mason, H. D. Crickmore, John Marion, Theo. Hand, Geo. W. Sage, Marion Bent, Nettie Kellogg, Laura Warren.

MLLE. RHEA, Brooklyn, N. Y., September 4, one week.

THE HANLON-LEES COMBINATION, Cincinnati, O., September 4.

ENSIGN COMEDY CO., Plattsmouth, Neb., September 14.

W. H. LYTELL'S YOUTH COMBINATION, St. Johns, N. B., August 31.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S DREAMS COMBINATION.—Alice Atherton, James T. Powers, William A. Smith, Fred Burt, Misses Marion Elmore, Lotta Ballou, Sylvia Garrick, May Stevens and Willie Edouin.

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY, St. Louis, comprises H. E. Dixey, E. Clarke, W. H. West, George A. Shiller. Ed. Aiken, R. H. Nicholls, Rose Temple, Carrie E. Perkins, Lizzie Rochelle, Jennie Calef, Annie Wynne, Jessie Calef, M. A. Sanger, Annie Grinnal.

ROBERT MCWADE COMBINATION, Chicago, August 6. Comprises Robert McWade, Fred Wildman, B B. Buck, Charles Thornton, Messrs. Martin, Lawson and Greenwelt, Miss Lida Cook, Louise Halbee, Clara Wildman, Fannie Waters and Marie Williams.

MLLE. RHEA'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION, Brooklyn, September 4.

FELTON'S GLOBE DRAMATIC CO. Topeka, August 7, Wamego 14 Junction City 21, Manhattan 28.—M. Sproul. E. Stout, Frank Thomas, R. Brambrough, F. Bobbit, C. Vinton. Geo. W. Kirk, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Wood, Susie Hope, Dollie Bardell, Jack Evans.

GUS WILLIAMS' ONE OF THE FINEST CO., Chicago, Ill., August 28; Indianapolis, Ind., September 18.

FRED BRYTON'S DRAMATIC CO., Winnipeg, Manitoba, September 4.

GEORGE A. FAIR'S DRAMATIC CO., with Harry Webber in "Nip and Tuck," Plattsmouth, Neb., September 14.

LE CLAIR AND RUSSELL'S JUST IN TIME CO.—Buffalo, N. Y., August 31.

FRANK BUSH'S IKEY SOLOMON CO.—Buffalo, N. Y., September 4.

JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION, Springfield, Ohio, September 18.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION, Keokuk, Iowa, August 10. J. K. Emmet, De Lass King, Walter Standish, Harry C. Albaugh, W. Christie Miller, W. J. Donnelly, J. W. Ryan, Annie Smith, Miss Vanderhoff, Jeannie Harold, Katie Blanche and Pollie Poland.

BEADLE AND PRINDLE'S PLEASURE PARTY COMBINATION, consists of the following members: James and Frank Hennessey, Jennie Peasley, J. C. Salmon. Paus and Lillie Le Petres, C. W. Johnson, Bert Gaskin, J. D Singer, Eldon Baker, C. C. Beedle, Johnnie Prindle, Joe Barnes.

NEW PLAYS.

Mr. Leonard Grover's new play for the Harrisons is entitled "Viva."

M. de Lazare has just completed a new comic opera, in three acts, entitled "The Two Mandarins," which will shortly be produced in this city.

"A Strange Craft," which is to be produced in the English provinces, is the latest effort of Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

A Canadian opera, by Mr. Macdonald, entitled "The Fisherman's Daughter," will be produced in Toronto the coming season.

Charles Foster's new drama for the Hon. William F. Cody, is called "Twenty Years; or, Buffalo Bill's Pledge."

"Furnished Rooms" is an original comedy by Scott Marble, and bears no resemblance whatever to "Rooms to Rent." The imilarity of title leads many, who have not seen both pieces, to suppose that one is identical with the other.

The "Chapl in of the Fleet," the novel by Rice and Besant, has been dramatized by young Dion Boucicault, and has been promised a presentation next season at the Court Theatre, London.

Miss Amy Brenton, a niece of the late T. W. Robertson, has just produced a new play in London, called "Won by Honors."

HYDE & BEHMAN'S
Consolidation

Headed by the four greatest and best-known comedians on the American stage,

SAM DEVERE,
HARRY WATSON
JOHN HART
AND
J. C. (Pattie) STEWART

Assisted by some of the

STRONGEST SPECIALTY ARTISTS IN THE PROFESSION!

The leading feature of this GREAT ORGANIZATION will be HYDE & BEHMAN'S latest comedy, written expressly for

JOHN HART and JOHN C STEWART,

entitled

The Two Johns!

The most amusing and entertaining comedy ever produced under the above management. A sufficient verification of which and convincing proof to all managers and the entire profession is that the

Four Great Comedians!

named above (who are recognized as professionals and NOT AMATEURS) appear in the same, and were it not truly meritorious their world-wide reputation would not permit them to be connected with it.

WANTED—TWO FIRST CLASS SPECIALTIES for one of our traveling companies. Address,

HYDE & BEHMAN, Brooklyn.

CALL—All artists engaged for the above organization will pleas report at the People's Theatre, St. Louis, Wednesday, August 23 for rehearsal.

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METROPOLITAN JOB PRINT, 38 Vesey St., New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1882.

Address to the Public.

In presenting the first numbers of a new dramatic paper to the public, I am aware that I am entering upon a difficult undertaking. The field apparently is a narrow one and the gleaners are many, but I wish to say at the outset that I seek not the *clientele* of others, but rather to make one for myself.

For many years it has been my dream to edit a theatrical paper, such as I thought was needed by the best culture of players and playgoers. At the time this aspiration first came to me I was scarcely aware how far apart were these two classes, although bound together in a common sympathy. Between the player and the playgoer the footlights is a great gulf across which stretch shadowy arms clasping with poetic fervor the literature of the stage. To few playgoers and to few players is it given to join in this mystic union, and the two classes never meet except when the curtain is up and art touches with trained and subtle force the chords of artistic sympathy.

My principal mission is to bring together the intellectual actor and the appreciative auditor. As far as lies in my power I shall be to the stage of this epoch what Hazlitt and Lamb were to the drama in an age the art of which is reflected to us through the lens of their criticism. This is a difficult undertaking I know, but I bring to it much study and some knowledge, extended observation and, I trust, the faculty to judge with justice and discrimination. That I will not sometimes offend it is vain for me to hope, for a sharp pen is like a sharp tongue, and is apt to wound all the more deeply when it gives utterance to the truth. In surgery it is the excrescences which bleed when they are lopped off, but there can be no return to health, no vigorous growth, until the proud but unhealthy flesh has felt the knife. In this respect I shall be like the worthy surgeon who never shows the scalpel until its use becomes necessary to a cure.

The critic has a higher duty than to condemn and one more difficult in its performance—that of discriminating praise. Nothing is more uncertain than the appreciation of the average audience. Modest merit is sure to go unnoticed until chance puts it in a position to conquer recognition. Robert Greene, in Shakspere's day, was more highly appreciaed as a dramatist than the master—to him the Swan of Avon was only a peacock. Colly Cibber, after two or three years in the theatre, was not considered capable of reading a prologue which he had written. When John Kemble played in a Scotch town the verdict was that he was "nothing to Coomings," although poor Cummings would be forgotten if the absurdity of this judgment had not preserved his name. Edmund Kean was driven off the stage in the Isle of Wight because he "could not act," and Junius Brutus Booth was never accepted in London as a great actor because he dared to play in opposition to Kean. I shall not accept the public judgment as my guide in criticism because if I am fit to judge it must be because I know, whereas the public always waits to be told. A public verdict is only an inspiration, and the inspiration has seldom a legitimate parentage—it is either the foster-child of Prejudice or Good Nature, to which the Ignorant Critic stands godfather. It follows from all this that I may perchance find a great actor in a small part, and sometimes condemn a great play or a great star when measured by the box office standard.

The theatrical profession is like an army in the field—there are Napoleons in the ranks no doubt, and it shall be my pleasure to find them, but like Grant from West Point leadership will be more apt to belong to the theatrical soldier who has learned his art in the higher forms of the School of the Actor. To estimate the one, to promote the other are my functions, but my judgments are for the lovers of art, not for the adjustment of the salary list and the regulation of lines of business.

What I especially aim at is to make actors students and thinkers. To this end I shall always try to foster a worthy pride in their profession—its history, its traditions and the principles which should guide it. He may be sure he is doomed to forgetfulness who takes no interest in preserving the fame of others. However rich he may become he will always be a poor actor who works only for money. The English stage has a literature which is the pride of the language, but to most actors it is a sealed book because they are too careless to open it. Those who will not study but prefer to spend their time off the stage in idleness or dissipation may be assured that they will live miserably and die in wretchedness.

Current theatrical events will always claim my first attention. In this respect I do not aim at making a newspaper. A journal which is published once a week cannot compete in the matter of news with the daily press. My aim rather is to present a carefully condensed chronicle accompanied by intelligent comment, which shall be the wine and walnuts after the feast. While reflecting the best thought and the highest culture of the time, it is my aim to make THE THEATRE a contemporary history of the stage.

It will always be my policy rigorously to exclude scandals from my pages. With the private lives of actors and actresses I have nothing to do. Because in their professional life they live in the public eye is no reason why their foibles and follies should be made public property, and, so far as I am concerned, what is sacred with the rest of the world shall be sacred with the profession. At the same time I shall not always assume a severe and grave aspect, refusing to smile. If occasion presents itself I shall even indulge in loud, hearty, explosive laughter. It is unnecessary either to walk upon stilts, or to caper in the garb of a Touchstone, and so I shall try not to be dull when I am serious, nor work myself into a mechanical phrensy in the effort to be funny.

My bill of fare every week shall be prepared with the care of a *chef* who is providing a full dinner for many guests. All the courses will be served with the best the market affords, and is some things do not suit some palates, it may be well to remember that tastes differ.

Than this I need say no more.

THE EDITOR.

Our Welcome.

THE STANDARD PLACED HIGH.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new weekly journal of the stage. It purposes to teach intellectual actors and to be critically honest toward appreciative auditors, while having a policy which excludes scandal from its pages and does not intrude upon the private lives of actors and actresses. The standard is placed high as a matter both of business and of literature.—*N. Y. Herald*, August 7.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

I am glad to welcome to the field of dramatic journalism a new journal called THE THEATRE, of which Mr. Seilhamer is editor. In a province so inadequately supplied with organs as is the drama any new-comer must be welcomed, especially when the new-comer is well punctuated, clearly printed and nicely folded. Mr. Seilhamer is well and honorably known in dramatic criticism. He graduated from the *Herald;* he slapped Mr. Charles Thorne's face—or Mr. Charles Thorne slapped his, we forget which—promptly on the writing of his first dramatic criticism, and he afterward wrote some very profound and capable articles on the eminent star, Miss Adelaide Lennox. Then he was retained by Mr. Josh Hart to compile scholarly articles for his variety encyclopedia.

THE THEATRE will fill a want long felt in the dramatic field. It will give us reliable information about Mrs. Siddons and Moliere. It is not too much to say that there has been for some time a burning desire in this community to know something about David Garrick, and THE THEATRE, with rare acumen, has perceived this want and supplied it. We understand that it is the editor's purpose to furnish current information about Colley Cibber and Goldsmith.

Such a step cannot be too highly commended. Dramatic journalism as we have had it has been confined to the trivial present. The real necessity is for a live paper which shall deal with the historic past. Mr. Seilhamer promises to present a cut of Thespis next week, with a biography.—*Wheeler.*

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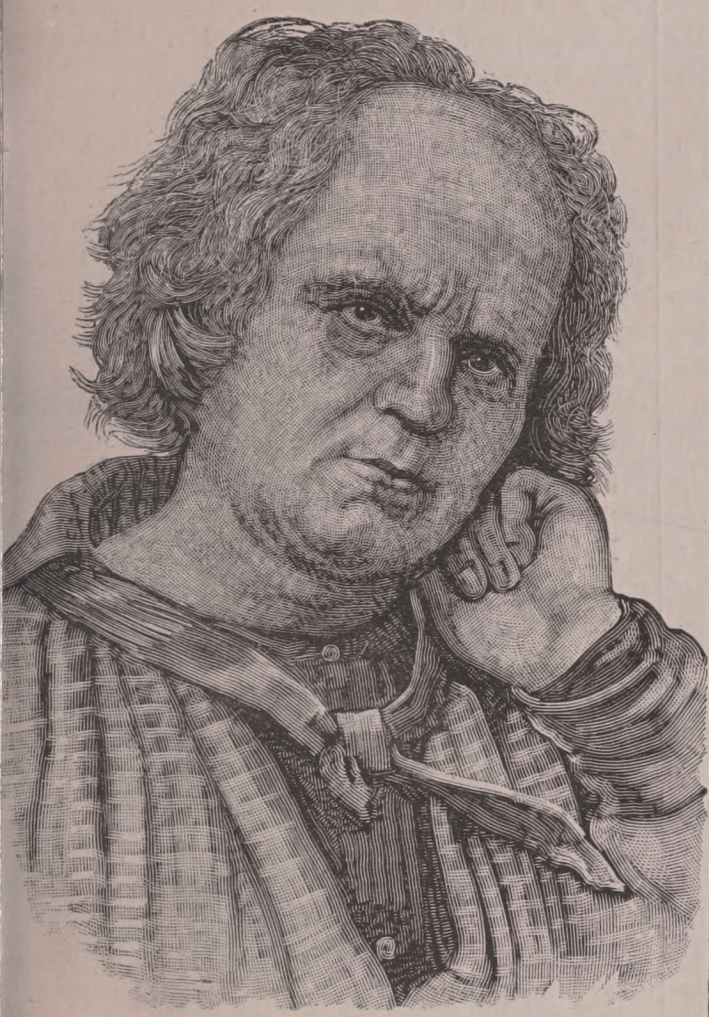
THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.



A Star Past Perihelion.

Few stars are able to pass the zenith of popularity successfully and decline gracefully toward the horizon of retirement. If the Owens human nature is like human nature generally, Mr. John E. Owens will not thank us for saying so, but however he may feel about it we are impelled to say that he has accomplished this difficult feat in a way that has added to rather than diminished his artistic reputation.

Mr. Owens' career as an actor can only be compared to Mayer's theory of the sun, which assumes that its heat energy is maintained by the perpetual hammering of falling meteors. A theatrical star off the stage is like the comet which shines brilliantly for a brief period and drops into forgetfulness. The heat of public favor can only be maintained by constant contact with the footlights. As in the case of a meteor bumping against the sun, the immediate effect is the incandescence we call reputation, but like the sun absorbing the planets this constant contact with the footlights wears out and swallows up the star. That such was soon to be Mr. Owens' fate was apparent in the derision which attended the production of the "Man from Cattaraugus," and the indifference which was manifested of late years toward his masterly performances in the comedy *roles* with which his name is associated. For a long time he had bumped against the sun of the dramatic universe, escaping successfully into space after each contact, the last time being at the Fifth Avenue Theatre two or three years ago, but then the moving body got away from the stationary mass with difficulty, and if the star had not found a new orbit in the old track of the stock the light which had once shone with such effulgence would have flickered and died out.

It is Mr. Owens' good fortune that Old Rogers is left after Solon Shingle and Caleb Plummer repose in the cerements to which Caleb Quotem and John Lump and Jerry Sneak had been doomed before them. That famous barr'l of apple sass had become unpalatable from the acidity of age—the old toy maker had grown into a bore by the elaborate perfection of his amiable weaknesses. In the Yankee character we never had a comedian who was Mr. Owens' equal. In the quaint creation which Dickens' fecund imagination set up in the airy gallery of his Mental Etchings of Immortality even Toole found a rival in Owens. In these two parts if Owens had a fault it was the fault of too great perfection. He had refined the characters until all the spontaniety of fun in the one and the unaffected simplicity of humor in the other disappeared altogether. What had been to him in the beginning a personality in which he lost his own identity became in the end a collar in which he was the horse dragging the lay figures of his art around the world. It is no wonder, then, that he grew restive in the harness and kicked over the traces as he did when he tried to revive Owens, the comedian, in the "Man from Cattaraugus."

The star had reached perihelion and the only question was whether it should flap over into the sun and so be extinguished forever, or be enabled to shine after it had passed the zenith with the mellow but glorious light of the Morning Star in the evening sky. It was a problem which no one saw perhaps, but Dan Frohman solved it without looking for the solution. It was a case involving something of the cruelty of kindness, and however gently it was administered we may conceive that Mr. Owens' joy in it is like the happiness of Old Rogers when surrounded by Parisian grandeur he exclaims "We are so gay," although at the time his heart is breaking for the little home under the shadow of Old Bald. A star which is past perihelion cannot be expected to look down upon the earth with the pride it feels while mounting to the highest place in the firmament, and yet were there ears to the orbs above us, and—

> Had Heaven but tongues to speak as well
> As starry eyes to see—

there would be exchanges of intelligence that would awaken anew the music of the spheres.

What we bewail in Mr. Owens' acting in the part which he is now called upon to fill is the

absence of the enthusiasm it ought to excite. But this absence of enthusiasm is not more his misfortune than ours. If we do not praise it it is because we have not learned to enjoy. The refinements of art can only appeal to refined natures attuned to sympathy with its mysteries. The commercial mind is not easily touched by the pathos which is born of the emotions. The yearnings of an old man for the pine woods and naked mountains of North Carolina has no poetry for the rosewood and mahogany veneer of civilization. As a race of theatregoers we have ceased to find greatness in our great actors because the realism of the mechanic has displaced in our hearts all reverence for the realism of the affections. It is not easy to be enthusiastic over what we cannot feel, and the best evidence that with us the pathetic and the dramatic have been at least temporarily divorced is found in the fact that Mr. Owens' embodiment of Old Rogers is passed by almost unnoticed.

All this means decay not only in what is done upon the stage but in public appreciation of stage work. As it is in literature so it is in art. A Hawthorne appeals to the few, but the dime novel supplies the literary food of the many. In our hurry we have no time for the love of the beautiful and the study of the artistic. We are fast rushing upon the rocks of the commonplace and although we are famishing we are content to feed upon husks. Our symptoms are of decay in taste revealing themselves first of all in loss of appetite for that which is nourishing, and in an unnatural desire for the confectionery and spiced condiments of the drama.

If we would seek for the reason of this decay of taste we must look within ourselves. We have studied the drama through our opera glasses so persistently that we drag the unrealities of the stage too near to our mental vision. We see the actor with magnifying prominence, but the creation becomes the pigmy of the lorgnette when it is reversed. How an actor dresses and how he looks, not as the character he seeks to be but as the man he is, are more to us than the art which it is the mission of the stage to embody. Because of this there was a time when Mr. Owens was more celebrated as among the richest of American actors than as among the best of American comedians. We forget the artist in the man, and if the man fails to set our tongues wagging the artist will fail to excite our admiration.

It necessarily happens from this vicious method of judging of art and artists that the real man becomes an unreality and that the unreal is invested with all the attributes of reality. People who would judge Owens the man from Owens the actor would be apt to find in the severe expression of the Rogers face a severity which does not belong to him—that is to say what is serious or regretful in Rogers would be interpreted as austere in Owens. Nothing could be further from the truth. In his old age Mr. Owens is as mellow in his manhood as in his art, and if as a star he is past perihelion as a man he is in the zenith of a scholarly and well-bred geniality which is the crowning glory of a life of study and achievement.

Can Acting be Taught?

We transfer to THE THEATRE this week the substance of Mr. Dion Boucicault's recent London lecture on the art of acting. The address, it will be observed, is in the Boucicault manner, but the matter is all the more surprising to us because when he was last in this country the eminent actor was in doubt upon this very question of teaching acting.

What has caused this complete somersault in his views?

But stranger even than Mr. Boucicault's attitude in view of his past declarations is Mr. John Ryder's position in view of his long experience. Mr. Boucicault argues that acting can be taught. Mr. Ryder is equally positive that it is unteachable. We speak of Mr. Boucicault as an eminent actor rather than as an eminent dramatist, because great as he may be as the latter, he is greater still as the former—the great untaught actor of the time. Mr. Ryder, on the contrary, is great as a teacher of acting. He was the teacher of Miss Neilson, and of nearly every great actor and actress known to this generation. It is certainly a singular circumstance that the great untaught actor should be advocating a school of acting, and the great teacher of the art opposing him on the ground that actors are born not made.

Mr. Boucicault's lecture, like everything that he does, is a striking effort. It is technique, relieved by anecdote. It must have charmed all who heard it, for it is charming even to those who read it. But its motive was seized upon by Mr. Ryder with avidity and condemned with vigor.

Is it possible that Mr. Ryder expects to live forever, and fears that some other school will be set up in opposition to his own?

If Mr. Ryder cannot see the force of Mr. Boucicault's reasoning we can. It is not the inapt or the incapable upon whom Mr. Boucicault would waste the instructions of a school of acting. It is not the unteachable whom he would teach. It is not his purpose to manufacture genius but to train it. Do men come to the Bar without instruction? Are surgeons born, not made? The bent of mind comes by nature, but the knowledge and skill which give it utility are acquired. The diamond is a diamond before it is cut, but it is the cutting which gives it brilliancy. Mr. Boucicault would reveal its splendors by the skill of the lapidary, but Mr. Ryder, who is a skilful theatrical lapidary, contends that the dramatic diamond can only be polished by contact with the wings and the footlights.

As to a school of acting we may doubt its utility but we cannot doubt its practicability. Its utility depends upon the material at hand and the methods employed to give it effect. Even if capable students were at hand capable teachers might be wanting. Indeed, this was the stumbling block in Mr. Boucicault's way when he was inclined to doubt the feasibility of a dramatic college. But he has shown that there are some things which can be taught and must be learned, and it is this which embraces pretty much the whole scope of the lecture which Mr. Ryder so violently opposes.

Exaltation of Small Things.

This is the age of the exaltation of small things. Acting feels its influence more than anything else, but the effect of this exaltation upon acting as an art is to degrade. It is this tendency which gives the stage a Bunthorne and the platform an Oscar Wilde. It is because of this that tragedy is falling into desuetude and that a young woman is celebrated in the newspapers as an actress because she has a maid in mob-cap.

Nobody seems to care nowadays whether actresses can act, but if the newspapers are to be taken as a test of the public taste there is a profound interest in how actresses dress. We are told of a well known actress that she rides a fine horse on Ocean avenue, Long Branch, and wears a gray habit and a tall gray hat. Actresses, we are further told, set the fashion at some of the Long Branch hotels, and are followed about wherever they go by a crowd of women bent on getting new ideas in dress.

Most of us know that in the matter of the gray habit and the tall gray hat all that is meant is the desire to print her name on the part of some willing scribe and the desire to see it printed on the part of the actress. Trivial things are exalted for no better reason than that she may get into the newspapers. Such advertising as this may please the actress, but it will injure her manager. People who have seen her on the beach will not care to see her behind the footlights. "Go and see Miss So-and-so as Lady Gay, in a stuffy theatre," ladies will say; "why I saw her in a gray habit and a tall gray hat on Ocean avenue." It is just such exaltation of small things as this which keeps many persons away from the theatre, for they will not pay to see in winter that which is thrust on them in summer.

But imagine crowds of ladies following actresses about Long Branch taverns for the purpose of getting ideas in dress. We do not believe a word of it, for bent as women may be upon exalting the trivial, this would be carrying the

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exaltation of small things too far. If it is founded on fact, however, it does not speak well for the ladies who resort to this vulgar method of obtaining new ideas.

Singular as this exaltation of the trivial is as applied to women, it is more singular still that it should be applied to men. The public may have a tooth for toothsome anecdotes of popular players, but it can have no interest in the jokes of business managers. A real senator is not bursting with anxiety for something new about "Senator" Sam Wetherell. It is as dull reading to most persons to be told how "Dave" Bidwell and "Joe" Brooks pooled their attractions in New Orleans as it would be to learn all the details of Rufus Hatch's Bermuda onion speculation. When a merchants asks a party of friends to dinner nobody cares whether the dinner was good or bad, but people who care for the theatre are supposed to have so much interest in the way actors feed, and when and where, that even imaginary banquets are invented for the delectation of hungry outsiders.

When we started this essay we intended preaching a little sermon on the subject, but the exaltation of small things carries with it its own reproof.

Theatrical Printing.

Some of the wiseacres of the press are discussing the question of theatrical printing with an affectation of wisdom that is almost distressing. If these writers understood what they are writing about they would know not only that theatrical printing is as necessary to attract the public as a theatrical attraction but that the growth of this species of advertising is an outgrowth of the combination system.

It was the habit of these same wiseacres to bewail the change from stock companies to the combination plan. They were unable to see that the change was more apparent than real. Mr. Collier's "Lights o' London" company is not less a stock company than was the cast which originally played the piece at the Union Square Theatre, and the Brooks & Dickson, the Colville, the Abbey, and indeed all the companies on the road are as much stock companies as if they played for a season in the same theatre in a single city.

Any one who will consider the consequences of the change will see that it is a great gain in every way. The people of the inland cities can see every season the best that is produced on the metropolitan boards, and see it done with as much excellence at Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland and Indianapolis as in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. Under the old stock system this was impossible.

When the combination system first began to develop its strength the fear that it would destroy the stage was almost universal. Instead it has infused new life into the profession and given employment to ten actors and actresses where ten years ago there was an engagement for only one. Growing out of this growth is the present great demand for attractive theatrical printing, but it is the knowing ones who first resorted to it, for experience had taught them that money spent in advertising would come back to them through the box office. "It is only necessary to make the entertainment equal to the printing," said a well known manager, "and our money is sure to be returned by the public. People are apt to imagine that poor printing means a poor show, but the public will insist that the stage pictures shall be as good as the printed scenes."

The moral of all this is that theatrical printing and dramatic progress go hand in hand, and it is necessary that both should be equally commendable.

Work Begins.

With the coming week work will begin in earnest with most of the companies organized for the season. From all over the country we hear announcements of openings on Monday, and those which defer the inauguration past that date, delay only a week, or two weeks at the most. It will thus be seen that the companies which do not begin playing will be busy rehearsing, and so in a fortnight "the Square" will be deserted by all except those who are fortunate enough to remain in town for the winter or who begin the fall campaign in this city.

The important events of the week in New York will be the reopening of Niblo's under the new management, the production of the "Black Flag" at the Union Square, and Mr. Harry Meredith's appearance in "Ranch No. 10" at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre. None of these pieces is what can be called new in this country, both the "Black Flag" and "Ranch No. 10" having been tried in Philadelphia, where they met with public approval. What will be their fate here remains to be seen.

A week later the reopening of the Grand Opera House under Mr. Abbey's management will claim attention, particularly on the West Side. It is not many years since this beautiful and commodious theatre was called a white elephant, a morgue, and other names which indicated its utter uselessness. Under the management of Poole & Donnelly it was demonstrated that the Grand Opera House was in the midst of one of the best theatre-going communities in the world if they could have the best going in the way of popular entertainments at popular prices. Nothing that is coarse or vulgar will satisfy the average West Sider, for he is an average man, and he insists that his amusements, like his butcher's and grocer's supplies, shall come to him as prime in condition as if they came from Broadway, and for less money. That Mr. Abbey is determined to pursue the successful policy of his predecessors is apparent rom his opening attraction, the "Lights o' London," which Mr. Collier will present with as much completeness as when the play was produced at the Union Square under Mr. Palmer's direction.

The first week in September will bring out Laura Don in her new play, "A Daughter of the Nile," which ought to be attractive at this time because of its title, and Marion Elmore in her well advertised "Chispa." Both these ladies are well known to New York audiences as capable actresses—not stars in the sense in which the word was once used—but as leading ladies in plays for which they have special adaptability. We sincerely trust that it will be found that both have good plays, and it will give us satisfaction if the public decides that each of them is a star of the first magnitude.

When all these are out of the way, by which phrase we mean to express the hope that they will be in the full tide of prosperity, Mr. Colville will also be claiming our attention with his "Taken from Life" at Wallack's. The piece was a success in Chicago, where it was first produced, and a similar verdict here is confidently anticipated by the manager. Then, too, Mr. Daly will be giving us "Mankind," which is already in rehearsal, and which is set down for production on the 9th of September. It is always within Mr. Daly's power to give us effective stage pictures. He is one of our few managers who has the fortitude to acknowledge a failure and the courage to replace a bad piece with a good one without pretending that such was his original purpose.

The openings at Booth's and the Fifth Avenue come a little too late to be properly discussed under the caption of this essay; and as the regular seasons at Wallack's and the Union Square are delayed until the frost comes, we may defer remark upon them for cooler weather. This reminds us too that Frank Evans will begin with the "Galley Slave" at the Windsor on the fourth of September, and as Mr. Evans is noted for bringing cool nights to the metropolis whenever he plays here, his presence cannot fail to be encouraging to all his contemporaries in beginning work.

Cincinnati's Dramatic Festival.

When the absence of Mr. Booth is considered it must be conceded that Cincinnati has made the best possible arrangement for the April festival. Apart from Booth, Messrs. Barrett, McCullough and Keene, and Miss Anderson, are the only recognized Shaksperian players at present on our stage.

An arrangement of parts satisfactory to them is necessarily satisfactory to Cincinnati, and this has been made, the plays selected being "Julius

Cæsar," "Othello," and "King John." The first will be played twice, Mr. McCullough personating Brutus on both occasions, and Messrs. Barrett and Keene alternating as Cassius and Marc Antony. Messrs. McCullough and Keene are the two Othellos, Messrs. Barrett and Keene the Iagos, and Messrs. Barrett and McCullough the Cassios. In this arrangement the elder tragedians have made a very graceful and generous concession to the younger ones. Mary Anderson will be the Desdemona, and the Constance in "King John," with McCullough as the King, Barrett as Hubert, and Keene as Falconbridge.

While this arrangement is satisfactory to the artists concerned, and while Cincinnati is necessarily content, it is not a programme to satisfy the Shaksperian student. Although among the greatest of the master's works, neither "Othello" nor "Julius Cæsar," played by these actors, can have a very deep interest as part of a grand festival. All the players have played in these parts in the regular pursuit of their calling, and what is or has been business elsewhere ought to be too familiar for a $50,000 Cincinnati festival. "King John," however, is an admirable selection, and the regret is that it is not the only play of Shakspere in which the tragedians and tragedienne appear.

Cincinnati would have done much better to have given only one night in the week (the closing one) to Shakspere, and the joint appearance of the four stars producing instead, on alternate evenings, the great but banished tragedies and comedies of the old masters of English dramatic composition. One of Ben Jonson's and one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays should have been acted, together with two comedies antedating the Sheridan era, a farce by Garrick, and at least one American play like Dunlap's "Glory of Columbia." Such a programme would have required a fund of $100,000 instead of $50,000, but it would have resulted in something worthy the name of a dramatic festival. As it is, this Cincinnati affair will not go beyond the commonplace.

Half a Loaf.

Half a loaf is better than no bread. Such is the concession made by the trunk lines in response to the protest of the managers against charging advance agents for their baggage. The managers desired that their agents should be allowed a thousand pounds of baggage free, but the General Passenger Agents, while receding from their former position, could be induced to allow only one-half that amount. The following are the resolutions :

Resolved, That in response to the application of the "Theatrical Managers' Association," we agree to allow Advance Agents, otherwise known as the "bill distributors" of theatrical companies, free transportation for 500 lbs. of baggage, to consist of advertising material, with their personal apparel, and to be contained only in trunks.

Scenery shall be considered as baggage and will be carried by weight, when it is compact in form, and does not necessitate the hauling of extra cars for storing it, at regular excess baggage rates for extra weight over 200 lbs. per ticket.

Scenery and baggage in car-load lots will be charged for at rate of 25 cents per mile, for distances of 500 miles and under, and 20 cents per mile for distances over 500 miles ; short line distances to be used as a basis in computing such rates between comparative points.

Although this is only a half a loaf, it must be conceded that it is an exceedingly liberal one for the railroads to make. They are not in the habit of giving even half a loaf.

Letters of a Print Collector.

III.

MRS. HODGKINSON'S GRAVE.

On the 27th of September, 1803, William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, wrote a letter to William Dunlap, the manager of the Park Theatre, announcing the death of Mrs. Hodgkinson. It was dated, "Tyler's Gardens, Tuesday, 7 o'clock."

"About an hour since Tyler told me she was no more. 'Tis a melancholy subject to dwell upon," Coleman wrote. In this letter the editor, who was compelled to remain in the city in spite of the pestilence which was then decimating the inhabitants, described to the manager, who was able to get away on a visit which he made to the Hodgkinsons a few days before, the death of the lady which he announced to Dunlap. This is what he says of the visit :—

After considerable knocking, Mrs. Brett partly opened the door in that kind of manner as if to say, no one 's at home. Seeing who it was, she beckoned me in with her hand and pointed to the parlor. I desired her, in a whisper, not to awaken Mrs. Hodgkinson. She went softly up the stairs, and presently he came down ; he called me "Billy," and took my hand, to be sure, with much softness and affection, and sighed very deeply. I asked him if Mrs. H. was worse. He said no, he did not think she was, but he would awake her. I desired him not ; but he persisted, and went to her room, saying, "*You won't know her.*" She came, rather dragging than walking ; but when she inclined her head as she entered the door, though prepared for the sight of a melancholy object, I started. Her face had no sign of muscle about it ; her lips skinning to a degree that showed all her front teeth as she breathed ; her eyes glassy, and wandering apparently without the power of distinguishing objects ; her whole countenance ghastly to a shocking degree : yet she seemed not alarmed at her situation, but talked of getting rid, some how, of her cough, and she said she should soon get well. * * * Mrs. Tyler was there the day after, and she consulted her about the fashion of a new bonnet she wanted, and even spoke of playing again.

Miss Arabella Brett, the sister of Mrs. Hodgkinson, had died only a few days before, and alluding to her Coleman said, "Poor Bell !—her nearly last words were, I wish Mr. Hodgkinson might see me after I am dead."

I am not naturally a morose or morbid individual, nor am I a frequenter of graveyards, and so I have never been able to explain the impulse which carried me to the old cemetery belonging to St. John's Chapel, or more properly to Trinity Parish, in Hudson street, between Leroy and Clarkson. It is a forbidding spot enough, and admittance could only be obtained through the dwelling house in Clarkson street ; but I surmounted every obstacle and busied myself for hours deciphering the inscriptions on the decayed and broken tombstones in this neglected city of the dead. The first grave to arrest my attention was one the inscription on which announced in bold capitals that it was

SACRED
To the Memory of
JOSEPH TYLER.

The line giving the date of his death was tolerably distinct and it was with little difficulty that I was able to decipher it as "26 Jan., 1823, aged 72, and 4 days." Almost illegible was a line near the ground, but finally, by the combined use of my eyes and my fingers, I was able to make out that it read :—

He was an honest man and died a Christian.

When I went into the old rickety graveyard I had no idea that Tyler, who had so long lived in the vicinity of this cemetery, had found his last home within it; but finding his grave encouraged me to look for others. My search was richly rewarded, for under the spreading branches of a tree prematurely aged and almost concealed by the grass was the tomb of Mrs. Hodgkinson and her sister Arabella Brett. Much of the inscription was sufficiently distinct to be reproduced in the accompanying drawing, but there was a verse of six lines which could scarcely be deciphered at all. By persistent effort, however, I ascertained that they were as follows :—

More worth and virtue ne'er adorned a breast
Than dwelt in her's who now lies here at rest ;
A tender mother and a faithful wife,
She pass'd adored thro' every path of life ;
Her infant children feel the chast'ning rod,
Her husband yields an Angel to his God.

"Who was Mrs. Hodgkinson ?" asks some prominent actress who has not taken the trou-

ble to acquaint herself with the story of her forerunners on the American stage. It is not encouraging to Mary Anderson, Maggie Mitchell, and Blanche Roosevelt, that one or all of them should be impelled to ask this question, for what each of them is to-day in her own line Mrs. Hodgkinson was in her's in tragedy, comedy and comic opera. "As an actress in girls and romps she was truly excellent," says Dunlap. "In high comedy she was far above mediocrity, and even in tragedy she possessed much merit. In Ophelia she was touching in a powerful degree, as her singing gave her advantages in this character which tragic actresses do not usually possess. Her *forte* was opera. From her father she had derived instructions; and her husband's practice on the violin continued to improve her in knowledge in this branch of her profession. Her voice both in speaking and singing was powerful and sweet." This actress, born to and educated for the stage, full of archness, playfulness and girlish simplicity, in stature and carriage suited to every character she performed, was for ten years in New York, from her coming to America until her death, second only in consequence to her husband, and he was the rage. Notwithstanding she was the prime favorite both in the theatre and in society, courted while she lived and lamented when she died, Mrs. Hodgkinson now sleeps forgotten in a forgotten grave in a forgotten graveyard.

High as were the encomiums which were passed upon her as an actress one cannot stand over her grave and decipher the tribute to her virtues on her tomb without feeling that it was deserved, for Dunlap has left upon record the highest praise it is possible to bestow, in these words—"She was an amiable woman and a good wife." In stature Mrs. Hodgkinson was not tall, but her figure was charming and her beauty was of a type then as now rare in America, for she was very fair, with blue eyes and yellow hair approaching to the flaxen. She was the daughter of Brett, a singer at Covent Garden and the Haymarket, and it was at the latter, as the page in the opera of the "Noble Peasant," that Dunlap first saw her in 1784. Hodgkinson became acquainted with her at Bath about the time of his engagement for America, and notwithstanding there was another so-called Mrs. Hodgkinson in the way he brought her with him and they were married soon after their arrival by Bishop Moore. Accompanying her to America was her sister, Miss Brett, an actress of little merit, who soon after her arrival married an actor named King, who was scarcely more meritorious and exceedingly dissipated, in consequence of which he soon died leaving her to marry a German doctor on Long Island, with whom she lived happily ever afterward, making a notable housewife. In 1796 Mrs. Brett, the mother, and Miss Arabella Brett, a younger sister, followed the Hodgkinsons to America. These are the persons referred to in Coleman's letter. "Poor Bell" was still a girl when she died, but she was an excellent actress and in spite of her youth she filled the old women of comedy better than had ever been seen in this country.

It would be easy enough to follow Mrs. Hodgkinson through her successful career on the New York stage. She was the original of many of Dunlap's heroines and the first in the female *roles* in everything she chose to play. When she arrived she was not without a rival in little Mrs. Henry, whom she pushed aside, and other rivals came to dispute with her the realm of which she was queen, but while she lived she maintained her place against all comers and died universally regretted. All that now remains of her is a neglected grave in a neglected graveyard, the mention of her name in an occasional playbill preserved and prized on account of its age, and the few scattered memoranda in Dunlap's History. Well might I exclaim with Coleman as I stood over her forgotten grave, "'Tis a melancholy subject to dwell upon," for such is the uncertain fame of even the most fortunate daughters of Thespis.

The Dramatic Fund.

Without reflecting on the utility of the Actors' Fund, it is well to consider the usefulness of the Dramatic Fund. The idea upon which the one was formed was that it should be in the nature of a charity. The other is simply a business provision where relief is a right.

A Dramatic Fund annuitant is neither a beggar nor an object of charity. The list, which comprises fully seventy names, embraces some of the best known and most worthy members of the profession, and to be enrolled upon it is as honorable to an old actor or actress as for an old soldier to be on the Retired List of the Army.

The list of annuitants and other recipients from the Fund, and the amounts received by them during the year, which closed in March last, were as follows:

ANNUITANTS.		
Atwood, Mrs	$30 52	
Austen, A. Mrs	30 52	
Blake, C. Mrs	5 13	
Burroughs, M. E. Mrs	30 52	
Bernard, M. A. Mrs	30 52	
Beckett, Thos. a' Mr	30 52	
Biddell, Carr A. Mrs	30 52	
Chippendale, W. R. Mr	30 52	
Cantor, Rachel, Mrs	30 52	
De Bar, H. Mrs	30 52	
Da Costa, S. E. Mrs	30 52	
Deering, M. Mrs	30 52	
Duffield, C. B. Mrs	30 52	
France, G. R. Mr	30 52	
France, S. Mrs	30 52	
Fuller, I. B. Mr	30 52	
Gould, M. Mrs	30 52	
Grisdale, C. E. Mrs	30 52	
Gourlay, C. T. Mr	30 52	
Henry, E. Mrs	30 52	
Houp, (Mestayer) Mrs	30 52	
Hadaway, T. H. Mr	30 52	
Hill, A. R. Mrs	30 52	
Howard, (Shields) Mrs	30 52	
Howard, (Shields) Mr	30 52	
Isherwood, H. Mr	30 52	
Jeffries, J. Mr	30 52	
Kinlock, E. Mrs	30 52	
Lewis, H. Mr	30 52	
Lingard, (Cox) E. Mrs	30 52	
Meyer, C. Mrs	30 52	
McLean, C. Mrs	30 52	
Marshael, R. Mr	30 52	
Nicholls, D. Mrs	$30 52	
Pazzaglia, C. Mr	30 52	
Ring, Julia Mrs	30 52	
Reid, J. R. Mr	30 52	
Smith, J. A. Mr	30 52	
Thorne, M. Mrs	5 13	
Towle, M. Mrs	12 26	
Wetzlaw, J. Mr	30 52	
Wray, E. Mrs	30 52	
Wilson, A. Mr	30 52	
Zust, A. Mrs	30 52	
Davis, J. Mr	30 52	
Hind, A. Mrs	30 52	
Squire, J. Mr	30 52	
Anderson, D. C. Mrs	30 52	
		$1,395 92
WIDOWS.		
Blake, C. Mrs	$5 13	
Bernard, M. A. Mrs.	30 52	
Cowell, H. Mrs	30 52	
De Bar, H. Mrs	30 52	
Eberle, E. Mrs	30 52	
Henry, E. Mrs	30 52	
Hill, A. R. Mrs	30 52	
Hillyard, J. Mrs	30 52	
Holland, C. Mrs	30 52	
Hield, A. Mrs	30 52	
Price, E. Mrs	30 52	
Hind, A. Mrs	30 52	
Harrison, W. B. Mrs	30 52	
Peterschen, W. Mrs	30 52	
Sedley, W. H. Mrs	30 52	
Shoosmith, A. Mrs	30 52	
Stoddart, T. H. Mrs	30 52	
Whitman, E. Mrs	30 52	
Whiting, D. Mrs	28 81	
		552 74
SICK.		
Albertine, A. Miss	$30 52	
Kress, J. Mrs	30 52	
Rogers, J. H. Mrs	30 52	
		91 56
Total		$2,040 22

As is to be expected death is fast decimating this little band, and the names of Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. Houpt (Emily Mestayer), and Mr. Squiers will not appear among the annuitants of 1882-83. Occasionally also a contributing member of the Fund falls by the wayside, the late John Wilson of the Madison Square Theatre being fortunately the only one in the past year.

Thirty dollars and fifty-two cents per annum to annuitants and a like amount to the sick and the widows may seem a very small sum, but it is better than nothing and a very good return on the original investment. Besides it could be increased if there was a spirit of helpfulness in the profession and a desire to make the old Fund as useful as it is worthy.

Brown on Stage Incongruities.

"Is the editor in?"

We looked up from our desk, and as the inquirer was an agreeable looking old gentleman we answered in the affirmative.

"I should like to see him," said the stranger, and having been assured of our identity, he accepted the chair we offered him and proceeded to disclose the motives of his visit.

"My name is Brown, Mr. Editor, and I am an old theatregoer," remarked our visitor, comfortably setting back in his seat and crossing his legs. "I have come to you in order to make a few complaints about the gross improbabilities which occur nightly on the stage of even our best theatres, and I would like you to say a few words concerning them in your next

issue so that they may be called to the attention of actors in general, and possibly the evil to which I have reference will thereby be remedied in the future, or to some extent at least, for in most cases it lies in the power of the players themselves to correct the inconsistencies and impossibilities at which I have taken offence. The average auditor, it is true, allows them to pass without comment, but that does not render them any the less ridiculous; and they could be remedied with so little pains that it is a pity they have not long since been attended to, for usually they are nothing more or less than the outcome of mere thoughtlessness on the part of the actors or managers. If it is the mission of the stage to hold the mirror up to nature, then it is the duty of actors and actresses to behave on the stage as they would in real life were they in like situations. Let me point out a few of the instances to which I allude.

"In the first act of 'Fatinitza' there is a Russian sergeant whose name I cannot just recollect. Well, he comes in blowing vigorously on his fingers, stamping his feet and swinging his arms to keep himself warm, and to judge by his shivering form and his behavior in general the thermometer must be at least five or six degrees below zero. After two or three minutes, but whether it is owing to some sudden atmospheric change I cannot say, he stops all his stamping, shivering and swinging of arms and seems quite warm and comfortable. And the gentleman who played the part at Booth's Theatre several seasons ago, when the Boston church choir company appeared at that establishment, actually sat down on a snow-covered and ice-coated rock without showing the slightest signs of being cold, whereas his seat was to all appearances enough to give a man the rheumatism by merely looking at it.

"Do you recollect Kate Claxton's famous shivering fit in the 'Two Orphans?' Well, I have often wondered how it was that she was the only person who seemed to suffer cold in that scene. I felt sorry for her, poor girl, and when the cripple Pierre took off his coat and wrapped it around her I regretted to see that she shivered worse than ever, although I was pleased to observe that Pierre did not mind, to any great degree, being in a snow storm in his shirt sleeves, but stood the cold with most praiseworthy as well as remarkable fortitude.

"And have you ever noticed the stoicism with which so many of our players invest the characters they assume? Why, I have seen some of them receive the most disastrous intelligence with unmoved countenances and even witness a horrible murder with as much composure as might be expected of them in going to breakfast. A couple of deaths, or the total loss of a fortune does not ruffle their feelings in the least, and a wreck, an explosion, or an earthquake does not seem to alarm them at all; and despite their tongues, which occasionally inform us that they are alarmed, their composed faces prove the contrary. Few of them fear death, and they mount the scaffold with the most delighted of expressions. One would never imagine they were about to be executed. Do not talk to me about the calmness of the ancients in battle—the modern supernumeraries could, like Jamilek in the 'Princess Toto,'

"'Give them six to four, and beat 'em easy.'

"Did you see 'Michael Strogoff' when it was played at Niblo's last season? No! Well, I did, and the gentleman who personated Ivan Ogareff—it was Mr. Gotthold, I think—he's a good actor, too, and should have known better—committed just one of those things I condemn. When Strogoff struck him with a knout over the cheek, a blow which the text says left a mark for life, although I saw no trace of it on his face in the next scene, supposed to occur several days after, Ivan evinced no pain at all, but received it as quietly as he would a kiss from a pretty girl, and I should not have known that he was offended at it if the author had not compelled him to say something to that effect.

"And then there are the stage burglars—criminals peculiar to the stage, and never met with off of it. They creep softly in to the scrape of a fiddle or the tap of a drum, treading as if their lives depended upon their silence, but when once fairly in they begin to talk about something or another in tones loud enough to awake and alarm, even a member of the finest police in the world, to say nothing of those who may be in the house. It's curious, ain't it?

"And the seeming understanding that exists between stage villains and their victims is another thing that I do not understand nor like. I have seen a pistol levelled at a man and miss fire when the trigger was pulled, yet the man at whom it was aimed fell dead just as if it had gone off. Could any rightminded jury condemn the person who held the pistol for murder in such a case? It couldn't be quite right, now would it? The man must have died from heart disease—it couldn't have been the pistol that caused his sudden departure, and yet I know of a case in point—it happened on the stage, you understand—where an individual was sentenced to death for committing an offence of that sort, snapping a revolver at a man who fell dead of his own accord the next instant. Was that justice?"

"There are hundreds of these incongruities committed every season, and nearly all are the result of carelessness. Could they be fully enumerated, Mr. Editor, they would fill a bulky volume. The most frequent inconsistency is probably that of introducing songs into a play regardless of the time or the place where it is supposed to occur. No matter what sort of a play it may be, the principals, if they know how to sing, or if they think they do, are bound to drag in a ballad or something of the kind. I have known a stage general to shout 'victory or death,' but instead of rushing into battle with his troops remain behind to sing a song. Yes, and repeat it, too, if the audience gave him the least encouragement. And I once witnessed a play in which a poor girl was ruined by a rich lord, and she spoke her lines in such heart-rending tones that the tears almost came into my eyes; and when, in her despair at being deceived and cast off by the rich lord, she determined to commit suicide, I pitied her, I did indeed. But how do you think I felt when she suddenly seemed to change her mind and stepped down to the footlights and sang a serio-comic song to the most lively of tunes, at the conclusion of which she started off to carry out her former resolve?

"In Rowe's 'Fifth Avenue,' which failed at Booth's several years ago, as you will remember, and the plot of which was supposed to be laid in 1862, somebody sang Ned Harrigan's 'Mulligan Guards' when everybody knows the song was not written until 1873. Another anachronism was introduced in the same piece. It was in the Wall street scene, and consisted in a prominent sign of Kiernan's Telegraph Agency, which was not in existence until ten years later. Blunders like these are inexcusable, for carelessness is never to be excused. But Shakspere committed faults of this kind I have heard people say in looking them over, but that's no excuse for them, nevertheless. Imitate Shakspere's beauties if you can but leave his faults alone. That's sense.

"I will not take up your time, Mr. Editor, by speaking at length about the wind that does not blow until some one says he hears it, or the lightning that does not show itself until some one says he sees it, or the young female who says, ''Tis my uncle that comes,' (a speech that is prophetic, for there is a door between them at the time) and then gazes eagerly off at the O. P. side as if expecting his arrival while the uncle comes in at the other. On the stage a door or a castle wall is no impediment at all to the eyesight of the *dramatis personæ*. It is quite a common thing for some one to say, 'Here is so-and-so,' although there are no signs of him, and then for so-and-so to open the door and appear, according to the old saying, I suppose, 'talk of a certain gentleman,' &c.

And the politeness of the elements as well as the respect shown to a great man by his army and the army of his enemies is something curious. I have seen a battle stopped short in order to allow one of these great men to make his dying speech, after which the fray went on with increased vigor; and I have known the noisy wind to hold its jaw while some one was talking.

"If the man who wears his hat—an article seldom considered on the stage—in the drawing room, and goes bareheaded in the forest, and of the extreme tidiness of stage servant girls—what a blessing it would be if they were so in reality—and of the hasty manner in which people on the boards read or write a letter—what invaluable bookkeepers they would make—it is needless to speak and I suppose you would not be willing to listen even were I inclined to talk. Therefore I shall say no more."

Mr. Brown rose and prepared to depart.

"I trust you will not fail, Mr. Editor, to direct the attention of the profession to the incongruities I have spoken of. They are small things, certainly, but nevertheless their minute

details must be looked after if realism is to be one of the stage's aims."

We assured our visitor we would give his remarks the attention they merited, and satisfied with this assurance Mr. Brown bid us good morning and went his way.

THE WINDSOR THEATRE—"THE DANITES."

Alexander McGee	Mr. McKee Rankin
Charles Godfrey	Mr. J. J. Holland
William Wise	Mr. Archibald Boyd
Thomas Adolphus Grosvenor	Mr. George Mortimer
Stubbs	Mr. W. B. Murray
Grasshopper Jake	Mr. Salter
Billy Piper	———
Sam	Mr. D. F. Richardson
Bill Hickman } The	Mr. Matt. B. Snyder
Hezekiah Carter } Danites.	Mr. William E. Lee
Washee-Washee	Mr. Luke Martin
George Williams	Little Miss Snyder
Nancy Williams	Mrs. McKee Rankin
Hulda Brown	Miss Cora Tanner
Sallie Slone	Miss Rose Snyder
Henrietta Dickson	Miss Emma Marble

The audience which greeted the Rankins in Mr. Joaquin Miller's play, "The Danites," on the occasion of the reopening of the Windsor Theatre on Monday evening, was proof of favor to the players and vitality in the play. When the curtain rose for the first act the theatre was crowded, there being scarcely an empty seat in the house. An even performance was the verdict of the critics, which means nothing more than that the play and the players are too familiar to require further mention.

While the theatre was closed a number of important improvements were made. That wall which gave so much trouble to the Department of Buildings has been replaced by a new one, and a new stage has been laid. The main passage way has been relaid with pretty tilings, and four additional exits, each eight feet wide, have been provided to secure safe and rapid egress into the street in case of fire.

The Windsor begins the season with every prospect of remunerative business.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—"THE SNAKE CHARMER."

Prince Mignapour	Selina Dolaro
D'Jemma	Miss Lily Post
Princess Bengaline	Miss Emma Guthrie
Nicobar	Mr. George Gaston
Astrakan	Mr. Joseph S. Greensfelder
Jao Tsin	Mr. Frank Budworth

In the revival of the "Snake Charmer" at the Bijou Opera House this week the only artists in the cast who appeared when it was sung before were Miss Dolaro and Mr. Greensfelder. Some new business has been introduced, but the new libretto which was promised does not come up to the realization of expectations inspired by the word "new." There is even more freedom in the presentation of the opera than on the previous occasion, and such extreme liberties have been taken with Audran's work that a little variety business is introduced into the second act while Prince Mignapour is sleeping in the garden. This gives Mr. Frank Budworth an opportunity of doing a song and dance to such familiar airs as "You'll Remember Me," and the "Sweet By-and-By." As the interpolation is applauded it must be considered admissible. Apart from these reminiscences of the variety stage, Mr. Budworth's performance was excellent. Miss Lily Post was a charming snake charmer, her singing being particularly good. During the week the attendance was large considering the time of the year and the state of the weather.

What do I think of modern melodrama?

* * *

Well, I think first of all that there is no such thing. Ever since I became a Prompter I have held the book for plays so nearly like these which are now the rage, that I believe if I took up one of my old prompt books by mistake I might not find out my error for an act at least. Modern melodrama—why its nothing of the kind unless I'm a modern Prompter.

* * *

It was the success of "The World" that caused this glut of melodrama. There isn't anything new about that except the fall of the elevator, and that is not effective enough to be considered novel. As to the raft scene it is as old as my property hat. Even the name was used before, I don't say in my time, mind, but, by Jove! I can show you "The World" in half a dozen different editions in my closet. I don't say that there is any resemblance between Kenney's "World" and Harris and Pettitt's—I don't say the old "World" was as good as the new—no offence, gentlemen, I am not punning—but I do say that identity of idea with some old plays, can be traced in this startling melodrama, and by Jove! I have put some of the scenes on myself.

* * *

It is an off night with me, boys, and on my off nights it is my delight to get in my favorite chair under the stoop, here at the Criterion, and air my ideas—but I say what'll you have?

* * *

As I was saying, I have put some of them on myself. What is there new in the colliding trains in "Luck" or "Pluck" or whatever is the name of the latest London piece of Harris & Co.? I'll bet the cigars that it isn't as effective as the smash-up at Horseshoe Bend, in the "Living Age," and that went for nothing because it was in a bad play and, by Jove! I believe it would have gone for nothing if it had been in a good one by an American author. Fill 'em up again, Charlie.

* * *

The whole thing is in the idea, and the idea is in bringing a railroad train on the stage at all, and that Augustin Daly did in "Under the Gaslight" years ago, and, say what you will, he did it well too. For a man who isn't an actor Daly is one of the best stage mechanics I know of—an ideal mechanic, I mean—and when an old Prompter says that of a man who was not brought up in the business there must be some stuff in him. Smoke?

* * *

The mechanism of the so-called modern melodrama is better than in the melodrama of my day—my day, what am I talking about—but nearly all these late plays are deficient in mouthpiece. The modern melodramatic writer thinks that if you fall down an elevator shaft that gives a quietus to your chin music. Perhaps it does in real life, but on the stage, talk is a necessity in spite of the rage for action. Elocution ought to count for something and art for something as well as mechanics. People like other effects as well as the effects of machinery, and by Jove! I expect to live long enough to hold the book for real actors and actresses. You may laugh; I am not so old. Why certainly, the same, Charlie.

* * *

Let me see—it is to be melodrama everywhere. On Monday night, Goodwin and Thorne are to give us the "Black Flag." Ned Thorne tried it on a dog, in Philadelphia, just as the doctors try new poisons, and as the dog didn't die, here it is. It may be a good play; and mind, I don't say whether it is or not, but I have held the book at rehearsal for many good plays that didn't go at night. But all this talk about plays acting well because they read badly is rot. In my day, by Jove! a play had to do both to be really acceptable. Now none of Pettitts' plays read well and as to the "Black Flag," therefore, Ned Thorne would tell, I don't know anything about it. Really, gentlemen, these iced decoctions are very pleasant this weather. No, it's my turn, Charlie, please.

* * *

"Mankind" will be done at Daly's. "Mankind" is a good enough name for a play, but somehow it is ominous for a Daly play. His luck with this kind of name went out with "Divorce." Do you remember "Life"? Of course not, for there was no life in it. "Mankind" somehow isn't a title in which mankind is likely to take a contemperaneous human interest, but if it hits it will hit hard. That's always the way with Daly. The chances always are that he will miss, but if he hits, stand from under. No, thank you, not now—a cigar, then—

* * *

Bob Morris says in the *Telegram*—you know Bob—a very good fellow if he doesn't lose his head with his first success—that Mr. Wallack is laboring hard on the rehearsals of "Taken from Life." That is very good, laughably good, for Colville's company, which is to play the piece at Wallack's, is playing it now in Chicago; and if Mr. Lester—there it is again, but he always was Mr. Lester in my time—is laboring at all just now it must be as Captain Corcoran on the good ship Pinafore.

* * *

The "Romany Rye?" I have nothing to say about that. It will be time enough for me to begin to talk, when Jimmy Morrissey stops to get his breath.

* * *

"Ranch No. 10?" Wait till it gets to be Ranch No. 1.

* * *

"The break must come?" Sure, and so we had better stop right here. No? Well, once more then.

* * *

As to the break it has begun already. "Pluck" in London is a failure. London sets the fashion for New York now as it always has done. The only manager we have who seems to understand this in a plain, straightforward business fashion is Mr. A. M. Palmer. He gave the "Lights o' London" at the Union Square when London was crazy over melodrama. When London begins to tire he goes to Paris. He cares nothing for Sims or Harris & Co. if Erckman-Chatrain can serve him better. I don't blame him.

* * *

Romantic drama? What is that but the higher order of melodrama—the kind of drama in which the elder Wallack was always at his best. In all my experience as a Prompter I have never known that fail when it had literary and dramatic merit, and it won't fail now if it is offered, although the public should become as sleepy over too much melodrama as I am from too much Charlie.

* * *

The Criterion of Taste? Ha! ha! But, my boys, I have talked long enough—here's for a nightcap and to-bed.

—The engagement of a band of real gypsies imported from England for the "Romany Rye," and encamped in Harlem, is suggestive of the necessity of bringing over genuine sprigs of royalty for the kings, princes and doges of Shakspere, and putting on the American stage real costermongers instead of a Toole, and real old Irish servants instead of such a fragile bit of stage work as Mr. Boucicault's Kerry.

—There is a certain gravity about the formal announcement of "the last two months" of "Esmeralda" that is a little too heavy for the notions of old-fashioned theatrical folks who believe that a piece is good for as long as it will run. It is the absolute solidity of foresight to know in August that a play will be withdrawn on the 9th of October.

—Mr. Edwin Booth's German tour begins in January next, when he is to attempt in Germany the polyglot business of "Salvini and Rossi" in this country. The Germans may forgive the English speaking tragedian's tongue for the sake of his art, but so much of Booth's art is in his elocution that Germany will fail to see our great actor at his best.

—Mr. Charles Wyndham's "incognito" trip to New York this month has been abandoned, and he will not be here until the middle of October, just in time to prepare for the appearance of his comedy company at the Union Square Theatre.

—Among the artists engaged to support Mme. Geistinger in comic opera at the Germania Theatre in October are P. W. Schutz, of Vienna, said to be one of Germany's best tenors, Herr Link and Miss Emma Seebold.

—On the sea are Maurice Strakosch, Maurice Grau and Mlle. Theo. Mr. Strakosch brings Miss Thursby back to us, and Mr. Grau will introduce the French artist to our consideration. When they arrive we shall hear further from all of them.

—It is a little odd to be told that John Gilbert is going out this season with Emma Abbott to take the place of Conly as basso. We hasten to relieve the fears of the Wallack patrons, as this John Gilbert is not their John. We trust, however, that in his way the second John will become as great a favorite as the first.

—About now is the season for accidents to actors. Already we are hearing of them from the four points of the compass. Laura Don fell out of a hammock, and Kate Claxton out of a boat, Mr. Chizzola was thrown from a carriage in Hertferdshire, England, and Sig. Salvini stumbled and was hurt on the marble steps of his villa at Florence. It will be observed that these mishaps were all painful, not too painful, but just painful enough to get into the newspapers.

—Mr. Hermann, of the Thalia, thinks Herr Knack, who is to support Mme. Gallmeyer, far superior to Herr Link who has seceded to the Germania. We shall wait and see whether he has the knack of it before we link our opinion to Mr. Hermann's. Mme. Gallmeyer will open her season with a sketch called "Sarah und Bernhardt," in which the German soubrette will caricature the French tragedienne.

—By the way, *apropos* of Mr. Hermann's new German Theatre in Philadelphia, he volunteers the astounding information that three-fourths the population of the Quaker city is German. According to this, when the Irish, French and Italians are counted in, there cannot be more than two or three hundred Americans in the Pensylvania metropolis.

—That little story about Mme. Gallmeyer being made to sign her American contract in Herr Conreid's notebook in her bedchamber at midnight is, not to put too fine a point upon it, a little too gauzy for this latitude.

—Mme. Gallmeyer we are told is exactly eight years younger than Mme. Geistinger, and her superior in every respect. We are willing to wait for the determination of the question of superiority, but we should like to know exactly how old Mme. Geistinger is.

—The reason we have given so many paragraphs to Mme. Gallmeyer is, because in her imitations of the "divine Sarah" she dies in five different languages, and in as many ways as the public taste may require.

—If the imaginations of Messrs. Hermann and Conreid continue as fecund as they have been, we shall enlarge THE THEATRE to print their novelties complete every week.

—And this reminds us that Mr. Morrissey's inventive powers are evidently on the wane. The only thing he could think of to say about "The World" last week was that the explosion, raft and asylum are as attractive as ever. But here is food for thought. Think of an asylum being attractive. If Mr. Morrissey goes on in this way what will he not do when he begins to "boom" that new play which he says is better than "The World?"

—Mrs. Celia Logan is going out this season with a lecture on the stage. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing her read it say it is very bright and sprightly. Even her husband, Mr. Connelly, acknowledges that Celia has made it exceedingly interesting.

—The theatrical swallows are beginning to fly homeward. Mlle. Rhea returned on Sunday and Lawrence Barrett arrived by the Gallia on Monday. The Georgia Minstrels are also noted among the arrivals.

—Pretorius is not to be enjoined from leaving the service of Hermann, of the Thalia, to join the forces of Amburg, Mr. Hermann's recent partner. Judge Van Hoesen says so judicially.

—Mr. P. S. Gilmore never can entirely forget his famous Boston Peace Jubilee, and whenever he wants a "boom" he falls back upon the big drum. For his benefit at Manhattan Beach on the last day of the present month he will reawaken the powerful echoes of the past by such reminders as booming batteries and clanging bells, and he will be assisted by the ever young Brignoli.

—It is said the Kiralfy's have found Bartley Campbell's "Siberia" too long, and have returned it for shaving. This is marvellous foresight, but at the same time it is a shaving process is about all that is left to the average direct blow at the critics. The recommendation of the critic.

—Miss Ellen Cummens has had a very good offer to go to England as leading lady at the Princess' in London, after the run of "Romany Rye."

—It seems like old times to get Ben Tryon back to New York. The old Olympic worshippers will go to the Fifth Avenue Theatre this winter because the old-timer is to be treasurer there.

—It is understood that Mr. William H. Thorne is going out this season to play Sir Francis Levison, in 'East Lynne," under the management of Mr. W. H. Clarke. Although not so well known as either of his brothers, Mr. Thorne inherits all the dramatic talent of the Thorne family, and he only needs persistence to become the greatest actor of the three. What he shows in such parts as Sir Francis in the most marked degree, is the repose which belongs to the character. As this is a quality that is lacking in so many of our actors it ought to make a great reputation for Mr. Thorne. The Lady Isabel will be Miss Valentine Balfour, an accomplished English actress, who lately arrived in this country. Having seen her play in a number of emotional roles, Mr. Thorne was anxious that she should share the honors with him in a play which it seems will never tire.

—Mr. Tony Hart has returned from Europe with his bride, where the pair had a happy sojourn during the summer. Mr. Hart gets back just in time to take part in the rehersals of Mr. Harrigan's new drama "The Blackbird," in which the partners pleasantly anticipate another triumph.

—In view of Mr. Abbey's commendation of Mrs. Langtry for her taste and skill in dress, regret is expressed that Mrs. Florence is not to appear in the "Mighty Dollar" during the Grand Opera House engagement of the Florences, as Mrs. Gen. Gilflory would be able to give the English beauty points in the matter of costumes.

—William Fullerson, Jr., a son of Judge Fullerton, is ambitious to figure as a composer, and has gone to Europe with the hope of bringing out an opera to the score of which he is giving the finishing touches. This country only needs a Verdi or a Wagner to make its happiness complete, and we are looking toward young Mr. Fullerton with expectation, if not with positive hope.

—Somebody asks if Frank Lozee is lost? From his name we should say yes.

—Mr. Gus Frohman, who is reported by our exchanges as in both San Francisco and Chicago, arrived in the city on Thursday. During the coming week the chances are that he will be in half a dozen other cities simultaneously.

—Mary Anderson was in the city during the week but she has gone back to Long Branch and her yacht. We hear that Dr. Griffin makes a remarkably handsome figure in his uniform as her commodore.

—Miss Adah Richmond returns to the stage at the Alcazar to night in the "Mascotte." Miss Richmond has been studying under that eminent teacher Max Maretzek.

—Here is one more. The steamers Werder, Nuremburg and Neckar will bring to this country nearly sixty of the artists engaged by Herr Conried for the coming season at the Thalia Theatre. The list includes Carl Sindan, the comedian of the late Ring Theatre; Fraulein Galster, who will sing the leading soprano parts; Herr Wilke, the great baritone; Fraulein Pferdner, renowned for her beauty, and Fraulein Jules, the favorite of last season.

"The Blackbird," which was to have been produced at the Theatre Comique on Monday evening next, has been postponed until Saturday evening, the 26th inst. The piece is very elaborate, and the management desired to present it as complete as possible, hence the delay.

MR. BOUCICAULT ON ACTING.

A large number of members of the theatrical profession, and of those who take interest in the progress of the drama, and are anxious for its welfare, assembled on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 26, at the Lyceum Theatre —the use of which had been generously given by Mr. Henry Irving—to listen to an address on the "Art of Acting" by Mr. Dion Boucicault, who had undertaken to show by what means it could be taught "beyond elocution and declamation."

Three was, you are aware, a few weeks ago, a lively discussion with regard to the establishment of a permanent school. There was one project that was put forward by

members of our own profession. I say of our own profession, because I know I am addressing actors and actresses, my colleagues, and my fellow students. That project was dropped, suspended, put aside, because certain good patrons of the drama had organized another project and pushed it forward with a great deal of energy. During this discussion certain influential members of the public press—graciously taking, as they have always done, great interest in the art dramatic—in their editorials pronounced their opinion that acting could not be taught; that it was not an art at all; that it was a gift; that it was the effusion of enthusiasm; that, in point of fact, actors, like poets, were born, not made. Now that appeared to me to place our art below that of a handcraft, for no art becomes respectable or respected until its principles, its tenets, and its precepts are recognized, methodized, and housed in a system. If it be said that we cannot teach a man to be a genius, that we cannot teach him to be talented, that is simply a fact; but I ask you in any art what great men, like, for example, Michael Angelo, Landseer, Murillo, would have existed if some kind of art had not preceded them by which they learned the art of, say mixing colors, the principles of proportion, and the principles of perspective. Where would Shakspere have been if he had accidentally and unfortunately been born in some remote region at the plough tail, where there was not within his reach the drama school of Stratford-on-Avon. He would have perished at the plough tail and have been buried in a furrow, and we should never have known it.

You know that in Paris acting is taught. You are aware also that actors and authors are in the habit on the stage of teaching the actors how the characters they have drawn should be played. I allude, for example, to the great Mr. T. W. Robertson, one of the greatest productions of our age, who has revolutionized the drama of his period. That man was in the habit of teaching and conveying his ideas to actors on the stage, and as to how the parts should be rendered. I may also refer to M. Sardou, in Paris, who it is notorious does the same thing, as well as many of the stage managers of the present day. Alexandre Dumas is known to be constantly doing the same thing. I may refer also to Mr. Gilbert, the author, who does the same thing, and so stamps the character that that character is entirely new, and one that you have never seen before. You know that all active managers, such as Mr. Irving, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Hare, Mr. Kendal, all teach the younger actors and actresses how to play their parts. They are obliged to do so in the present condition of affairs, because there is no school in the provinces to lick the novices into shape and to teach them the groundwork of their art, how to walk and how to talk—that is, to teach them acting.

Now, there are young people who go upon the stage sometimes who are inclined to think they cannot get on because their voices are so weak, and so they are discouraged. I will give you an instance of what I mean. About twenty-two years ago I was producing a play at the Adelphi Theatre. It was "The Colleen Bawn." In the last act a young lady played a part where she only had about three lines to utter in one of the conversations. The young lady was sweet and interesting-looking, and I went up to her and said, "My dear young lady, do speak a little louder, you cannot be heard." I tried to persuade her, but it was hopeless. I said "A little louder, please, try." At last she burst into tears as she said, "I am trying." I went to the leader of the orchestra and said, "Do you hear this lady speak?" They hesitated, but I pressed them, when they said, "No, we do not." She subsided, and went down. One of her relations came to me next morning and said, "I am sorry you are troubled with my relation on the stage; pray do not encourage her to go on, she will never succeed; she had much better do something else." Well, I thought so too, but three years afterwards I found that young lady playing a leading part in "The Colleen Bawn." I also found her playing a leading juvenile part in a piece at the Olympic Theatre, and holding her own by the side of the best actors, and now she possesses one of the sweetest, most sympathetic, and the best voices that I ever heard on the stage in any country. It was one of the most charming organs for perfection and sweetness that to my recollection I have ever heard. That was done by practice and self-tuition. Her name is Miss Lydia Foote.

Rules are scattered about the stage and transmitted, gypsy-like, in our vagrant life from one generation to another; but do you know that sometimes it is ages before they are learned, and that an actor has to go on picking up these things one by one? Do you know how many years an actor is in doing that? What was Irving doing antecedent to 1870? He had been several years on the stage. I first met Mr. Irving in 1866, in Manchester. He happened, very fortunately for me, to have been selected to play a part in a piece of mine which was first produced there. He played it, and I said at once, "Here is the man, here is somebody!" A short time afterwards I said to him, "Why are you not in London?" He said, "Because I cannot get there." I said, "Oh, that is very simple; I am going to produce this piece in London, and I shall make it an absolute condition that you play this part." Therefore he came in 1866. Now from 1866 to 1870 what were you about? Were you stone blind that you did not know him? No, it was not your fault. During all that time he had been gathering together, painfully and laboriously, all these arts of his profession, and while he was gathering them he could not, till he got them together, be sure of his art. He had not that internal power which should have enabled him to know the stage so as to take his stand upon the stage and possess you! When he felt that he could do it he did it, but not before.

Now, with regard to the voice, the secret of being heard is not a loud voice. I am not now speaking with a loud voice, yet I hope I am heard all over this place. ("Yes.") Thank you. Now I will tell you why. Because I have practised speaking articulately. Every syllable of every word is pronounced, and as far as I can every consonant and every vowel is pronounced That is the secret of speaking plainly, speaking easily, and being heard over a large assembly. Now it is the vowel which gives support, and value, and volume to the consonants. When you want to give strong expression it is the consonant you go at, and not the vowel; but when you want to be expressive, when you want to be agreeable, you go to your vowel. The next thing a young actor has got to do is to measure his breath. Usually he gets anxious, he gasps, he takes breath in the wrong place, he expends his breath in the beginning of the phrase, or too much of it, and when he gets to the end of it he has got no more; the consequence is he is pumped out. All young actors fall off in the end of their phrases, and all go down in consequence. The first fault of a young public speaker is that he begins with a great rush, and then falls in the distance. The next thing for the young actor to study will be the letters *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*, the four liquids in the alphabet—the four letters out of which you cannot possibly compose an unmusical word. You may tumble them about in any way you please, but you cannot use those four letters without giving sweetness to the remaining consonants as a consequence, if you give them their due value. What have you English people done? One thing that you have done is that you have abolished the letter *r*. There is no more splendid letter in the whole alphabet than the letter *r*. Some people pronounce it like *w*. That is a misfortune that they cannot help. But the majority of you, and I dare say a great number of you, who are now laughing at those who pronounce it like *w* do not pronounce it at all. Some of you pronounce it as if it was an *h*, and when you are speaking of the Egyptian war you say "the Egyptian wah!" and you say "that is rathah!" when you mean "rather," and "mothar," when you mean mother; whereas there are no such words in the English language.

Before this century the great French tragedians before Talma and the great English tragedians before Kean used their treble voice—the teapot style. They did it as if they played on the flute. Then came the period when the tragedian played his part on the double bass so. [The speaker imitated a very deep bass amid much laughter.] There was no reason for it. Now we perform that part in the present age in what is called the medium voice. The reason is this. It is the transcendental drama tragedy. When I call it transcendental I mean unreal, poetic, to distinguish it from the realistic or the drama of ordinary life. The transcendental drama assumes that the dialogues are uttered by beings larger than life, who express ideas that no human being could pour out. The actor has accustomed himself to feel that he is in a different region, and, therefore, he feels if he uses his ordinary voice it might jar on the transcendental effect. I have fought out this very question with the great tragedians in France, and it seemed as if the tragedians were afraid of destroying the delicate illusion of the audience, who are sent about four hundred years back, as if they were living with people whom they had never seen and had no knowledge of. The consequence is those characters are too big for any ordinary human being, and the actor tries to make his manner and his voice correspond.

I will now leave the question of voice and go to the question of gesture. Now gesture on the stage must be distinct and deliberate. When you look at a person you do not turn your eye, but you turn your whole head. If you want to point, do *that* [*with the arm straight out from the shoulder*]—the action must go from the shoulder. Every novice does *that* [*pointing with finger only*]—particularly little women. If you have to shake your head, it must be full. Now, there is one cardinal rule—no, I will not say that, because in a theatre there is no such thing as a cardinal rule. Great men and great women often make the greatest effects by inverting the well known rule; but the rule is that all gesture should precede slightly the words that it is to impress or to illustrate. Let the gesture be exactly such as pertains to what you say, so as to help the meaning, and no more. Do not use *gesticles*—little gestures—that is fidgety. The audience are very much alive to gestures, and if they see you constantly on the stage, and find that your gestures mean nothing, they will pay you no further attention.

I am going to ask you what has become of the lost art of walking? Some waddle, some roll, and some toddle; but there is but one man in 500—nay, in 1,000—that really walks. Starting for a walk, you should commence it with the off leg. If you kneel on the stage, kneel on the knee next the audience. These are ordinary facts that we should all know. Now, when you walk backwards and forwards, do not turn upon the ball of your foot in turning round; but, when you come to the end of the walk, it is more dignified to take one step and bring your foot back, and then take the movement back again. A lady, if she attempts to do it, walks on the tail of her own dress. She is obliged, therefore, to be more graceful. Then measure your distance. Novices always fall short, or turn back; but good actors, by habit, render this impossible. A good actress gets to the table, if she wants to get to it, without difficulty. In the old style, actors used to have a number of tricks on the stage, which, fortunately, recent tragedians have abolished. One of these was what was called "taking the step." Your Richard and Macbeth could not act except in a circle; but then they made a point of taking the stage (*the speaker walked rapidly across the stage*), and that was the cue to the audience to applaud! When the performer had given a remarkable speech, and when he came to its point, he walked into one of the corners. It was impossible in the palaces of the kind and

elsewhere for the performers to get into the corners, especially a lady, therefore he did not continue to cultivate a habit which was not only so unnatural, but so inartistic. Another trick which comedians as well as tragedians used in taking an exit was to commence the speech in this way, "So, my Lord, I take my leave," and then go to the other side of the stage and finish it. This was equally conventional; the actor would reserve the last three or four words of his scene, and, walking to the side, would turn and speak those words "to take him off." So that twenty or thirty years ago an actor often said, "Would you give me a few words to take me off?"

To the young beginner I would say, when you go upon the stage do not be full of yourself, but be full of your part. That is mistaking vanity for genius, and is the fault of many more than perhaps you are aware of. If actors and actresses' minds be employed upon themselves, and not on the character they wish and aspire to perform, they never really get out of themselves. They get their costume, they put it on, see how it fits, they cut and contrive it, but all that is not studying their character, but their costume. Actors and actresses frequently come to me and say, "Have you any part that will fit me?" They never dream of saying "Have you any part that I can fit? that I can expand myself or contract myself into; that I can put myself inside of; that I as a Protean, can shape myself into, even alter my voice and everything that nature has given to me, and be what you have contrived? I do not want you to contrive like a tailor to fit me?"

I was producing a comedy in which Mr. Farran, the father of the gentleman who so ably bears the same name (old Farren), played a leading part. He did not ask what he was going to wear, but he came to me, and said: "Who did you draw this party from, had you any type?" I said, "Yes, I had," and mentioned the names of two old fogies who, at that time, were well known in London society. One he knew, and the other he did not. He went and studied Sir Harcourt Courtley, and he studied by the speediest method, for the study was absolutely and literally out of the mouth of the man himself. That will give you an idea how they studied character. Once Mr. Mathews came to me and said, "Do you know Dazzle?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Do you know really a good type?" "Yes, I do." "Will you kindly let me see him?" I said, "I am in some difficulty, for if he thought I was going to put him on the stage he would shoot me, and I do not want that, but I can describe him." "Very well," he said, "what sort of a man is he?" I described him exactly. I said "The other day I was standing on the hearth rug, a mutual friend, a young plunger came in in a great state of excitement and announced to us that a distant relative had left him £10,000. Dazzle looked at the ceiling and said, 'If I had only £10,000! Bless me! I should be having £20,000 a year for six months.'" From that he understood immediately what the character was. That is the way to study character, to get at the bottom of human nature, and I am happy to say that, among some young actors who have come out within the last ten or fifteen years, I have seen a natural instinct for the study of character and for the drawing of character most admirably, and much more faithfully than they drew it twenty or thirty years ago. There is a study of character that we may call good and true that has been accomplished within the last fifteen or sixteen years. Now, I will say something by way of anecdote to show how utterly unnecessary it is for you to bother your minds so much about your dress. I was producing "The Shaughraun" in New York. I generally had enough to employ my time. I get the actors and actressses to study their characters, and generally leave myself to the last. But the last morning before the play was produced I saw my dresser hobbling about, but afraid to come to the stage. At last he said, "Have you thought of your costume?" I said I had not done any such thing. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and I had to play about seven o'clock in the evening. I went up stairs, and said, "Have you got a red coat?" "Yes; we have got a uniform red hunting coat." "Oh, that is of no use!" "We have got one that was used in 'She Stoops to Conquer.'" That was brought, but it had broad lappels, and looked to belong to about 150 years ago. "Oh!" said the man, "there is an old coat that was worn by Mr. Barrett as Mr. Goldfinch." When he came to that it reached all down to my feet, and was too long in the sleeves. So I cut them off with a big pair of shears, and by the shears and the scissors I got some sort of a fit. Then I got an old hunting cap, a pair of breeches, and sent for some old boots that cost about 2s. 6d. and did not fit me, and that is how I came on the stage. The editor of one of the newspapers said, "Where on earth did you get that extraordinary costume from?" Believe me, I mention these circumstances simply to show that the study of character should be from the inside, not from the outside!

MR. BOOTH AS DON CÆSAR.

(From the *London Era*, August 5.)

A dramatic entertainment was given at the Adelphi Theatre on Thursday afternoon, under the management of Mr. Wynn Miller, the prominent item of attraction being the appearance, for the first time in England, of Mr. Edwin Booth as Don Cæsar de Bazan. The promise of an enjoyable performance induced a large audience to be present, and the visitors were amply repaid for giving up a fine afternoon to Mr. Booth. Don Cæsar de Bazan has not been much heard of during recent years, save when associated with the tuneful music of Vincent Wallace. But old playgoers remember the sensation created by James Wallack at the Princess' Theatre, when a version of the drama, written by Gilbert a'Beckett and Mark Lemon, was produced at that house October 8, 1844. Previously to that event the drama had furnished Lemaitre, at the Porte St. Martin, with one of his most effective characters. As Don Cæsar had delighted all Paris, so it speedily became wonderfully popular in London, and the success of the Princess' version led to other adaptations in various metropolitan theatres. The appearance of Mr. Booth in a part so well suited to his powers gave great satisfaction to the audience, and when Don Cæsar entered in the ragged habiliments of the picturesque hero he was received with a cordiality that was a significant proof of the great advance in popularity Mr. Booth has made since his very fine rendering of Richelieu. There was also not a little curiosity to see how he would treat a part so essentially different from that of the wily Cardinal. In Don Cæsar there are no opportunities for the display of tragic talent. The hero is quite of the modern school of French melodrama—a gay, dashing, picturesque cavalier, but a nobleman still, though clothed in rags, and more given to the bottle and the gambling table than to the tastes and habits befitting his position. There are no long speeches, scarcely anything in the way of declamation, and little that appeals to poetic sentiment. Yet, for all that, it requires a good actor to do justice to the part, and James Wallack did not think his rendering of Don Cæsar the least of his histrionic achievements. Neither can Mr. Booth do so after the enthusiastic reception he met with on Thursday afternoon. The keynote of the character was struck, so to speak, in the opening scene. The hero might be hail fellow well met with the scamps of the street; yet he could be dignified when occasion required, and his warmth of heart and gayety of disposition made him a favorite with all. These genial characteristics were brought out by Mr. Booth with delightful effect, and when the curtain fell upon the first act it was seen that his Don Cæsar would be a complete success. Equally agreeable was the prison scene of the second act, with the mysterious marriage of the Don to Maritana. The bright flashes of reckless humor by the bridegroom who has but ten minutes to bestow on the veiled lady were given with the greatest animation, and with a spontaneous and genuine drollery. The actor was a tragedian no longer, but had exchanged the "inky cloak," the set speech, and the solemn gait for a mood as gay as the spring-time. The Don, although he has but a very few minutes to spare for beauty and conviviality, is as merry as a schoolboy. He quits the prison to face the bullets of the firing party with the gayety of a lover going to meet his sweetheart at a ball, for little does he dream that the faithful boy he has protected has taken out the bullets. In the next prominent scene, when he is about to sign the compact with Don Jose, and overhears the carriage being called for Maritana, there were some admirable touches of comedy combined with a spirited, dashing, energetic style quite in keeping with the conception he had formed at the first. The scene with the king was also excellent. There was drollery, but it was mingled with dignity; and the mock pretension to royalty when the disguised monarch pretends to be Don Cæsar was full of genuine humor, and was received with hearty cheers and laughter by the audience. It was one of the best points Mr. Booth made. The concluding scene, where Don Cæsar, having satisfied himself of his own honor, also protects that of the king, supplied another admirable bit of acting; and when the curtain fell the warmth of the greeting the actor received when he again came before the curtain appeared to indicate that Mr. Booth might play the character, not for one afternoon only, but for a considerable period, to the delight of his admirers and the great pleasure of the playgoing public.

THE "UNKNOWN" IN LONDON.

(From the *Era*, August 5.)

An immense audience filled the Surrey Theatre on Monday evening, when the American drama entitled "Unknown; a River Mystery," was the chief feature in the programme. The drama, which is in five acts, and which is amply supplied with sensational elements, is written by Mr. John A. Stevens, who himself represents the principal character. Mr. Stevens had every reason to be pleased with the reception he met with, and his chaaracter, although it stretches probability to its utmost limits, may yet fairly be called an effective one. The author takes all possible pains with his own creation, and the combination of love, lunacy and manly vigor, as shown in the rescue of the heroine, sufficed to win the vehement approval of the crowded audience. Mr. Charles Spencer played the rascally guardian, and Mr. L. S. Outram, as the "speculative lawyer," interested the audience with a sort of demoniac villain of the Mephistopheles type, only dressed in black instead of red. Mr. Outram entered upon his task with great gusto, and appeared pleased with the howls of execration that fell upon his ears whenever he crossed the stage. Mr. Holland represented a lover having the remakable name of Stormking, with much spirit. But probably none of the gentlemen pleased so much as Mr. Julian Cross in the character of Jack Salt, called in the bill "a breeze from the ocean." Jack was certainly a breezy personage, and his genial face and manner contributed in no slight degree to the success of the drama. Mr. Percy Bell was well suited in the character of a scamp who is ready to undertake any kind of rascality that is profitable. Mr. T. W. Ford as Pat, the conventional Irishman, with some very unconventional habits, was amusing, and Mr. C. H. Spiller appeared as a butterfly of society. Miss Kate Carlyon represented the heroine with much grace and sweetness, combined with not a little animation and energy. She acted with great sprightliness in the earlier scenes, and her emotional power was adequate to the situation in the more exciting scenes. Miss P. Marshall and Miss Hudspeth also lent valuable aid, and the scenic effects were greatly admired.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has been passing the last few

days in Paris, where she will remain prior to starting for her forthcoming tour in England, Scotland and Ireland. The towns to be visited by this artist include Brighton, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Blackpool, Newcastle, Nottingham, Bradford, Sheffield, Dublin, Glasgow and Leeds, commencing on Monday, August 14, at Brighton, with Adrienne Lecouvreur, the engagement terminating on September 14. Two plays only are to be given by the troupe, at the head of which is Madame Bernhardt. They are the one named above and "La Dame aux Camelias."

Mr. Edmund Gerson, as the European representative of the Kiralfy Brothers, has secured the services of Mlle. Gillert, the clever dancer from the Alhambra, for three months in the United States.

Mr. Eben Plympton, who has been so successful at the Adelphi in support of Mr. Edwin Booth, has now terminated his engagement, and proposes to take a holiday in Switzerland.

Mrs. Langtry will open at the Imperial Theatre on the 16th of September for twelve nights, previous to her departure for America. She will play Rosalind for the first time.

Mr. Booth's matinee performance of Don Cæsar de Bazan at the Adelphi, was followed by some recitations and songs, the first to appear being Mr. John Ryder, who caused much amusement by addressing the audience, and telling them that he was about to recite the "Seven Ages of Man," and was doubtful whether he might "get off the stage" to their satisfaction when he had finished; and by saying that, as a young man, he craved their indulgence. The recitation, when it ended, was greeted with vehement applause, and Mr. Ryder came on again, and said he had left his hat and umbrella. He was not quite sure if he could get off the stage in the approved style with these articles, but he would try, and if he failed they must forgive him. These satirical allusions to Mr. Boucicault's recent lecture caused a roar of laughter.

"A FREE PARDON" AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

The regular season of the Boston Theatre was opened on Monday evening with the production of "A Free Pardon," by Henry Pettitt and George Conquest. The play was originally brought out in London under the title of "Queen's Evidence," and had several long runs in successive seasons. It has been played a number of times in this country with uniform success. It has been largely rewritten expressly for its present production. The plot relates how a Jew named Isaacs steals the child of Gilbert Medland for Sir Frederick Sydney, who desires to adopt it, while at the same time the same rascal conspires with Matthew Thornton, the fellow clerk of Medland, to have the latter compromised as a passer in counterfeit money, of which crime Thornton is really guilty. Through a letter which Kate Medland writes for a friend her husband is also led to believe in her unfaithfulness to him. Medland tries to shoot Thornton as the betrayer of his wife, but strikes down his wife instead, and then flees from the country. Returning after six years a man of wealth, having inherited a fortune and changed his name, he is recognized by Thornton, who plans to denounce him. Isaacs has a letter implicating Thornton in his rascality, but loses it, and it passes through several hands, each person who has it being waylaid in turn by Thornton who, in his endeavor to destroy this damaging evidence against himself, at last shoots and kills Sir Frederick Sydney. At last, however, all is cleared up. Thornton is shot by mistake, and the husband, wife and child are reunited.

[From the *Post*, August 15.]

The play is of a very strong melodramatic character and possesses a deep interest throughout. From a high dramatic standard it is weak, in that after the second act the denouement is plainly to be seen, and the remaining two acts consist simply of a succession of sensational incidents that do not assist in the movement of the plot. It has, however, an intense human interest throughout, and has in it elements that can scarcely fail to make it popular. It was very well presented last evening for a first performance. The honors of the presentation were carried off by Mr. Redmund as Gilbert Medland, Mr. Maguinis as Isaacs, Mrs. Brady as Kate Medland, and Tommy Russell as Arthur. The impersonation of Mr. Redmund was strong and manly and very effective in the most dramatic situations. Mr. Maguinis made an excellent East End London Jew, and his humor brightened up the scenes wonderfully well. The appearance of little Tommy Russell was a marked feature of the presentation and was very well received, but the little fellow was rather too precocious to be natural or to show anything more than clever training. Mrs. Barry acted with her customary grace and effectiveness. The piece was handsomely presented, the stage sets being very fine. The audience was very enthusiastic, applauding frequently and calling out the principals a number of times.

[From the *Advertiser*, August 15.]

The overstrained and unnatural tone of the piece put many of the actors of the evening to a great disadvantage. Mr. Redmund played the hero smoothly and without violent extravagance, a good deal of his duty consisting, indeed, in looking mild and injured. Mr. Coulter made a very cool, bold, bad man of the villain. Mr. Maguinis impersonated the Jew in a vivid style, and gave new proof of his superior gifts in "making up;" but both in action and costume he indulged in many extravagances which brought his effort, nothwithstanding its ingenious humor, up to the verge of burlesque. The little boy who appeared as the son of the hero was the lion of the evening, and the remarkably distinct and expressive tones of his shrill, babyish treble made a profound impression upon all the listeners. Mrs. Barry acted the part of the wronged and suffering wife extremely well, and in the act just mentioned, where her steps are guided by her little boy, her playing was distinguished by true and tender pathos of a thrilling sort. Miss Rachel Noah was bright and spirited. Miss Grace Thorne showed the uncertanity, but not the awkardness, of a comparative novice, with much charm of face and person. Mr. Craven's part was slight, and was performed in a rather labored fashion. The others were passably good or a little better than that. The audience was large and delighted, and displayed its emotions with a vigor and *naivete* which would not have discredited a crowd of Neapolitans.

[From the *Herald*, August 15.]

There is only one opportunity for sensational scenic effects in the play. The first, third and fourth acts require only "interiors"; the canal lock scene, with its practicable gates, in the second act, however, gives both painter and machinist a chance, and it is well improved at the Boston. The spectacle of the sightless heroine walking off the open gate into the water, a dozen feet below, was very striking, and, with the subsequent rescue, was admirably managed. There was a general exclamation of astonishment and alarm all over the house as Mrs. Barry took the plunge, and the applause that followed was almost deafening.

With all its sins of omission and commission, "A Free Pardon" is likely to be a popular success, if the manner of its reception last night be a trustworthy criterion. The gallery was delighted from first to last, and the roars of applause it sent down at frequent intervals were heartily echoed from orchestra and balcony. The curtain was "called" on the second and third acts, and Mr. Redmund and Mrs. Barry, who played the leading parts, were twice summoned to the footlights amid much enthusiasm. The members of the company were cordially greeted as they came upon the stage, especially the two above mentioned. Mr. Coulter, Mr. Maguinis and Miss Noah, and each had a full share of the plaudits during the evening. The performance, as a whole, was very good. Mrs. Barry played the unhappy wife and mother, who is cast off by her husband, and loses her sight and her child in the first act, and is restored to her family, her vision and happiness in the last, with much earnestness and feeling. Her acting in the scene with the child above referred to was instinct with true pathos, and brought tears to many eyes. Mr. Redmund had a difficult part in the falsely-accused husband, and labored under manifest disadvantages; but he is to be credited with a manly earnestness which lifted the character quite above the plane on which the author placed it. Mr. Frazer Coulter also had a disagreeable task in personating the villain of the piece—a rascal who commits the most diabolical crimes imaginable upon the least provocation. That he was not quite villanous enough for the part is not to his discredit, for the character is so utterly unreal and savors so strongly of the old "Ha, ha! be-lud!" style of melodrama, that it is doubtful if it could be properly played except in a big black cloak, a slouched hat and top-boots. Mr. Maguinis enacted the comic part—a rascally Jew, evidently the progenitor of Mo Jewell in "The World," who, after acting the jackal to the chief villain and aiding him in his crimes turns Queen's evidence to save his own neck from the halter. Even Mr. Maguinis' abundant native humor and drollery could not make this character other than repulsive; but he elicited a good deal of fun out of some of the situations, and was rewarded by abundant applause. Mr. E. A. Eberle as a worthy baronet, and Mr. Frank Oakes Rose as a wealthy J. P., were adequate to the slight demands of their *roles*, and Mr. J. T. Craven made quite a hit as a crabbed old lock-keeper. Miss Rachel Noah played the part of the villain's good wife with much spirit, and Miss Grace Thorne made a very favorable impression as the heiress the same villain wants to marry. A beautiful little boy, Tommy Russell, appeared as the stolen child of the play, and won all hearts by his charming naivete, and the natural way in which he spoke his lines.

[From the *Globe*, August 15.

There is a vast amount of improbability in "A Free Pardon," as indeed the reader may judge from the brief story of its plot. Baronets who allow Jews to abduct children for them "unbeknown," so to speak, are not found in real life; nor, even if one such could exist, would he under any circumstances tolerate such an absurdly offensive personage as the supposed Jonas Levant. It was Mr. Lester Wallack, we believe, who argued that a drama, to be successful, must be improbable. That gentleman, could he but see a "A Free Pardon," would no doubt account it a bonanza so far as one element of success, at least is concerned. But once accepting the scenes on the mimic stage in Messrs. Pettitt and Conquest's piece as we find them, we are able to commend unreservedly the good points of "A Free Pardon." Well arranged situations—a dialogue that averages fairly and is really effective in the more emotional scenes—the elements of pathos and humor alternated in due proportion, though not altogether skilfully introduced—these features of the play commend it to the interest and applause of an audience. The house last night was very large, and when it is said that every point was noted, and that a play is seldom more generously received, the reader will understand that the faults and shortcomings of "A Free Pardon" as a literary production are easily forgotten by the great major-

ity of those who witness its performance in the admiration for strong and telling features which give it interest as an acting melodrama.

OPENING OF THE WALNUT ST. THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

The Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia was reopened on Monday evening for the season, with "Ranch No. 10." Since it closed in June the house has been so improved and beautified that it is now one of the most modern looking theatres in the city, and with frescoing, fancy wall paper, colored glass windows, pretty gas fixtures, rich carpets and other things, it does not look at all like what it is—the oldest theatre in America. The house was crowded on the opening night, fully 1,500 people assisting in the inauguration of the season at the Walnut.

[From the *Ledger*, August 15.]

The story is based upon the adventures of twin brothers who resemble each other in appearance so closely that their friends are unable to tell one from the other. This dual *role* is assumed by Mr. Harry Meredith. His first personation is that of Al. McClelland, who is unjustly accused of the murder of an Indian maiden, after which he escapes, and Mr. Meredith then appears as the twin brother, Tom McClelland, and remains unrecognized among the cowboys to answer the charge against his brother. The play from this point becomes exceedingly interesting, from the fact that the audience are given no inkling of the events that follow, or how the plot will end. The climax is reached in the third act, in which occurs the trial scene, and in which is shown what purports to be the manner of conducting a murder trial in the far West. There are many ludicrous incidents, especially the actions and sayings of Peter Particular Prose, the Judge, Mr. Sid Smith in this character fairly sharing the honors of the evening with Mr. Meredith.

[From the *Times*, August 15.]

Those who are fond of stirring Western scenes—lynchers, snow storms, bad Mexicans, cowboys and things of that kind—will find "Ranch No. 10" one of the most satisfactory plays of that particular variety. It was first played at the Eighth Street Theatre last spring and its success induced its owners to try it on the people of the West, and the result is said to have been gratifying to all parties. Since then it has been rewritten and is now a much smoother and better play, although a trifle too sensational ever to capture what theatrical managers call "down stairs" audiences. Harry Meredith plays the twin brothers, and on his shoulders rests the weight of the drama. He is a strong and well schooled actor and his work in this play is admirable throughout. Sid Smithdoes a somewhat exaggerated but very good piece of acting as a Western Judge in the funny court room scene which ends the play, and Mr. Hunter is pleasing as Theopolis Robin, an eccentric physician.

[From the *Press*, August 15.]

Harry Meredith, who was so long familiar to the patrons of the house, had the honor of opening the season while the paint was hardly dry and the gloss was still untarnished. He has made many alterations in "Ranch No. 10," which received such a favorable send off at the latter part of last season. The action remains substantially the same, but he has refined the text in the first and second acts and smoothed some of the rough places in the dialogue, so that it is now a really good model of the border melodrama, quite as clever and effective as some of the costly plays with a foreign imprint, for which American managers have so eagerly sought. Mr. Meredith is a manly and attractive hero, full of force and virility, but he is inclined to careless reading, and is too regardless of punctuation and inflection—faults easily remedied, and, therefore, the more aggravating. The supporting company is fairly good, Miss Vaders and Mr. Sid Smith the best. Miss Vaders is sometimes a little explosive and inclined to rant, but she acts with a great deal of feeling and intelligence, and Mr. Smith manages to sustain the court scene, which is perilously long, very well indeed. The minor characters are not too well played and Mr. Hunter loses a great many good opportunities in the part of the Doctor.

ALICE OATES' REAPPEARANCE.

The applause with which the large audience greeted Alice Oates' first appearance on the stage at Oakland Garden, Boston, on Monday night, proved that, in her several years of absence, she has not lost her hold on Boston's favor. Miss Oates appears to have gained rather than lost sprightliness and piquancy. Her personation of Bettina, in "La Mascotte," is novel and unique, and excels in many respects the impersonations of that character which have been presented before. The support was in most respects good. Mr. James Sturges' Lorenzo being particularly noticeable on account of the entire absence of anything strained in its representation. Mr. Bell has a voice better than the average, but he is not built for a Pippo. Miss Townsend's Prince Frederic was one of the hits of the evening, and Miss Caldwell's Fiametta was very good. The young ladies of the chorus were better voiced and better looking than usual, and, taken all in all, last evening's representation of "La Mascotte" is to be ranked among the best. Wednesday the "Princess of Trebizonde."

REOPENING OF HOOLEY'S, CHICAGO.

[From the *Chicago Herald*, August 13.]

Manager Hooley deserves a great deal of credit for what he has done to add to the comfort of playgoers. Since he ended his season a few weeks ago he has made many changes in his theatre, and last night, when the house was reopened, it was found that every one of these changes had been made in good taste and exhibited the liberality and enterprise of a wise manager. The Randolph Street Theatre has received what it long wanted—a thorough overhauling—and it can now take a foremost place among the houses of amusement, with all their pretty decorations and modern improvements, erected during the past few years. On entering the theatre the first important change seen is in the position of the new box office. A new structure has been erected, and while it is larger and more agreeable to the eye than the former one it takes up less room in the lobby. The lobby has been entirely redecorated in dark colors. Separating the lobby from the auditorium proper is a rich curtain of dark stuff. The auditorium has been papered in browns, bronzes and golds, tastefully blended, and when lit up the effect is rich and cosey. New carpets in dark red and black have been placed all over the house, and the gas fixtures have been selected with an eye to the general effect. The most important alteration is in the proscenium arch. This has been entirely remodelled, and on either side have been placed six boxes, new in design. They are of iron, in artistic floral panels, and finished in copper and bronze. There are three tiers of these boxes, and they are so constructed as not to interfere in the slightest with the line of sight in any portion of the house, and from any part of each a full view of the stage can be obtained. In this respect they are the finest in the city. Each of these boxes is richly and most comfortably furnished, and Mr. Hooley has fixed upon them a price that should make them popular. For the former dome a mammoth fireproof ventilator has been substituted, and into this goes the heat of the sunlight chandelier, which helps to light the house. A fireproof ventilator has also been placed over the stage. The stage is five feet wider and one foot lower than it was. The advantages of this change will at once be seen. Many improvements have also been made in the dressing rooms—improvements which were sadly needed. Those who have a dread of fire in places of amusement need have no fear when they sit in Hooley's theatre now. With the exception of McVicker's, it is probably better provided with exit room than any other house in town. There are now three stairways, with three sets of double doors opening out, running from the upper gallery. The first balcony has four exits and two extra stairs leading by the rear of the boxes to the basement, where there are two exits. From the stage there are three exits—one from each side and one from the rear. Then on the parquette there are five avenues of escape in addition to the passages leading to the stage. We were almost omitting the new curtain, painted by Mr. Ritter. It is a pretty piece of satin drapery in perfect harmony with the decoration of the house.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Hooley has done everything that money could do to make his theatre perfectly safe and give his patrons every comfort that audiences expect nowadays. He deserves the heartiest thanks of all. We wish we could say the same of the Kiralfys for their presentation of "Michael Strogoff." But we cannot. We understand, of course, that upon the first night of such a heavy spectacle many allowances must be made, and we do make every allowance for the ballet, the members of which did their work exceedingly well, considering that they were tired out with rehearsal; but Mr. Kiralfy, when he made preparations to present this piece, should have remembered that it has been given in this city several times, and given exceedingly well. We always expect to find in Kiralfys' spectacles a neglect of whatever dramatic opportunity there may be in them, bu twe look for atonement in the excellence of the spectacular features. When he gives us neither the one nor the other we have a right to object. His coryphees are very limited in number, and, particularly in the first act, badly costumed. They wear the same dresses they wore when here early last season, and it is not at all surprising that, having been doing duty all that time, the tights, and trunks and gaudy skirts should present a faded, not to say a decidedly washed-out appearance, in striking contrast to the brightness of the new house. After the coryphees, they have but one dancer—Mlle. Rosa, who needs no word of introduction. When the Kiralfys offered their "Strogoff" here last season the company was weak, but not so weak as that of last night. Not one part is well cast. When Mr. George Wessels formerly played the *role* of the villain Ogereff we admired his acting. Now he plays the part in a sword-swallowing, scene-cheering old time legitimate fashion that almost turns the part into a sort of comic Richard III. Mr. Frank Kilday, who is the Michael, is stilted, unnatural, and gives ample evidence of a feeble appreciation of the opportunities of the character. Miss Josie Loane presented Zangara, the gypsy companion of Ogareff, in high heeled French slippers and mincing manners, entirely neglecting the oriental color she should give the character in dress, gesture, attitude and movement. Miss Rose Wilson was the Nadia. Like every other exponent of the character we have had she was quite acceptable in her quiet scenes, but was entirely unequal to the scene in the third act where Michael has his eyes put out and she volunteers to lead him to Irkutsk. Miss Adele Paine evidently has not force enough for such a scene as the meeting between her and her son, and she should endeavor to make her speech and gesture a little more appropriate. Mr. George E. Edeson plays the part of the American correspondent fairly, while Mr. Joseph L. Mason, as the English one, is a lugubrious comedian, and plays the *role* with a very uncertain dialect.

The will of the late George K. Goodwin is very brief, and leaves the entire property, amounting in value to $20,000, to Mrs. Goodwin. The leases of the Walnut Street Theatre and the Opera House are included in the

testament. Mrs. Goodwin is inclined to retain her interest in the two houses for the present season, but may dispose of it advantageously. Several offers have been received from various managers for the leases, among others that of John Stetson, of Boston. The landlord of the Opera House property, Joseph M. Bennett, however, objects to the lease being disposed of to any other than a Philadelphia manager. John S. Clarke, who owns the Walnut, has the same objection in regard to the lease of that house. It is possible that Mrs. Goodwin's interest may be taken by Philadelphia parties to be held for Mr. Nixon or his partners until next season. In case Mrs. Goodwin does not dispose of the leases, Frank L. Gardner will act as manager of the Opera House, and the interests of both houses will be looked after by Thomas J. Diehl, Mrs. Goodwin's attorney. Manager Nixon signalizes his assumption of the reins of management by announcing that there will be no free list at either of Mr. Goodwin's theatres. This being the case, horse railroad presidents, members of city councils, politicians, physicians and railroad men will be expected to pay just the same as any one else, and the old sign "Free list suspended except the press" will probably be replaced with a new one reading "No free list." Nor will there be any compromise with ticket speculators. They will not be allowed in the vestibule, or on the steps of the theatre.

Miss Margaret Mather and her company are rehearsing every day at McVicker's. "Romeo and Juliet" will be the play. The manager and many of the star's admirers confidently believe that she will find the place left vacant by the late Adelaide Neilson.

The cast of "American Born," produced by the Baldwin Theatre Company, of San Francisco, at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, last Tuesday evening, embraced George Clarke, Edward Arnott, John Dillon, M. A. Kennedy, Misses Ada Ward, Virge Emily, Jean Walters, Rellie Deaves and others.

Messrs. Meyers & Schwab's big circus has smashed up at Louisville, Ky. Cause, dissension among the partners. The show was bought from Burr Robbins last spring. The price to be paid was $65,000. Of this sum $21,000 has been handed over. The proprietors were indebted to Mr. John B. Jeffery to the extent of $4,000 for printing. Knowing that internal bickering had been going on all along, and seeing very slender prospect of getting his money, he issued an attachment, and stopped the show at Louisville.

Mr. George B. Radcliffe has been engaged as stage manager of the Howard Athenæum for the coming season, replacing Mr. Frank Wright, who goes with Harris' "Mrs. Partington" combination.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says: While Al. Donnaud was in Chicago, in the interest of Minnie Maddern, some one stole his valise, containing all his wardrobe. The thief was arrested the other day and the valise recovered, nothing being missing but one sock. The other sock and both of the collars were just as Al. had packed them away.

Sol Smith Russell tells the following: At a small Ohio town, where he had given a performance some years ago, he met at the depot the following morning an elderly granger, who, while he peacefully munched a large quid of tobacco, intently eyed the comedian, and finally said: "Say, Mister, be'nt you the feller wot gen the show up to Smoot's Hall last night?" "Yes," replied Russell, "I did give an entertainment at Smoot's Hall last night." "Wall, I thought you was the chap. I want to tell you 'bout a boy of mine; you ought to have him to travel with you; he's just the feller for your show; he's the d—dest fool I ever seen!"

The bitter talk had effect, for on Thursday evening Oscar laid down $25 of the $158 that he received to pay the "boys" for getting up the lecture, while many persons who admire the ideas in the address express regret that he so far forgot himself as to imagine that the 600 guests stopping there had not as much right to occupy the piazzas as he has to monopolize the public parlor and charge a dollar a head for admission. Still there are others who agree with the bold Oscar.

Fred. P. Barton, late manager of the Soldiers' Home Theatre, near Dayton, Ohio, will assume his position as stage manager of Lawrence Barrett's company this season.

The Boylston Museum, Boston, is to be overhauled and reconstructed during the vacation season, which begins on Monday next, and it is said that it will be reopened under the name of the Academy of Music.

Max Freeman does not go out with the Lingards. Isadore Davidson has been engaged in his stead.

Tom Maguire, of San Francisco, is on his way East.

Harry B. Mahn has associated himself with H. Wayne Ellis, and organized a comedy company to support Frank Bush, the Hebrew comedian, in a new play entitled "Ikey Solomons."

"Patience," as now played by the juveniles at Wallack's, will be brought out at the Lyceum Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 11th of September.

It is surprising how much bitter feeling has been caused by Oscar Wilde's lecture at Long Beach and by his visit there on Wednesday evening. Just before closing his remarks on Beauty half a dozen persons arose and left the room in body, while others snickered and some children created a disturbance on the piazza by the windows. This offended Oscar and he curtly wanted to know why the proprietor of the hotel did not keep order. The guests took it up and said the hotel was for their benefit and comfort and not for Wilde's.

"The Professor" is a success in Australia.

John Jack and wife (Annie Firmin) will play in their version of "Miss Multon" at Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, next week.

Marion Elmore and Lena Merville are stopping at the Highlands with Mr. and Mrs. Hayden.

J. W. Mack, who stars in Morris' "Irish-American," will be backed in the enterprise by Herrmann.

John Burke has arranged to play Frank Mordaunt and "Old Shipmates" from Boston to 'Frisco and from Montreal to San Antonio during next season.

Henry Lee sailed from Victoria, British Columbia, on Thursday of last week, and will arrive here on Monday next. He is engaged to play leading business in "A Daughter of the Nile" at the Standard Theatre.

Buffalo Bill passed through Sioux city recently, on his way to have a short talk with Sitting Bull. Mr. Cody is anxious to secure the services of Mr. Bull—as a star, not as an actor—and he claims to have all kinds of official indorsement, including a letter from President Arthur, to further his ends.

Letters from managers all over the South and West are very encouraging as to next season's outlook. Crops are reported as the best known in years, and money is easier and more plentiful than at any time since the panic of 1873.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are probably the most popular couple on our stage, generally appearing in plays calculated to display the talent of both, they are as closely associated in the mind of the theatregoer as comedians of such strong individuality can be. Each is possessed of the most entertaining power, and although Mr. Florence has abundant pathos, as shown by his "Bob Brierly," a capability for intense melo-drama as illustrated in "Obenreizer," he has found it chiefly to his interest in these days of fun-loving audience to inact humorous characters in conjunction with Mrs. Florence, whose talents as a comedienne are strongly marked. Mr. and Mrs. Florence will commence an engagement at the Grand Opera House in this city, October 23d, appearing in "Eileen Oge" and "No Thoroughfare," and probability, "The Ticket of Leave Man." As the simple minded honest-hearted hero of Tom Taylor's play, Mr. Floreuce has achieved a world-wide reputation, and as Emily St. Evermond Mrs. Florence finds an opportunity for the display of that neat exuberance which so distingushes her. Mr. and Mrs. Florence are said to hold in reserve several attractive plays new to our public, viz: "The Doctor," "The Captain," "The Macaws."

Tuberoses.

The master's story holds the stage
Of Hamlet's studied grief and rage,
And Denmark's guilty Queen;
With empty heart and weary brain,
Too tired for pleasure or for pain,
I watch the changing scene.

The curtain falls, and plaudits loud
Ring clamorous from the motley crowd,
Then talk and laughter reign;
The air is heavy with the scent
Of flowers, and happy tones are blent
With music's thrilling strain.

Across the crowd I hear the notes,
Across the crowd the incense floats
Of manifold perfumes;
Upon a velvet-cushioned seat
I see a snowy bunch and sweet,
Of white gardenia blooms.

She laid the blossoms from her hand
A moment since—I see her stand
In all her lovely grace;
No shadow on her open brow,
No memory of a broken vow
Disturbs her girlish face.

Across the crowd, myself unseen,
I watch once more the fairy queen
Of all my boyish dreams;
Once more with her I seem to roam
The woodways of our country home,
Or loiter by its streams.

Once more I gather for her sake
The sweet wild flowers of hedge and brake;
Once more with baby pride
She flaunts her white exotic bloom,
A tuberose heavy with perfume,
And thrusts my gift aside.

Ah me! her childhood was the type
Of what she is as woman ripe;
She asks no wayside flower,
But cultured blossoms rich and rare,
And all things goodly, all things fair,
And pride of place and power.

But these were never mine to give,
And how I fare, or how I live,
Claims not a care from her;
Yet looking on that face to-night,
Some ghost of ancient dead delight
Bids past emotion stir.

And to my heart I softly say:
"If fate would let thee have thy way,
What now would be thy will?
To tread the velvet path of ease,
One heart, and not the world, to please,
And she thy true love still?"

Nay, heart, there is no space for doubt,
Thy stronger, better part speaks out,
And joys that it is free;
I could not bear the cloying scent
Of those white blossoms; Nature meant
A working life for me!

A Good Young Man.

SANFORD THE CURATE IN THE "VICAR OF BRAY."

When I was a Sunday school scholar
I was an example to boys,
For I never rumpled my collar
And I never made any noise!
I never spoke words out of season,
I never did anything wrong,
And that, I've no doubt, is the reason
My youth was as happy as long.

Ah, why was it happy? because
A better boy never was seen;
For I was not only as good as I was,
But as good as I ought to have been!
Ah, why was he happy? because
A better boy never was seen;
For he was not only as good as he was,
But as good as he ought to have been!

I grew up to hanhood's estate
Without having told an untruth;
I practice, I'm proud to relate,
The precepts I learnt in my youth.
I carry them out to the letter;
I'm really as good as a book;
Indeed, I am very much better;
In fact, I'm as good as I look.
I reveal in pastry and jam,
I'm a terrible toper at tea;
For I am not only as good as I am,
But as good as I ought to be!
You may tell by the look of his phiz
He revels in coffee and tea;
For he is not only as good as he is,
But as good as he ought to be!

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

THE THEATRE is a sixteen page journal, printed in large, clear type and on heavy paper. In order to bring it within the reach of all the price for single numbers has been fixed at five cents.

Subscription Rates.

ONE YEAR,	$3.00
SIX MONTHS,	1.50

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Measured by nonpareil type measure, which equals 12 lines (in solid or display type) to the inch in depth.

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10 per cent on four insertions; 15 per cent on eight insertions; 20 per cent on twelve insertions; 25 per cent on twenty-four insertions.

One column counted as 120 lines; one-half page, 180 lines; and one page, 360 lines.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, 3 lines space, $3.00 per quarter (12 insertions).

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Matter in standing advertisements or professional cards changed as often as desired without extra charge.

THE THEATRE is published every Saturday morning at No. 38 Vesey street, New York, and is for sale by all newsdealers in the United States, Canada, and the principal cities of Europe.

In sending remittances, make checks and money orders payable to the

METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE,
38 Vesey street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1882.

Our Welcome.

WELL INFORMED AND ABLE.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new dramatic paper just issued in New York city. It will be published every week. We do not know who the editor is, but its contents declare him to be a well informed gentleman and an able writer. THE THEATRE is the neatest addition to weekly dramatic literature we have had. Its contents are carefully and intelligently prepared, and the editor seems to have really a proper sense of the dignity of the work in which he is engaged. How few of the editors of dramatic weekly papers have. If THE THEATRE carries out the policy it has marked out it cannot fail to win success. Merit always succeeds.—*Chicago Herald*, August 13, 1882.

THE STANDARD PLACED HIGH.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new weekly journal of the stage. It purposes to teach intellectual actors and to be critically honest toward appreciative auditors, while having a policy which excludes scandal from its pages and does not intrude upon the private lives of actors and actresses. The standard is placed high as a matter both of business and of literature.—*N. Y. Herald*, August 7.

A BRIGHT APPEARANCE.

THE THEATRE is the title of another addition to the list of journals devoted to theatrical and musical interests. It is published by the Metropolitan Job Printing Company, contains sixteen pages of matter, and is to be published weekly at five cents per copy. The first number presents a bright appearance and is illustrated by portraits of Henry Irving and David Garrick. It is published at No. 38 Vesey Street.—*New York Dispatch*, August 6.

NO VULGARITY OR BLACKMAIL.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new weekly journal of the stage, published by the Metropolitan Job Print, No. 38 Vesey street, New York. It is a clean and honest publication, less ambitious than some of its rivals, but devoid of any suggestion of unfairness, showy vulgarity and blackmailing operations, such as one discovers in too many dramatic journals published in New York.—*Brooklyn Daily Times, August 16.*

The Theatre List.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO., Park Theatre, New York, October 30.

ALICE DUNNING LINGARD, Park Theatre, Boston, August 19.

ANNIE PIXLEY, M'LISS, Columbus, O., Aug. 28.

ADAMS' PANTOMIME CO., Baltimore, Sept. 4, week.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—San Francisco, Cal., August 7.

ADA GRAY, Albany, Aug. 25, 26; Utica, 29; Rome, 30; Buffalo, Sept. 1; Toronto, 4.

ALEXANDER CAUFMAN CO.—Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, August 28, in Fred Marsden's "Called to Account."

A CHILD OF THE STATE CO.—Park Theatre, Newark, N. J., September 4, New Brunswick 6, Bethlehem 7, Allentown 8, Harrisburg 9.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE, in "My Partner," Rockford, Ill., September 4; Beloit, Wis., 5; Janesville 6, Milwaukie 7, 8, 9; Peoria, Ill., 11; Galesburg 12, Burlington, Iowa, 13; Des Moines 14, Cedar Rapids 15, Dubuque 17, Chicago 18.

ABBIE CARRINGTON CONCERT CO.—Augusta, Mich., August 21, Chippewa Falls 22, Eau Claire 23, Menominee 24, Hudson 25, Baraboo 26, Portage City 28, Beaverdam 29, Horricon 30, Columbus 31, Watertown, September 1, Oconomowoc 2.

BAUM'S MAID OF ARRAN CO., Toronto, August 21.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE CO., Booth's Theatre, New York, September 18.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S WORLD CO., Grand Opera House, N. Y.

BOSTON THEATRE.—August 14, "A Free Pardon."

BOSTON MUSEUM.—August 21, "Imprudence," by A. W. Pinero.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.—New York, "The Snake Charmer," Aug. 14.

BARRY AND FAY, Rochester, N. Y., September 8.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMBINATION.—Janesville, Wis., August 31, in a new drama by Charles Foster. Milwaukie, September 1, Chicago 5, Rockford 11, Clinton 12, Aurora 13, Ottowa 14, Joliet 15, Stretor 16.

BENNETT AND MOULTON'S OPERA CO., Pembroke, Me., August 9, 10; Machias, 11, 12; Cherryfield, 14, 15; Millridge, 16; Bar Harbor, 17; Ellsworth, 22; Bangor, 25.

BIG FOUR COMBINATION—Philadelphia, August 26.

BARNEY MCAULEY, Montreal, Aug. 28; Portland, Me., Sept. 4; Bangor, 6; Lewiston, 8; Biddeford, 9; Lowell, Mass., 11.

BAKER AND FARON, Toronto, September 4.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life," Hamilton, Ont, August 29.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 1, Brooklyn, September 11.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 2, Poughkeepsie, September 11.

CHRISTINE NILSSON CONCERTS, Boston Music Hall, November 1.

COLLIER'S LIGHTS O' LONDON CO. No. 1.—Grand Opera House, New York, August 28.

CALLENDER'S MINSTRELS, Dallas, Texas, August 22; Little Rock, Ark., 24, 25; Chicago, 27.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, Philadelphia, Pa., September 4.

COLVILLE'S WORLD, New York, September 18.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE CO., Chicago, August 5.

COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October 16, for thirty nights.

CRITERION COMEDY CO., Pickwick Theatre, St. Louis, Aug. 21, last week.

GIBLER BRO'S. HUMPTY DUMPTY CO., Mattoon, Ill., Aug. 21.

COLLIER'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER, Brooklyn, September 4.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, Philadelphia, September 4.

CLAIRE SCOTT CO., Alexandria, Va., Aug. 21. The members of the company are S. K. Coburn, Edward Clifford, A. R. Phelps, A. W. Rumble, W. Hughes, J. C. Boice, Harry Hunter, Miss Marie LeGross, Anna C. Rowan, Effie Remington, Florence Warren and Little Blanche Phelps.

DALY'S THEATRE, N. Y., "The Passing Regiment"; September 9, "Mankind."

DAVENE'S COLOSSAL ALLIED ATTRACTIONS.—New York early in September.

DEFOSSEZ' FRENCH OPERA CO.—New Orleans, November 10.

EMMA ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO., Lima, Ohio, September 4; Peoria, Illinois, 7; Topeka, Kansas, 11; Kansas City, Mo., 18.

ERIC BAYLEY'S CO., Hamilton, Ont., September 18.

ENSIGN COMEDY CO., Plattsmouth, Neb., September 14.

FRANK L. GOODWIN'S LA BELLE RUSSE CO.—Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 18.

FRED. B. WARDE, Akron, Ohio, September 4.

FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO., Windsor, New York, September 4, Baltimore 11, week; Washington 18, Brooklyn 25, week.

FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates," Kansas City, Mo. August 31; Denver, September 4, week; Leadville 11, 12, 13; Pueblo 14, Colorado Springs 15, 16.

FRANK MAYO, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, September 4. San Francisco, September 18.

FELTON'S GLOBE DRAMATIC CO., Wamego, August 14, Junction City 21, Manhattan 28.

FRED BRYTON'S DRAMATIC CO., Winnipeg, Manitoba, September 4.

FRANK BUSH'S IKEY SOLOMON CO.—Buffalo, N. Y., September 4.

F. S. CHANFRAU, Boston, September 4.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, New York, August 28, Collier's "Lights o' London."

GEORGE S. KNIGHT'S CO. "Baron Rudolph," Montreal, August 28.

GUS WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill., August 28; Cleveland, Ohio, September 4; Indianapolis, 18, 19 and 20.

GEORGE A. FAIR'S DRAMATIC CO., with Harry Webber in "Nip and Tuck," Plattsmouth, Neb., September 14.

HESS ACME OPERA CO.—Philadelphia, September 4.

HARRY MEREDITH, Ranch No. 10, Haverly's, New York, Aug. 21.

HERRMANN'S EUROPEAN SPECIALTY CO., Montreal, Canada, September 4; Ottawa, September 7 and 8.

HAZAEL KIRKE CO. No. 1.—Santa Cruz, Cal., Aug. 21, San Jose 22, 23, Oakland 24, 25, Napa 26, Sacramento 28 (one week), San Francisco, Baldwin's Theatre, September 4 (two weeks); thence eastward, via Virginia City, Reno, Salt Lake City, Denver, &c.

HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.—August 26, "The Blackbird."

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—Preliminary season August 21, with "Ranch No. 10."

HOLMAN ENGLISH OPERA CO., Chatham, Ontario, Aug. 21. The company comprises Sallie Holman, Blanche Holman, Marie Roe, Edith Barton, Wallace McCreery, J. T. Dalton, A. D. Holman, J. H. Connor, and others

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS, Omaha, August 21; New Mexico, 22. Burlington, 24; Keokuk, 25; Springfield, Ill., 26; Chicago, 28;

HARRIS COMEDY CO., Paterson, N. J, August 28; Trenton, 29; New Brunswick, 30; Newburg, N. Y., 31; Kingston, September 1; Hudson, 2.

HERNE'S HEARTS OF OAK, Montreal, August 28

HARRY RICHMOND'S TWO MARRIED MEN CO.—J. C. Leach, Lydia Howard, J. S. Edwards, Katie Edwards, Maud Leigh, Sweeney and Ryland, Major Burke, and others.

JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION, Springfield, Ohio, September 18.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION, St. Louis, September 4. Minneapolis 14.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, St. Paul, September 4.

JOHN THOMPSON, Cadiz, O., September 5.

JOHN W. DUNNE'S COMEDY CO., "Karl," Chicago, August 28.

JOHN T. RAYMOND'S CO., Lexington, Ky., August 28.

JOHN T. RAYMOND, Lexington, Ky., August 28; Newark, O., September 7; New York, October 2.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S CO., Bradford, Pa., September 4; Jamestown, N. Y., 5; Mansfield, O., 6; Xenia, 7; Zanesville, 8; Columbus, 9; Union Square Theatre, 18.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King," Williamsburg, N. Y., September 4; Troy, 11, 12, 13; Holyoke, Mass., 14; Worcester, 15; Fall River, 16; Providence, 18; Philadelphia, 25,

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO., Evanston, Wy. T., Aug. 21; Rawlins, Utah, 23; Laramie, Wy. T., 24; Cheyenne 25, 26; Denver, 28.

JOSEPH F. WHEELOCK'S CO.—Whitney's Grand Opera House Detroit, Mich., September 11, in Len Grover and Townsend Percy's "Wardour;" and Fred Marsden's "Root of all Evil."

JULIA A. HUNT, in Florinel, Montreal, August 21; Ogdensburg, N. Y., 28; Brockville, Canada, 29; Whitby, 30; Toronto, 31; September 1, 2; Guelph, 4; Brantford, 5; Hamilton, 6; Lockport, N. Y., 7; Medina, 8; Canandaigua, 9; Auburn, 11; Syracuse, 12, 13; Binghamton, 14; Tonawanda, 15; Danville, 16; Brooklyn, 18.

KATE CLAXTON, St. Johns, N. B., August 16.

KIRALFY BROS'. MICHAEL STROGOFF CO., Chicago, August 12.

KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD CO., Globe Theatre, Boston, August 28.

KENDALL COMBINATION, Atlantic, Ia., August 28.

LOTTA, Buffalo, N. Y., September 1.

LAURA DON, in "A Daughter of the Nile," Standard Theatre, New York, September 4.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S CO., Port Huron, Mich., August 21; Bay City 22, East Saginaw 23, Jackson 24, Columbus, O., 28.

LE CLAIR AND RUSSELL, Cleveland, August 21, Pittsburg 28. Buffalo 31.

LILLIE HALL'S SPECIALTY AND BURLESQUE CO., New York, August 28.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO., Brooklyn, N. Y., September 29.

MARION ELMORE'S CO., in "Chispa," New York, September 4.

MODJESKA begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2.

MINNIE PALMER, Philadelphia, Pa., September 4,

MARGARET MATHER, in "Romeo and Juliet," Chicago, August 28.

M B. CURTIS' SAM'L OF POSEN CO., Detroit, September 4.

MILTON NOBLES, St. Louis, September 4.

METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, N. Y., August 19, the "Mascotte."

MLLE. RHEA, Brooklyn, N. Y., September 4, one week.

MLLE. THEO'S FRENCH COMIC OPERA CO., New York, September 11.

MINNIE MADDERN CO., St. Louis, August 27, Cincinnati, September 4.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, "Elsa," Park Theatre, New York, September 4.

MLLE. THEO, opera bouffe, Aronson's New Casino, New York, September 11.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE.—Harlem, September 25, the "Lights o' London."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—"Esmeralda." Bronson Howard's new play, October 9.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House, New York, October 23.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Aug. 21.

M. W. HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY CO., Bridgeport, August 27.

MAX STRAKOSCH'S ENGLISH OPERA CO. will include Miss Letitia Fritsch as prima donna, Perugini as tenor, George Sweet, baritone, and Mrs. Seguin-Wallace.

MESTAYER'S TOURISTS, Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 4. The company this year embraces Will Mestayer, Nick J. Long, Fred Lennox, Thomas A. Daly, Harry B. Clarke, Joe Ott, Albert Voss, Theresa Vaughan, Ella Hattan, Lizzie Brazie and Mary Stafford.

NEW YORK IDEAL OPERA CO., Providence, R. I.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—New York, "Youth," August 21; three weeks. The "Lights o' London," September 11.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe), Paterson, N. J., September 4.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon), Bethlehem, Pa., August 29,

PALMER AND ULMER'S DANITES, New Haven, Conn, August 21.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA COMPANY.—September 11.

PARK THEATRE.—New York, September 4, Maggie Mitchell in "Elsa;" John T. Raymond, October 2; Mrs. Langtry, October 30; the Florences, Robson and Crane.

ROBSON & CRANE, in "D. A. M." Springfield, Mass., September 25.

ROOMS TO RENT CO., Dixon, Ill., August 28. The company includes Charles Chapelle, Wright Huntington, L. R. Grisel, W. J. Dickson, Mamie Johnson, Lottie Beaumont and Helen Harold.

RICE AND HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, Joliet, Ill., Aug. 21. The troupe is said to be a very strong one. Among the members are Billy Rice, W. Henry Rice, Ed Kelly, Dan Lyons, Charlie Turner, Charles W. Young, the four Megatherions, John O'Brien, James Leary and Burt Queen.

SMITH'S DOUBLE UNCLE TOM, Boston, August 28.

THOS. KEENE'S CO., Grand Opera House, Chicago, September 4.

TONY PASTOR'S CO., Indianapolis, August 26.

THALIA THEATRE, New York, September 14.

THE HARRISONS—"Viva, a Sister's Sacrifice," Poughkeepsie, September 4.

THE HANLON-LEES COMBINATION, St. Luke, August 17, Denver 21, Kansas City 28, St. Joseph 30, Omaha, September 1, Keokuk 4, Quincy 6, Springfield 8, Cincinnati 11.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—New York, August 21, "Black Flag."

WALLACK'S THEATRE, N. Y., Miniature Opera Co. in "Patience."

WINDSOR THEATRE, N. Y., August 21, Charlotte Thompson in "Jane Eyre."

WALLACE-VILLA CO., Port Jervis, N. Y., August 26.

WHITLEY'S DRAMATIC CO., Des Moines, Iowa, August 21.

W. H. LYTELL'S YOUTH COMBINATION, St. Johns, N. B., August 31.

REHEARSALS.

Thomas W. Keene's company begin rehearsals at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on the 28th.

Marian Elmore's Chispa company assemble at the same place, just a week earlier.

John McCullough's company rehearse at Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, beginning September 1.

James O'Neill's company take possession of the Windsor Theatre stage next Wednesday morning.

C. B. Bishop's Strictly Business company meet at the Bijou Opera House on Tuesday next, at 2.30 P. M.

Rehearsals of "Romany Rye" begin at Booth's on the 28th.

"The World" company assemble the day following at 11 A. M, at the Grand Opera House.

The people engaged by the Harrisons' have been notified to report to Louis Harrison, at 137 Second avenue, Saturday, at 2 o'clock.

NEW PLAYS.

Charles A. McManus, of the Rhea Co., has written a five act play of the melodramatic pattern.

Mr. James P. Voorhees, a son of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, is now in the city prospecting for the sale of a play.

Robson and Crane have a new play by Mr. Joseph Bradford, entitled "The Two Cherubs," in which they may be seen before the close of the season.

Messrs. George Grossmith and Arthur Law have collaborated and written an original musical piece for Mr. J. L. Toole, which is to be produced on his return to London.

Henry O'Meara, of the Boston Journal, has nearly completed the drama upon which he has been working for some time. It is in four acts, based on incidents of the war times. Twelve characters carry out the story, which is said to be of very strong dramatic construction.

Edgar Fawcett is in negotiation with Kate Claxton for the production of a new comedy written by himself and entitled "Ocean View."

Mr. Julian Magnus, the author of "Conscience," has written a local melodrama with a very strong part for a leading man. The scene is laid in New York

Miss Lillie Eldridge will return to the stage about December next with a repertoire consisting of Mr. John M. Morton's "Mignon," a new play by the same author, and several Shaksperian and other legitimate characters.

Charles B. Lewis ("M. Quad"), of the Detroit *Free Press*, has just completed for J. L. Ashton a new four-act comedy entitled "The Limekiln Club." All of the well-known characters which M. Quad has created are to figure in it.

BIOGRAPHY.

We are likely to hear a new pianist this season. His name his Carl Neupert, and he was born April 1, 1842, at Christiania, Norway. He was a pupil of Kullak and Kiel, and at the age of twenty-two made a great success in Berlin. In 1866 he became a professor in Sterne's Conservatory, and in 1880 he joined the Conservatory of the Rubinsteins, in Moscow. In Moscow he was received with tempestuous applause even before he had touched a key After Greig's Concerto he was recalled five times, and in the following concerts his success was colossal. In St. Petersburg, after a brilliant ovation for his piano playing, he became, after performing some of his own compositions, the object of a triumph seldom accorded to a stranger. The unanimous voice of criticism styled him "Rubinstein's Rival." After the death of Nicolas Rubinstein, the Director of the Conservatory, Neupert carried out a long cherished intention and visited Christiania. Here he soon found himself in a position to open a piano school, to which his reputation abroad soon brought a flood of pupils. He comes to America for a series of concerts under the management of the American Musical Agency.

W. D HYDE,

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I respectfully refer the profession to the managers or treasurers of any of the following places of amusement for which I furnish tickets:

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VOL. 1.—NO. 4. NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

"Booming" a Juliet.

Almost simultaneously with the publication of this number of THE THEATRE is the initial appearance of Miss Margaret Mather as Juliet. She is an object of public interest just now not because her admirers and her manager think she is to be the successor of Miss Neilson, but simply because she has been "boomed" into prefatory notoriety by the newspapers. The "booming" process is a thing in which the press of the country is always willing to assist, provided the "boom" is worked by a master hand and the gratuitous advertising, which is its purpose, is concealed by some device at least apparently free from the forty-cents-a-line flavor.

In the case of Miss Mather the "boom" was managed with a skill and precision that were admirable. As we write, the predicted successor of Miss Neilson is still untried, but notwithstanding this, Miss Mather will step on the stage of McVicker's Theatre on Monday evening better known as an actress of remarkable promise than Miss Neilson was as an artist of actual achievement when she made her American debut at Booth's ten years ago. It will thus be seen that the "booming" which has been done in behalf of the coming Juliet has been exceedingly effective, but we may be sure it is all the more dangerous on that account, if we only take the trouble to recall what the Juliet was who it is now clained has found a successor in Mrs. Waller's pupil, Mr. Edgar's debutante, and Mr. Hill's protege.

Miss Neilson began and ended her American career at Booth's Theatre. Her first appearance and her last was as Juliet. The part is one in which she had no rival, and it may be questioned whether among the many Juliets who preceded her there were any who were her superiors. "She has sucked the brains of all the Juliets who went before her," said another actress, in speaking of her while she lived, "and the lights and shades of their acting she brings to the perfection of her own." This remark was a compliment, though not so intended. It was certainly true that Miss Neilson, by careful study, acquired all the passion and pathos of Mrs. Cibber—that she was as lovely, as impulsive and as natural as George Anne Bellamy. She embodied the mirth of Mrs. Nesbitt, the laugh of Mrs. Jordan, and the rapturous and giddy joy of Miss O'Neil, and so she was irresistibly great as Juliet because she united all the traditions in her own person.

Miss O'Neil, the most famous and, before her, the greatest of all Juliets, was clearly Miss Neilson's model. The Juliet of both was open to the same objection—it was too light and playful in the earlier scenes, too realistic, and at the same time too theatrical in the tragic parts. The faults of the actress as well as her excellences were borrowed, but her Juliet was not a copy—it was a study. Miss Neilson's Juliet was deficient in genius, but it was replete with art. As a whole, it was the elaborateness and completeness of artistic blending. In its parts it was the aggregation of stage tradition. The student of dramatic history is able to point out with unerring certainty the great originals from whom she derived her patchwork inspiration.

Her Juliet was like a quilt made from the wedding dresses of four generations. Here was a square cut after the Bellamy pattern in the Garrick style, there another scissored in the Cibberite fashion of the epoch of Spranger Barry. The Nesbitt and the Jordan patches were apparent not only in the style of the patchwork, but the texture of the fabric. Throughout the whole were the O'Neil patterns—sometimes flippant and mocking, sometimes vivid and startling, and somettmes intense in suffering and overwhelming in agony.

The quilting—that is to say the needlework—revealed Miss Neilson's own deft hand. Her beauty, too, was her own. She borrowed her ideas and her effects but not her processes. In this respect she differed from her less fortunate sisters who wanted to become her rivals—their processes are borrowed but their ideas and effects are too clearly their own. Although her Juliet was a quilt, it was just such a quilt as was

peculiarly adapted to the American market. We had had Juliets and Juliets, but they were neither the great Juliets of the London stage nor copies of the great Juliets, and her coming supplied a want on the American boards which had not been satisfied since the days of Mrs. Merry.

But with all her excellences, Miss Neilson was not a great actress. Her comedy was sometimes angular and her playfulness descended to gush. Her tragedy was often hard and frequently bordered on burlesque. These faults sometimes became positively painful. When she sought to be most bewitching she "skellied"—that is to say her eyes gave to her smile an expression between a leer and a squint. When she tried to be most impressive she was simply grotesque. One could not help smiling at the longings of her Juliet, and laughing outright when she did the bowl and dagger business. If Miss Neilson had been a great actress these things would not have been thus. It was where the opportunity to be picturesque was greatest that she was most effective. Her balcony scene was a vision of loveliness because beauty was only required to pose and be admired. Her performance of the part was not strong as a whole, but it was deft throughout, and though her fame will not be lasting, she will be for a time remembered as fortune's favorite—as the creature and creation of opportunity.

The stage manager of the epoch is Chance. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in one of his most beautiful poems, has sung the fate of the Voiceless who have tasted the cup but not the crown of glory. It would be idle to say that all the song-birds that ever were born have been heard to sing. Patti and Nilsson were both the children of Chance, but other singers as great as they belong to the great army of the voiceless because they were never heard to sing. Miss Neilson must be recognized as the representative of chance heroines simply because she had opportunity. She never could have begun at the lowermost round of the ladder and worked her way to the top. It was necessary to her success that chance, or friends and money which are its equivalent, should place her at the top in the beginning and keep her there.

Practically, Miss Neilson began as Juliet, and her Juliet was the same when her career closed as when she began. She had studied every line, every pose, every gesture under the careful manipulation of Mr. John Ryder, and in seeing her act we could almost hear the old stage manager say—Mrs. Cibber did it so and so, and Mrs. Bellamy did it thus and thus and Mrs. Nesbitt's way this and this. Instruction and adaptability are necessary to success, but these are nothing without opportunity. To be accepted in London and New York is to conquer the English speaking world, but without opportunity acceptability is impossible. If Miss Neilson had come to New York in 1872 without money or reputation the doors of the theatres would have been closed against her; or if one should have grudgingly half opened them for her to enter, the critics would have failed to perceive her merits and exaggerated her faults while the public would have let her alone severely. As it was, she played the same parts in the same way for nine seasons, and her monotony never became absolutely tiresome.

Miss Neilson's success in this country from the beginning to the end of her career was in her absolute control over the parts she played. It was her boast that she never played a small part in her life and that she never played a part that she did not want to play. It is a coincidence that she never played a new part but once—then not in America—and that she failed in it. Neither did she ever play a part in which costume was not an important element of success. It is easy to understand all this, but not upon the hypothesis of personal vanity merely. She knew that as a tragedienne she was not equal to *roles* like Meg Merrilies where the actress can only be exhibited through the hag. It will thus be seen that the boast was hardly an honorable one any more than is the boast of the useless sprig of nobility—"I never earned a shilling in my life."

Actresses like Miss Neilson are useless to the progressive drama, but in this respect she stood alone. Mrs. Siddons, long after she became the acknowledged queen of tragedy, did not disdain to create new *roles*. Mrs. Abington was the original Lady Teazle, but while Mrs. Jordan recreated it after her and played besides the Shaksperian *roles* in which Miss Neilson became famous, she was the original heroine of many of the new pieces produced at Drury Lane in her day. Miss Helen Faucit and Mrs. Sterling, greater actresses both of them than Miss Neilson was, are especially renowned for the new parts they created. The former was the original Pauline, and we have the testimony of those who saw her in it that she did not make it ridiculous as Miss Neilson did. But for Mrs. Sterling the modern English drama would scarcely exist at all, and when her example and that of Miss Faucit ceases to be copied by successors such as Miss Neilson, professing their greatness but not possessing their abilities, the modern dramatist may as well shut up shop.

This summary of what Miss Neilson aimed to be and what she was seems necessary in view of the claim as her successor that is so boldly put forward in behalf of Miss Mather. It is certain that off the stage at least the methods of the two are alike. Miss Neilson's Juliet was the result of long study under Mr. Ryder, whose instructions were supplemented by those of Mrs. Sterling. Before she acted at all Miss Mather was the pupil of Mr. George Edgar, and both before and since her *debut* in Edgar's company she was carefully and thoroughly trained by the most eminent dramatic teacher in this country, Mr. Waller. This is one method of "booming" a Juliet and it certainly does not detract from Miss Mather's claim to be the successor of Miss Neilson that in both cases the methods were alike. If the claim is well founded we cannot doubt that the results, too, will be identical. For years and years we shall have Miss Mather repeating the traditions—refusing to do anything new but re-enacting the old over and over again. Such evidently is her manager's idea both from the comparison he seeks and the nature of his "boom." His plans are likely to succeed in the case of Miss Mather because Miss Neilson succeeded upon a similar system. There is little danger of failure because in such a case failure would be overwhelming, but our fear is that with success, Mr Hill will not give us an actress but only a Juliet.

To Whom It May Concern.

I am in receipt of numerous letters from all parts of the country asking for the position of correspondent for THE THEATRE. These epistles come as a rule from very worthy people, and if I was in need of the services of a correspondent they would serve me well, no doubt. But I am impelled to decline the proffers of all except those which come from the leading cities, and with them I shall confer by letter.

The reason which impels me to this course is one which the profession will readily understand. I am disposed to make THE THEATRE a help to the drama without making it a nuisance. Should I appoint a staff of correspondents from the applications I have already received, I would have a representative in nearly every theatrical town in the country. Let us apply a little arithmetic to this. I have before me over a hundred applications, and if I was organizing a staff the list would soon swell to two hundred. That would be four hundred admissions every opening night every week for my staff, and counting six nights for one-half of them, as one night stands my weekly account with the profession would stand something like this:—

200 tickets opening night in leading towns	$200
600 " one night stands	450
Total	$650

I do not care to be any such tax upon the theatrical business.

Besides, it is not possible that the opinions of these young gentlemen should be worth a row of pins. It is no discredit to them that they should not be judges of acting and plays. They have had no opportunities to acquire the knowledge and experience that are necessary to a critic. Why, then, should they be permitted to sit in judgment upon plays and players?

Ah! but THE THEATRE cannot afford to go

48135

without the news. I believe I fully appreciate the value of news. I have dealt in the commodity all my life and I am as familiar with it in all its grades as my would-be correspondents are with boots and shoes and sugars. If I undertook to serve a customer in a country store I would make a downright failure at it. I do not believe that the young gentlemen who are the correspondents of the *Dramatic This* and *Dramatic That* would succeed in my business any better than I would in theirs.

Besides, news is a commodity like every other commodity. It always finds its way to market. If an event occurs in which the public can have any interest the public is always sure to hear of it. There are newspapers everywhere and they print everything that is worth printing. The reporters on the local papers in such towns as Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit are sure to write a better account of any theatrical event than any unpaid correspondent either could or would. I prefer to depend upon the press of the country, and my brother journalists have evidently seen this, for without a word from me they have sent me copies of their papers whenever they contained anything of general interest to the profession.

News I shall always be glad to receive, and my friends in the profession know me well enough to keep me advised of their whereabouts and what the newspapers are saying about them. Between the newspaper profession and the theatrical profession I think I shall get on very well without correspondents. I may add that the few correspondents I shall appoint will be men whom I regard equally capable with myself, and so I shall not degrade them to the smallest type in my cases but give them the places which the importance of their communications demands.

I may add that I have a visitors' chair at my elbow and a letter-box behind me for the use of my friends. THE EDITOR.

Brains Not Necessary.

It was certain that the criticisms in the English papers upon Mr. Boucicault's admirable address on the art of acting would call out a reply. They have done so and it will be read with only less interest than the address itself.

We quite agree with Mr. Boucicault that acting can be taught. The rules of the stage, like the rules of every other art, must be learned. As a matter of course the soul of acting cannot be taught, but there can be no soul unless there is a body to hold it. The body of acting, that is its outward form, is a matter of creation by instruction, and where the body has not been properly trained there will be found only a cramped and feeble soul.

As we remarked last week, it was Mr. John Ryder, the old dramatic teacher, who led in the assault upon Mr. Boucicault's theories. It will be observed that in his letter to the *Era*, Mr. Boucicault gets back at Mr. Ryder with a deft and cunning hand. Mr. Ryder's business is to teach parts, not acting, and he turns out Juliets and Rosalinds who are as much parrots, and nine times out of ten as great nuisances, as the Brazilian birds which make the neighborhood of Twenty-eighth street and Lexington avenue so disagreeable.

But with the supposition that acting cannot be taught, it is equally a mistake to suppose that it requires brains. Among the so-called intellectual callings none demand a more moderate intellectual equipment. An actor can play Napoleon without the capacity to win battles, and even the best of our Hamlets have not been sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought overmuch. Genius may accomplish much, but genius without training is like a horse without a rider. Acquired skill goes a long way toward making not only a good but a great actor, and though brains in the broad meaning of the word may not be necessary, intelligence, study and experience are absolutely essential.

Swallows Homeward Fly.

The midsummer has passed, and as the nights set toward the autumn the theatrical swallows begin to fly homeward. The past week has been specially remarkable for the return of numerous tourists who enjoyed what they are pleased to call rest in Europe. Last week we noticed several arrivals, the return of Mr. Barrett being the most noteworthy in the list, but since then the passenger lists of the incoming steamers have been crowded with well known theatrical names.

The steamer City of Berlin which arrived on Saturday last brought over a swarm of theatrical and musical people. Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox and Miss Lotta Crabtree were among the passengers, and so were a number of people who cannot as yet be called our summer swallows, but who will probably become such, and the new members of Wallack's company. These comprised Mr. William Herbert, the new leading man, Mr. Herbert Kelcy and Miss Measor. What gave additional interest to Miss Measor's presence on the vessel was the fact that just before sailing she had ceased to be Miss Measor in real life, becoming Mrs. J. C. Buckstone. On the same vessel was Mr. Jay Rial, returning from planting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in London and intent on planting another at the antipodes.

Then too a large part of the German contingent has arrived—a whole ship load for the Thalia, not including Mme. Gallmeyer, who is great enough to come alone. Mme. Cottrelly is at hand for the Bijou, which makes her an American, and necessarily to be classed with our summer swallows hereafter. These German artists have become a feature in New York amusements, and we are all learning to look forward to their performances with interest as the best illustration of German art in America. No other city in the world outside of Germany could support two first class German theatres besides supplying artists to the English stage, and this fact is something to think about in connection with the opening of the season.

On the steamship which arrived on Monday was a part of Mr. M. B. Leavitt's contingent, including Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Charles, Mlle. Olga Berczy, Cuthbert Sisters, Mlle. Victorine Scherlagy, Mlle. Alphonsine, the McDonald-Milne family, Joseph Lawrence and Dr. Corbella. On the Erin, which is due to-morrow or Monday, are the members of the Modjeska company—Mr. R. B. Mantell, the leading man, Norman Forbes juvenile, and Frank Clements heavy. Of these at least Mr. Clements may be classed among our summer swallows, as he was the chief support of Genevieve Ward last season.

But most important of all was Mr. Charles Backus, who came over on the same ship with Herbert Spencer. We are not informed whether the philosopher and the generator of philosophy spent much time in each other's society, but both of them might have done worse. It would have done Charley Backus good to have learned that there is a world of thought outside of the minstrel business, and Mr. Spencer might have puzzled himself pleasantly over the evolution of a Backus laugh. If the philosopher will take our advice he will call to see the generator of philosophy some evening at the San Francisco Minstrels.

These are all the summer swallows we can think of who flew ashore during the week or are near at hand, but every ship which comes in for a month will bring some of them, and it will be the first, perhaps the middle of October before we shall be able to chronicle the last theatrical arrival for the season.

Two Recognitions.

In two of the theatres in this city this week occurred an event worthy of more than a passing remark—the success of Mr. John E. Ince in a small part at the Union Square, and the "hit" made by Mr. Forbes Dawson at Niblo's Garden.

In both cases the temptation to do nothing was very great, for there was next to nothing to do, but each of the actors played his part "for all it was worth," and succeeded in demonstrating that it was worth a great deal. Except on the stage, whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and the example of Messrs. Ince and Dawson will go a long way to prove that even on the stage it is worth while to make a great deal out of a very little.

It gives us peculiar pleasure to record our recognition of the efforts of these actors, and

we commend their example and achievements as worthy of emulation.

Letters of a Print Collector.

IV.

HODGKINSON'S FIRST FLAME.

Among theatrical people it is a great thing to have been first in anything. Burbadge is remembered at all only because he was the first representative of the great parts of Shakspere. Colley Cibber would have been forgotten both as a player and playwriter had he not written the first and the most charming of all books devoted to and of the stage. Garrick owes his fame to the fact that, if not the first actor he was the first of actors. Mrs. Abington would, perhaps, have been doomed to an oblivion not unlike that which was the fate of Mr. Abington had she not been the first Lady Teazle. Macklin, although he was on the stage almost a century and died at the remarkable age of 108 years, owes his fame to the fact that he was the first serious Shylock, and even Edmund Kean was first acknowledged as a great actor because he had the courage to play the Jew that Shakspere drew in a black instead of a red wig.

On this side of the Atlantic to have been the first in anything pertaining to the stage is a sufficient warrant for fame. Lewis Hallam, the elder, is remembered mostly because he brought the first company of comedians to America, and Lewis Hallam, the younger, although her emained on the stage long enough to be familiarly known to New Yorkers in the beginning of the century as Old Hallam, is now spoken of, if he is spoken of at all, as the first lad who made his first appearance on the American boards. There are numerous other firsts whom I shall take occasion to celebrate in the course of these letters, but of these the very first is Hodgkinson's first flame.

John Hodgkinson, whose real name was Meadowcraft, was the son of the keeper of a small alehouse at Manchester. His early education was neglected, and his first occupation was that of potboy. As fiddling and singing were great attractions to the alehouse, he was allowed, as a child, some instruction in both, and it was his proficiency in these which led to his becoming an actor. Encouraged by his knowledge of tunes and songs he determined to run away from home and join a company of players. Taking the road to Bristol he arrived there in good time and made his application to Mr. Keasebury, the manager.

"What can you do, my boy?" was Keasebury's first question.

"I can sing, and play on the fiddle—and I can snuff the candles," the lad answered.

As he did not want to play Hamlet to begin with, he was engaged as candle snuffer and put into the chorus. But humble as was his beginning his ambition was unbounded. He was ready to attempt anything, and was always above mediocrity. In a little while he became a favorite actor in the English provincial theatres in comedy, opera and farces. He played everything, from the fine gentleman to the low—from the king to the footboy, and in the theatrical towns of Bristol, Liverpool and Manchester he attained to a celebrity which caused Bernard to say of him that had he gone to London instead of New York he might have become the successor of Henderson and Garrick.

"Co-ordinate with the rise of his fame and fortune," writes Carpenter, his biographer, "was the growth of the evils which were fated to endanger the one and make shipwreck of the other; and his professional success and his gallantries running parallel to each other, like the two wheels of a gig, left their marks on every road he travelled."

To this Dunlap adds that while the traces of one wheel were erased as soon as made by the next theatrical gig that followed him, the other, like the wheel of the car which bears the Hindoo idol, crushed the hapless victims who were fascinated by the rider. Among the later victims of Hodgkinson in England was the wife of the distinguished London actor, Munden, but the first actress to whom he is known to have extended his "protection" was the celebrated Miss Chapman.

It is not generally known that this lady was an American by birth. She was born in Boston, and was just blooming into womanhood when the Revolution broke out. As her family was loyal to the crown she was carried away from the sound of the guns at Bunker Hill and taken to England to escape the disturbances in the Colonies. There she soon fell a victim to the wiles of a profligate young officer, and as it was an age of such peculiar profligacy that it was only a step from the arms of a lover to the stage it is not surprising that she became an actress.

We read in the old Thespian Dictionary that soon after she entered upon her theatrical career Miss Chapman married one of the Thespian corps, but the unkindness of her husband caused a separation. It was at that time that Hodgkinson loomed up in his character as her protector. The relation of the two strollers was as ill short-lived as it was ill assorted, and it soon ended.

Although Miss Chapman began her theatrical career in the provinces, playing in such towns as Chester, Cheltenham and Margate, it was not long until she was transferred to London, being engaged by Mr. Harris for Covent Garden in 1788, where she made her first appearance as Yarico. Her musical powers were indifferent, but in such pieces as "Inkle and Yarico" a century ago the ability to sing was not more necessary than it is now in "Pinafore" and "Patience." Her voice was soft and plaintive, and these qualities, together with her elegance of person and ease of deportment, insured her a favorable reception whenever she appeared. In 1802 Miss Chapman was at the Haymarket, under the management of Colman, the younger, and then she disappears from the annals of the stage, being supplanted by younger and consequently more acceptable actresses.

The portrait which I give of her is a study from an old English print engraved for Bell's edition of the "Fashionable Lovers," in which she played Augusta Aubrey. My interest in Hodgkinson naturally inspired an interest in Miss Chapman as his first flame, but she is deserving of being celebrated in these letters more particularly for the reason that she was the first American girl who adopted the stage as a profession.

The First Night of the Season.

The production of the "Black Flag" at the Union Square Theatre on Monday evening served to bring out the first-nighters for the first time this season. Not to know everybody in the house was to argue one's self unknown. The critics were all there, of course, and actors and actresses almost without number. Indeed it seldom happens that there are so many professional people in front, and the local dramatists were all on hand to compare Pettitt's work with their own.

Among the professionals were Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., who had come to town to assist in the send-off of his younger brother, Thomas W. Keene, whose friends predict that he is the coming tragedian; Frank Mordaunt, bluff as a skipper ashore; Louis Harrison, with a smile on his lips but tears in his dear young eyes; Prof. Herrmann, looking as pleased as his saturnine expression would allow; Miss Rose Coghlan, sedate and serious as becomes Mr. Wallack's leading lady; Annie Pixley, serene in the consciousness of a star fast mounting the theatrical firmament; and Maud Granger, looking remarkably well for a young woman with her obituary in type.

Of the dramatists, a head and shoulders above all others, was Bartley Campbell; Leonard Grover, kind and fatherly in his demeanor; A. C. Gunter, feeling a conscious pride in his own work when he compared the domestic with the imported article; Robert G. Morris, generous from his dramatist side but inclined to be severe in his critical capacity; and A. R. Caz-

auran, with a give-them-what-they-want, don't-care-what-it-is-if-it-only-pleases-them air.

Then there were the faces always seen on a first night, their identity hid behind names which somehow never get into print. Everybody had something to say about the play, and as most of them belonged to the D. H. class, unnecessarily loud in their applause and unnecessarily severe in their judgments between the acts. These constitute themselves the critics on first nights, the real critics being anonymous and recognizable only from their sharpened-pencil-stuck-behind-the-ear expression of countenance. In the morning they gave the "Black Flag" the full benefit of their formidable "buts"—splendid acting but an impoverished sort of play.

In spite of the untenable drawbacks the first night of the season went off with *eclat* and everybody who is anybody went home with the consciousness that another duty had been performed.

Arrival of Madame Theo.

Madame Theo, the famous French opera bouffe artiste, arrived in this city on Thursday by the steamer Labrador, of the French line. and after leaving the steamer proceeded to the Belvidere hotel. She was accompanied by her manager, Mr. Maurice Grau, and by the members of the company engaged to support her in the different operas in which she will appear during a short season of three weeks at the New Casino. A revenue cutter was placed at the disposal of several friends of Madame Theo, among them Messrs. H. Durand, Edgar Strakosch, Samuel Grau, Rudolph and Edward Aronson, and they met the steamer in the upper bay on its way to the city. As the cutter reached the Labrador, Madame Theo was seen standing at the side of the steamer, smiling and waving her hand in recognition to her friends. They were soon on board and were most enthusiastically greeted by the charming artiste. The spokesman of the party, after making a few preliminary remarks of a salutatory nature, accompanied by the usual gesticulations, read the following words of welcome ;

MADAME THEO.

MADAME THEO L'ENCHANTERESSE.

adame Theo, vous etes la bienvenue
New York city de vous-meme inconnue
es ouvriers du port, des longshoremen francais,
imez a recevoir, le voeu franc et parfait.
adame, au sein de notre Societe
ntrez franchement augmenter notre gaiete

out New York vous attend, fievreux impatient,
o! que de joie de plaisir votre grand talent,
nfantera pour nous, d'un tact sur, charmant.
ffrez nous ce tresor que Paris tout entier.

e bonheur au coeur a tant et tant admire.
n affrontant des flots la terrible furie
etes-vous pas venue, avec votre genie!
ompetz sur notre coeur, il est reconnaissant
o! oui, autant que votre talant est charmant.
vec quel grand plaisir, et quelle grande joie
ous irons ecouter votre tres belle voix,
enez pour bien certain que tout le nouveau monde

n vous prouvant sa gratitude profonde,
endra tresor de bills pour tresor de talent
t vous portera aux nues en vous louant
aurous-nous remercier assez le Labrador?
achez qui lui-meme porte l'humain tresor.
t nous le trouverons sain et sauf a son bord.

At the conclusion of the recital Madame Theo grasped each gentleman by the hand and thanked them warmly for the welcome. She said that it had been the dream of her artistic life to come to America, as much to give pleasure to Americans, if this were possible, as to have a good look at the country. She had no doubt that her experiences here would be pleasant enough to arouse the desire in her breast of one day revisiting these shores.

The reporters were all on hand of course, and while this little scene was in progress they had leisure to sum up Madame Theo's "points," and make up their minds as to what would do for a description of her dress. One of them found her a lithe, graceful little lady, with a wealth of blonde curls, vivacious dark gray eyes and a set of irreproachable teeth. As he knew all about Paris and the Parisians, he was quite sure there was something in her gait and general appearance strongly suggestive of the Parisienne—a certain *chic* which even American ladies find it hard to imitate. This was visible to the penetrating eyes of the reporter in spite of her being dressed in a brown taffetas duster.

That brown taffetas duster is already celebrated.

Another reporter found Madame Theo to be a most charming lady, petite in size, her perfect figure tastefully attired in a neatly fitting dress of brown silk, with a cunning little bonnet covering her dark brown hair, from which peeped a most roguish pair of laughing gray eyes, set in a charming face of perfect features. The cause of the overwhelming success which greeted Madame Theo on her first appearance in comic opera, and which has placed her at the head of opera bouffe artistes, was explained.

When asked by the reporter how she enjoyed the trip across the ocean, Madame Theo said, in the most enthusiastic manner:

It was charming. Captain Joucia was so attentive and anticipated every wish of mine. My cabin had been made a perfect little boudoir. I almost regret the voyage is over; it was so delightful. On the 20th, my patron saint's day, which with us is celebrated like birthday anniversaries with the English, they kindly arranged a little fete in my honor. I am to appear here first as "Madame l'Archduc," and though I am familiar with the part and have appeared in it many times, yet I have a feeling of timidity as the time approaches when I am to play before a strange audience in a foreign language. Still, withal, I feel encouraged by the fact that the American audiences are famous for the kindness with which they receive artistes on their first appearance among them.

It may be necessary to remark that the reporter's knowledge of Mme. Theo's first appearance in comic opera was exceedingly limited, and that he took her ovelwhelming success for granted, and threw in the roguish pair of laughing blue eyes.

According to one reporter this is the way Mme. Theo talks when she tries to explain why she came to this country:—

How did I make up my mind to visit this country? Well, I hardly know myself. During my passage from Calais to Dover some time ago I was in constant communication with the briny deep, and when all was over I took an oath that I would never set foot on board a steamer again. However, I could not give up the idea of visiting the United States. An actress, you know, remains *bete* (stupid) if she doesn't come over here once in her life at least. She continues to imagine that this country is peopled exclusively by red Indians and negroes, and all that sort of thing. So, when Mr. Grau came to me and offered me 10,000 francs for sixty representations here, plus my expenses and a percentage on the profits after the same have exceeded a certain sum—well, when he offered me this, I couldn't resist, could I?

The lady must have spoken in French to a reporter who could understand only English. Because Mme. Theo took an oath never to go on board a steamer again she found that she could not give up the idea of visiting the United States which she had never thought of doing before. Ah, it must have been Mr. Grau and his 10,000 francs, "plus expenses," and "a percentage on the profits after the same have exceeded a certain sum," that induced her to foreswear herself and come over here to satisfy her countrymen that New York is not inhabited "exclusively by red Indians." She grows still more lucid as she goes on. Hear her:—

Mr. Grau wanted me to start in August, and open here in the commencement of September. But it so happened that my contract with M. Bertrand, the Director of the Palais Royal, Renaissance and Varieties Theatres, did not end until September, and as that gentlemen has only Judic and Jeanne Granier as stars besides me, he was not very willing to allow me to go. My going against his will, on the other hand, would have exposed me to paying a penalty of 60,000 francs. Finally, after much discussion, M. Bertrand consented to annul the old contract and let me go on the condition that I should sign a fresh contract for a series of performances in Paris, to begin January next. So this gives me time to appear sixty times in this country, and also to rehearse for my appearance in Paris. But won't I just have to work hard! To appear sixty times here in two months, I will have to be on the boards steadily every night in the week except Sundays, and to give a matinee performance every Saturday.

Business, business always with this little Theo. "Only Judic and Jeanne Granier" and "60,000 francs." "But won't I have to work hard." Poor thing! "Sixty times in two months," and compelled to be "on the boards every night in the week except Sundays and to give a matinee performance every Saturday." 'Tis terrible to think of.

But the reporter not only took occasion to inform us that he was something of a Frenchman in his way, but that he had seen Mme. Theo six or seven years ago, when she was scarcely more than a debutante, and found that these many years of excessive toil and excessive pleasure combined had made little if any change in her appearance, and certainly none in her natural liveliness of disposition and gayety. It is no wonder he imagined she gossipped away amid merry laughs and active gesticulations like a French child of 14, and her sallies of wit were almost as numerous as her words, although her conversation, as he reported it, was little livelier than will be one of Mr. Grau's announcements.

But this particular reporter was outdone by another, who took a different way of showing

his accomplishments in the French language. This is his description :—

A more ravishing creature, an adorable *enjoleuse*, one would have to travel days to find. As difficult would it be to find a more charming head more deliciously attached to a body that is so graceful and so *distingue*. In a dark brown silk wrap over a light pongee dress, and with a high crowned round top hat, modestly trimmed with white lace, Madame looked the very incarnation of everything *chic*. The famous *chanteuse* expressed herself with great enthusiasm over the voyage and at the appearance of the metropolis.

Is not this ravishing?

The *Herald* apparently did not go to the ship at all, but boldly invaded the Theo apartments. The unconsciously funny man of the paper was sent, and this is the way he tells his story :—

A reportorial card stating the caller's mission elicited a prompt invitation to "Monsieur le Reporteur of the *'erald*" to trust himself to the sportive elevator, and after a brief journey in that uncertain conveyance he reached the floor on which were Mme. Theo's rooms.

Monsieur seated himself, and, having nothing else to do, looked about. The rooms of a prima donna of the bouffe stage of Paris. The present abode of the former chanteuse of the Pavillion. What did it contain? Let us look around On the right nothing except the furniture of the hotel; on the left, ditto; in front, ditto; behind, ditto. Result, nothing. One moment. What is that on the mantel? Rather rude to be staring around after this fashion, but those are certainly photographs of "Madame who will receive Monsieur directly." A little closer inspection; a photograph of the well proportioned figure of a very handsome young woman in a semi-military dress; bright, pretty face; features regular, large, wondering and evidently lustrous eyes; nose and mouth exceedingly pretty, the head gracefully carried and well set, the hair drawn closely at the sides and coiled low at the back, but allowed to curl prettily about the forehead. It must be Mme. Theo in "Mme. l'Archiduc." A rustle of a woman's dress in the next room; the glimpse of a pink robe as it passes near the half open door; the entrance of the wearer with a quick, light step, and the duplicate of the photograph, except in costume, stood within the room, paused, and then said in French, while the face broke into a pretty smile as she put out her hand :—

"A gentleman from the *Herald*, I believe?"

"Yes; Mme. Theo, I presume, as I need hardly ask after seeing the photograph on the mantel."

"Yes. Those are photographs I had taken in Paris in my costume of Mme. l'Archiduc. I am glad you like it. Yes, it is the character in which I shall make my debut here, and I am sure I hope that the people will like me in the *role*. No, it is not my greatest part; that is, I suppose I ought to have a special pride in those characters which I have created, and, of course, La Jolie Parfumeuse is looked upon as that in which I ought to take special interest. And I do, as it is associated with so many pleasant recollections. But I thought I would open with Mme. l'Archiduc for many reasons. For instance: Well, I will tell you why. I understand the Parfumeuse has been done here a great deal and by several established favorites. The other is comparatively new, on the other hand. I felt that I should be judged on my own merits, and not compared at every point with others if I chose a comparatively new *role*, so I decided on l'Archiduc. That is one of many reasons."

All this was said in a pleasant, familiar, off-hand manner, as though Mme. Theo and Monsieur of the *'erald* had been quite old friends and had just accidentally mentioned the subject to each other when they might have talked of it any time these ten years past had it ever occurred to their minds. It was not the "off-hand familiarity" that suggested an unladylike lack of self-respect, but an easy, unassuming, half childish frankness that said plainly, "Please put yourself at ease. We have only just met, of course, but we may as well talk at our ease as stand upon entirely unnecessary and exceedingly awkward formality. I am Mme. Theo; you are Monsieur of the *Herald*. I am very glad to see you, and I hope you are glad to see me. What can I tell, for I suppose this is an interview, and I hope I am saying what is right?"

Besides Mme. Theo, the troupe brought over by Manager Grau includes Mmes. Morel, Dorsay and Vallot, and Mlle. Lea Buisson. Mme. Betti, who is one of the leading members of the company, will arrive here some time next week in the steamer St. Germain. She is said to possess a fine voice, and is a first class actress in soubrette parts. She appeared with great success last year in Cairo, Egypt, and more recently in Brussels and Rouen. Mme. Dorsay's voice is of an unusually fine quality, and as a soubrette actress she ranks with Mme. Betti. She has lately been performing in Antwerp. Mme. Morel is a soprano, and has an established reputation as a prima donna in comic opera. Mlle. Lea Buisson has a sweet, fresh, soprano voice, and is a charming actress. She is but 18 years of age and very pretty. Mr. Grau thinks that she will become a great favorite here. Monsieur Huguet, the leading baritone of the company, enjoys a great reputation where he is known. Although but twenty-five years of age, he has been singing with extraordinary success in various parts of France, lately in Nancy. His musical education was chiefly obtained at the Conservatory in Paris, but as yet he has no professional reputation in the French capital. His voice is described as powerful and rich in quality. MM. Noe and Grivel, the tenors, are from Brussels and Rouen, and are said to be very good, both as singers and actors. M. Grivel will come over in the St. Germain at the same time as Mme. Betti. Among other members of the troupe are MM. Mezieres, Duplan, Mussy, Salvator, and Vinchon, and Mmes. A. Moreau, Genevieve, Caro, Eva, and Colbert.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—"THE BLACK FLAG."

Harry Glyndon	E. F. Thorne
Owen Glyndon	Edwin P. Varrey
Jack Glyndon	Thomas J. Martin
Scaraum	J. G. Saville
Captain Handysides	George S. Robinson
Jem Seaton	John Ince
First Warder	Edward F. Goodwin
Second Warder	George Allen
Ned	Mrs. Nat Goodwin (Eliza Weathersby)
Naomi	Mis Agnes Proctor
Topsey Carroll	Miss Jennie Murdock
Ruth Glyndon	Florence Robinson
Sim Lazarus	Nat Goodwin

The critics did not take kindly to the "Black Flag" at the Union Square Theatre on Monday night, but the public continued to show approval throughout the week. With that class of theatregoers which only desires to be entertained it will always be a success; for the varying fortunes of the hero, the temporary triumph of vice over virtue followed eventually by a lasting victory of the latter over the former, are smoothly told and transpire with strong and occasionally thrilling effect, said one. It is the most poverty-stricken, in a literary sense, of the many melodramas which have been inflicted on this patient generation, exclaims another. It contains the usual contingent of villains and innocent victims, and, in addition to the traditional melodramatic paraphernalia, a brand-new bicycle, adds a third.

The story of the "Black Flag" is of the well known melodramatic kind. The good young man is turned out of doors and the real scapegrace son remains at home to be cherished. A noble-hearted mother, with some such reason as mothers have only in plays, goes out with him. Then there is the Jew which Shakspere did not draw, the boy played by a girl as is customary with the Pettitt dramas, and the prison scene where everybody manages to get into jail in the most unaccountable manner and out of which the prisoner gets by the usual melodramatic leap for life. There are at hand, of course, a waiting boat, a secret cave, and whatever is necessary, not so much to safety in flight as to an effective stage picture. The end comes as in all melodramas, the wronged being righted, the wrongdoer punished and everybody made happy.

As to the acting there can be only one opinion—it was excellent. Mr. Thorne as the hero was vigorous and manly, and Mr. Goodwin as the money lender exceedingly funny. The two actors, so different in their methods, make a very happy combination in this piece, and they cannot fail to draw large audiences wherever they go. Mr. Varrey as the father gives a rendering of a fair part, Mrs. Goodwin as Ned is bright and tearful by turns, and Mr. Ince with a small part succeeds in proving that it is not "lengths" which make an actor's success.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE—"RANCH No. 10."

Al. McClelland / Tom McClelland	Mr. Harry Meredith
Theopolis Robbins, M. D	Mr. T. M. Hunter
Joseph Kebook	Mr. Harry Clifton
Peter Particular Prose	Mr. Sid Smith
Barney Holt	Mr. J. M. Bradford
Parson Jim Scripture	Mr. Daniel DeWolfe
Pat Strangle	Mr. Andrew Jackson
Miss Coriander Lucretia Smalley	Miss Annie Douglas
Miss Annie Smalley	Miss Emma Vaders
Miss Neeley Barrett	Miss Lillie DeGrey
Silver Bud	Miss Marie Acosta

Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre was reopened on Monday evening to an audience which completely filled the theatre. In the short time that elapsed since Gus Williams' retirement the house was completely redecorated and refitted so, that now it is more than ever a charming and cosy place of amusement.

The play, as its name indicates, is of the far West type. It is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Meredith, and we presume it was written by him to afford himself scope as an actor in the dual *role* he assigns himself. The story has been told as follows:

The play is in five acts, and the scene in the first act is outside of "Ranch 10"—a well set scene, with real live

pigeons strolling about the ranch roof. Miss Coriander Lucretia Smalley, a formidable spinster, owns "Ranch 10" and a "corner grocery store," which forms part of the building. She has two charges, in Miss Annie Smalley from Massachusetts, and "Silver Bud," a squaw, who has been rescued from an Indian villain, Joseph Kebook, by Al McClelland, a ranch man, who is betrothed to Annie Smalley. Al has a twin brother Tom, who owns a Colorado mine, and the twins are of the "can't-tell-t'other-from which" order. Tom comes from afar to attend his brother's wedding, but as he never appears with his brother he is taken for Al by every one but Annie, to whom he makes himself known. Kebook, the Indian, pursues the squaw to the ranch and tries to woo her, but she tells him she hates him and he retires sulkily. Subsequently, after a love scene between Al and his betrothed, the squaw tells Al she loves him. He says it cannot be, but instead promises to shoot a bird and give her the wing. He retires to the right wing with a shotgun. Kebook, who has concealed himself behind a tree, fires at the squaw and kills her. She dies after the usual stage fashion. Al rushes on the stage and is confronted by Kebook, who is attacked by a band of cowboys looking like Italian ragpickers. He accuses Al of the crime, the evidence seems to be against him, his shotgun has one barrel discharged and is smoking. He flees from the ranch. His brother entering a moment latter and being supposed to be Al, takes in the responsibility of the situation at a glance and is determined to bear the consequences. Incidental to the early portion of this scene are Peter Prose, a judge, who causes some merriment by taking a census of the inhabitants of the ranch, and Dr. Theophilus Robbins, who goes bail for the appearance of Tom at the trial. Miss Annie in one part of the act rather casually says if she can do nothing else she can trust in heaven, and sings a song in a bad contralto voice about "Trusting in God." She is answered by a most untuneful quartet stationed behind the ranch. This is in reality one of the humorous scenes, though it is not, of course, intended as such. Al McClelland has fled to his brother's place, a hundred miles distant. Tom stays by the ranch. He is attacked by Kebook and his gang. He had previously put some gunpowder in the ranch. Escaping for an instant from his assailants he fires the ranch. There is an explosion. The cowboys exit by the wings unhurt and the ranch burns well. All this is very effective and Tom makes a gallant rescue of Annie, who is in the building disguised as a boy and about to start out to find her lover. This scene of course draws a perfect yell from the gallery boys and generally pleases the house. Annie is next seen walking down a snowy peak with Parson Jim Scripture, she having journeyed the one hundred miles to find Al. He is lying on a square block of imaginary snow in the centre of the stage. He has fallen from a peak. He recognizes Annie. The Parson says, "Whom the Lord hath joined together let no man put asunder," and goes through a brief marriage service with his hat on. The nuptials completed Al dies. Annie's grief seems slight, but she vows revenge on Kebook. The last scene is laid in the Cheyenne criminal court. The case comes up and Kebook, with a host of circumstantial evidence, seems to have the best of it. Annie, the principal witness, is not there, but she appears in widow's weeds and in the nick of time to make a fairly good case against him. But the crushing evidence comes from the doctor, who has exhumed the squaw's body and extracted a copper bullet from one of her ribs. Kebook is known as "Red Bullet" from the peculiar bullet he uses. The bullet is produced in court, and as it could not have been shot from Al's gun the guilt is fixed upon Kebook. There is a general hurrah in court. Tom makes himself known. Annie tells the story of Al's death and the judge quickly unites her in marriage to Tom, to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. Harry Meredith acts with the rough, manly vigor which belongs to the part, showing many sterling qualities as an actor. At the end of the third act his efforts were rewarded with a spontaneous call before the curtain. The trial scene, which in itself is uproarious, was made extremely funny by the exaggerated comedy of Mr. Sidney Smith, who shares the honors with Mr. Meredith. Mr. Hunter was successful as the doctor, but Mr. Clifton entirely misconceives the Indian character and dialect.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—"YOUTH."

Frank Darlington	Mr. Gustavus Levick
Rev. Mr. Darlington	Mr. R. F. McClannin
Colonel Dalton	Mr. G. W. Thompson
Major Reckley	Mr. J. W. Murray
Hon. Arthur Lavender	Mr. William Morris
Captain Loverton	Mr. P. Toole
Willie Spratley	Mr. Forbes Dawson
Larry O'Phesey	Mr. Frank Lamb
Tom Gardham	Mr. George Jordan
Miss Eve Malvoisie	Miss Emmie Wilmot
Mrs. Darlington	Mrs. Charles Poole
Mrs. Walsingham	Miss Fanny Addison
Alice Wenlock	Miss Sarah Lascelles
Kitty Athol	Miss Minnie Vining
Amy Athol	Miss C. Calcraft
Bessie	Miss Mollie Revel

Niblo's Garden was chiefly interesting to theatregoers during the week from the fact that the favorite theatre was more beautiful than ever before. In every part the house showed evidences of Mr. Poole's taste and liberality, and the new drop curtain representing a scene from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was so much admired that the artist was rewarded with a call from the audience.

The play itself is too familiar to need remark, and so it is only necessary to say that Mr. Levick made an admirable Frank, strong, straightforward and manly—in a word, vigorous without being overstrained. After him came Mr. Forbes Dawson, who achieved more than decided success in a subordinate part. Messrs. Murray, Lamb and McClannin were all deserving of mention, and so also were Mrs. Emmie Wilmot as Eve and Miss Fanny Addison in her old part of Mrs. Walsingham. The rest of the cast were acceptable.

WINDSOR THEATRE—THE NEW "JANE EYRE."

Jane Eyre	Miss Charlotte Thompson
Mrs. Reed	Miss Maud Mowbray
Colonel Dent	Mr. Charles Drake
John Reed	Mr. John L. Wooderson
Brochelhurst	Mr. William Yerance
Barney	Mr. Charles Walker
Mrs. Fairfax	Mrs. Jordan
Lady Ingraham	Miss Carrie Reynolds
Maniac	Miss Della Sawyer
Adele	Miss Clara Throop
Lord Rochester	Mr. Charles G. Craig
Colonel Dent	Mr. Charles Drake
Jacob	Mr. John L. Wooderson
Achille de Leon	Mr. William Yerance

Miss Charlotte Thompson appeared during the week in her old *role* in a new version of Miss Bronte's novel. The part is one which she has made her own by careful and well-poised acting in a creation which it is especially difficult to invest with dramatic interest.

METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR—"THE MASCOTTE."

Bettina	Miss Ada Richmond
Fiamette	Miss Pauline Hall
Lorenzo	Mr. J. W. Norcross, Jr
Frederic	Mr. S. P. Norman
Pippo	Mr. Charles Dungan
Rocco	Mr. W. H. Compton
Matteo	Mr. W. Gillon

During the week "The Mascotte" was given at the Alcazar by a company organized by Mr. Norcross. Such had been the haste of preparation, and so imperfect the rehearsals, that the performance on the opening night narrowly escaped complete damnation. As the week went on marked improvement was shown, but as they ended so at the very least they should have begun. An exception is to be made in favor of Mr. Charles Dungan, who sang and acted well from the beginning. This evening the Norcross company will be replaced by the company which has been singing at the Bijou.

When I read an announcement of the New Olympic the other day knowing as I did that it meant nothing for legitimate art, and that it might be construed to mean almost anything, I confess there was something in the name that stirred emotions within me of the time when I first became a Prompter.

* * *

Why? Simply because it carried me back to the day that all old fellows like me are proud to recall. The words New Olympic compel me, in spite of myself, to remember the old Olympic. Those were happy days, my boys, when the pit and the stage really had an interest in each other. Night after night the same people sat in front—year after year the same names were in the bill. But there was acting I can tell you on one side of the footlights and prodigious enjoyment on the other.

* * *

Duff's Olympic? What do you take me for—a child? I'm talking about Mitchell's Olympic, my boys. Ben Baker was the Prompter there during the whole thirteen years of its existence, and a better Prompter never held the book. Ben's head is fuller of juicy theatrical anecdote than any head in the United States to day. And Ben is still a boy like myself, as fresh and as kittenish as he was from '39 to '50. Ben and I were boys together. We were at the old National together, and if we were not at the Olympic together it was because—well, because Ben was the Prompter there.

* * *

Ben and I often met after the play—after the plays I should say, for at our house there were always two, and at the Olympic never fewer than three—for an oyster stew and a quiet chat. I was down at the Park then where Simpson was on his last legs. As an actor, I wasn't of much account, I suppose, but I was a great observer, and I knew how a thing ought to be done, even if I could not do it. Ben could act, and you ought to have seen him in the hat, cloak and boots, which he always kept in the wing so as to be ready to "go on" whenever a ghost was required, to appreciate what a ghost really is in an emergency.

* * *

When Ben is in New York now we manage to meet for an old-time talk. Not long ago we took a stroll together. It was the week after Ben came back from Boston, and the week before all New York left town for the summer. It was a field day for Ben. We met more old Olympians than I should believed ever lived. By Jove! Judge Gardner came down from the bench to greet Ben and talk about the Olympic. Dinsmore forgot all about John—John Hoey, I mean, and the Adams Express—in renewing associations of a time when he was as poor as we were, and devilish glad to get into the Olympic pit for a shilling.

* * *

You should have heard the old fellows talk, and they talked to Ben as if they wanted to make sure that he

knew as much about the Olympic as they did. "I was a boy then," said one, "and as poor as a church mouse, but many a time I was lifted over the heads of the people going right past the gatekeeper into the pit."

* * *

What a delicious little creature Connie Clarke was—there isn't anybody like her that I know of now. And Mrs. Quinn—she was a sprite I can tell you. And Mary Taylor—"Our Mary"—the Centre Market boys were always ready to fight for her while she lived, and even now they hold her memory dearer than they ever held their mutton. And the actors, they were actors—not fellows who went on to wing parts, but skilled artists who played them, by Jove!

* * *

Every actor at the old Olympic, from Mitchell down to Syl. Bleecker, was a star—that is, he would have been a star in this age of combinations in acting as well as in betting on horse races. Talk of Duff's Olympic—it had its glorious days, I admit, but it never had a Mitchell and a Mitchell company of Olympians.

* * *

Better than Fox? There you touch me where I am weak, I acknowledge. Yes, better than Fox, because there were a dozen foxes with their tails tied together in the same wheatfield.

* * *

I never tire talking of the old Olympic somehow, although I never was an Olympian myself. It was the very perfection of what we call vaudeville nowadays—comedy, farce, and operetta. The so-called opera of this epoch is only ballad singing, and the acting at best it is automatic. It was different then. Mary Taylor could sing—she could sing much better than many persons who are now rated as *prime donne*, but she was much greater as an actress than as a singer.

* * *

Mrs. John Wood? I see that you will persist in comparing the Olympic you knew with the Olympic I knew. Mrs. Wood was great, I admit—wonderful, but Mitchell often had three Matildas in the same bill.

* * *

What do I think of the new Olympic which is to be? I don't know anything about it and I am afraid to ask. I shall read this and tell you what I think about it:

Comedy, Song-Dance, Emotional Novelties and a Frolicsome, Bewitching new Sensation.	OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC OLYMPIC	will shortly be opened as a Bon Ton Resort and Home of Delight.

I don't know what to say, but I'll tell you what I think. It reads to me as if somebody is taking an unwarrantable liberty with an honored theatrical reminiscence. A place that is to be "bon ton" is not only sure to be vulgar but vicious. I may be wrong, but that is my opinion.

* * *

Besides, when people advertise like this:—

WANTED—A live man who can invest $2,500 at once and who is willing to devote his time to BUSINESS can have a liberal interest in the NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE. Investigation solicited.

You may be pretty sure you can be sure of nothing.

* * *

Mitchell, it is true, began on a more modest basis even. He had no money, and he didn't ask anybody for any. He simply hired a theatre, engaged a company, and threw open his doors. It wasn't a time of "rent in advance," and all he was to pay was $25 a week. He opened with a splendid bill; Browne, the original Robert Macaire, was in the bill, and all the company were New York favorites. The prices would now be considered not half price even, but notwithstanding all this the public stayed away. The first week was a failure. "We all wore long faces," Ben Baker said to me once. Mitchell determined to make the admission to the pit 12½ cents; he did it and he succeeded.

* * *

The old fellows who now pride themselves on having been "pittites" at Mitchell's Olympic would turn up their noses majestically nowadays at a shilling pit. If you want to catch them you must double the prices. Let us have cigars—two for a quarter, Charley, please—and then I'll go home and dream of the good time coming.

—Among the arrivals from Europe during the week the most prominent was that of Miss Lotta. The popular little actress will now begin her season, and she cannot fail to be all the more vivacious because of the rest she has had by sea and land.

—Remenyi is a bold man or he would not have agreed to give concerts in Texas. If they do not like his fingering in that State they may show him the method of criticism peculiar to that locality. Notwithstanding the evident danger, he has signed with a Galveston manager to give thirty concerts during December. It is said he has a guarantee of $6,000.

—Mr. W. G. Regnier is to be the Romeo to Mlle. Rhea's Juliet this season. We trust the public will not ask him "Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

—Mr. Charles Cathcart, who arrived on Wednesday, comes to superintend the rehearsals of the "Romany Rye." With the importation of English melodrama and English scenery the necessity of the importation of a stage manager becomes too plain for argument. And yet ——

—Mlle. Rossini ought to be happy. While at Richfield Springs she was presented with one of his pictures by Oscar Wilde, inscribed, "*A Mlle. Rossini, la seule Rossignolle qui chante toute l'annee l'homage d'Oscar Wilde.*"

—Fanny Davenport is to play in London after all, and she will appear at Toole's Theatre September 9, in a new play from the French. We were quite sure the brave Fanny would not return until she had shown the London actresses how to act.

—Some wags were inclined to joke because the intention to establish a school of American ballet at the Alcazar was realized in the introduction to the public of the interesting novices Lepri and Bonfanti. With experience these young American ladies will do very well, indeed.

—Bartley Campbell is as fortunate with his fists as with his gray goose quill. While walking with his wife in the neighborhood of Clifton, Staten Island, on Sunday, he was rudely jostled by two young men, one of whom the formidable name of John Morrissey. Mr. Campbell remonstrated, whereupon the young men attempted to knock him, but like Mr. Sullivan in his attempt upon Mr. Tug Wilson, they failed. Mr. Campbell held them at bay until a policeman appeared, and on Monday he had the satisfaction of seeing them punished just as he punishes the villain in his own plays.

Mr. J. C. Buckstone, the son of the comedian, and his wife, who is to be a member of Wallack's company next season, arrived by the City of Berlin last Saturday. On the last night of the voyage the Buckstones played a comedietta for the benefit of the Liverpool Seaman's Orphan Asylum.

—Aimee is coming, after all, but Mr. Maurice Grau is to be her manager. She does not seem to take kindly to the opinion of Brooks & Dickson, that the outlook for her in America this season is a bad one.

—These things are important:—

"Fourteen Days," which will open at the Union Square Theatre October 30, had a run of over a year in London. It is said to be very funny.—*J. W. Morrissey.*

——————————*Post.*
——————————*Commercial.*
——————————*Mail and Express.*
——————————*Telegram.*

Charles Wyndham is said by the London *Referee* to be the handsomest man and most graceful actor on the English stage.—*J. W. Morrissey.*

——————————*Post.*
——————————*Commercial.*
——————————*Mail and Express.*
——————————*Telegram.*

James W. Morrissey has gone to Lexingtoh, Ky., to look after the business of the Raymond Company.—*J. W. Morrissey.*

——————————*Post.*
——————————*Commercial.*
——————————*Mail and Express.*
——————————*Telegram.*

Mr. Morrissey expects to return in time to give our evening contemporaries their usual supply of "news" for their Saturday editions.

—Something even more important:—

En passant it may be noticed that the New Casino is rapidly approaching completion, though in certain directions there appears to exist some doubt whether the entire building will be finished by the 11th proximo. Workmen are now engaged on the *foyers*, of which there are to be three. We are informed that the seats in the auditorium are to be of light blue plush, with a framework of "old gold."—*Press Agent.*

If this is not printed at least three times a week by our evening contemporaries, particularly the information that the seats are to be of light blue plush with a framework of old gold, the press agent is to be sat down upon.

—Another:—

Mr. Haverly, as well as an English gentleman in New Orleans who is not known as a theatrical speculator, has offered to buy an interest in Marion Elmore's thirty-eight weeks' tour, but Manager Hayden has refused to listen to such overtures.—*Manager Hayden.*

Certainly.

—And finally:—

The last performance of "The Merry War" at the Metropolitan Alcazar was given last night. This evening "The Mascotte" will be done, with a lady as Bettina for whom the management claim that she will prove the handsomest exponent of the part, and of whose musical gifts the veteran Max Maretzek, under whose tuition she has been, speaks loudly in praise.—*Box Office Critic*, Saturday.

Miss Ada Richmond sang quite indifferently as Bettina.—*Herald*, Sunday.

The audience was large and good tempered.—*Times.*

Critics will differ, but we presume this is only another example of "Before and After."

—Telegram to Leigh Lynch, Union Square Theatre:—"It is a boy and weighs eleven pounds."

—Theodore Hamilton is in London on the way to this city. If he has made a pocketful of rocks in Australia, he will be sure to go into management upon his return; if not he may go back to the case or the proof-room in the *Herald* office until something better turns up.

—Mr. J. W. Hamilton reports that he had two offers of $10,000, for his interest in the Mount Morris Theatre which he refused. Jack would have done better to remember that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

—Mr. Daisey, the author of Mr. James O'Neill's new play, "An American King," is at present in this city, and denies the current rumor that the play was done here

under the title of "Gold Mad," and claims that it bears no resemblance to "An American King," which was first produced at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, in June last. As to the resemblance it would be very hard to make it out as it would be next to impossible to find a credible witness who saw "Gold Mad."

—Miss Minnie Palmer will play four engagements in this city during the coming season, appearing in four different theatres.

—"A Daughter of the Nile" will be produced at the Standard Theatre, September 4, under the direction of the author, Miss Laura Don. The piece is now in rehearsal at the Standard. The scenery, costumes and properties, will cost about five thousand dollars. "A Daughter of the Nile" is not a melodrama, but a romantic comedy drama, and its great scene represents a living statue over a haunted well, in a garden in Paris. Miss Don, who plays the leading role, impersonates the statue in this scene.

—As Mrs. Labouchere is coming to this country with Mrs. Langtry, the following bit of gossip, which Miss Annie Wakeman tells to a Chicago newspaper, is peculiarly toothsome :—

A dramatic agent, Mr. Henry Smart, who is well informed on stage lore, told me a romance about Labouchere and his wife as occurring about twenty-five years ago, when he was a lad, at Wallack's old theatre, when it was on Broadway, near the corner of Broome street. Labouchere was then an attache of the British Legation, and Miss Hodson was a member of the Wallack company. Had they "met by chance the usual way," I don't know, but met they had, and Cupid on his part, and possibly cupidity on hers (for Labouchere was then, as now, rich), had made them lovers. Brougham's "Pocahontas" was then on the boards, and she was the beau iful savage. One evening 7.30 came, and the call boy repeated "No Miss Hodson." She was, however, a quick dresser, and all preparations proceeded as usual. Curtain time came, and still no Pocahontas, Powhatan (Brougham) and Captain Smith (dear old Walcot) amicably aiding him, but in vain. The house was full. What was to be done, especially as there was no understudy? "I have it!" said Brougham; "I'll play my daughter as well." Everybody laughed. He rang up, made an apology for her absence, and sure enough, whenever Pocahontas was to come on or stand, or speak, or sing, Brougham would fill her place and do all her lines and business and singing, saying: "If Miss Hodson were only here she would say this," &c., &c. It is needless to say the effect was excessively ludicrous, and the burlesque thus burlesqued went so well that at first it was determined to run the piece in that way. However, a substitute was sent for, and the next day "the murder was out," Pocahontas and Labouchere had eloped and sailed on the previous afternoon in a Cunarder for home. An explanatory letter had miscarried.

It will be observed that this gossip, whether true or not, is the kind which Mr. Labouchere delights to relate in his sprightly paper, *Truth*.

It was woful misfortune which took the young English actor, Arthur, from the rehearsal at Daly's on Monday, to Ludlow Street Jail. Mr. Arthur's offence was that he had eloped with the wife of Mr. Eric Bayley. If his elopement was as ludicrous as the reasons, upon which he based his hopes of release, it was very funny. "I'll get out soon" he remarked "because Mr. and Mrs. Bayley have been reunited."

—Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr. is being prosecuted or persecuted it impossible to say which, for too much marriage. It used to be told of William Calder, a well known citizen of Boston, whose daughter Ellen, Mr. Thorne married many years ago, that when he heard that Mr. Thorne was supporting a well known actress, he remarked "I wish he would support my daughter, his wife." Ellen Thorne has been living in retirement for some years with her daughter, Grace E. Thorne, who is now a young lady and is beginning to attract attention as a juvenile actress, at the Boston Theatre. For a month past Mr. Thorne's many friends have been congratulating him upon a windfall of some $500,000, bequeathed to his wife, Mary Swift Brown by her father, Ex-Mayor Swift of Philadelphia. At the same time there was a bill for divorce on file in the Boston courts, which sets forth that the petitioner, Ellen Thorne, is the lawful wife of Charles R. Thorne It is claimed that they were joined in wedlock in Boston, on April 24, 1859; that there was born to them October 20, 1860, a daughter, Grace E. Thorne. It is further alledged that Thorne soon afterwards went to California, that he returned to New York, and has been living for some years with Mary Swift Brown, wherefore the libellant asks an absolute divorce, and that suitable alimony be granted. The bill was filed about two years ago, but Thorne's counsel secured postponements, the Court, meanwhile, ordering the payment of alimony at the rate of $1,000 a year during the pendency of the case. A number of friends of Mrs. Thorne and her daughter have recently urged her to press the case to immediate trial. Counsel have been secured for her. It is said that there will be no serious opposition to the issue of the decree, a claim at one time urged by Mr. Thorne's counsel that a divorce had been obtained in the West having been abandoned.

—Having succeeded in making Modjeska the champion emotional artist in broken English, Mr. Harry Sargent is about to make John L. Sullivan the champion everything, from might, muscle and manhood to broken noses. But not content with the champion of the world and the trainer of champions, Mr. Sargent is also going to bring forward a champion light weight, and middle weight, and champion boxers, wrestlers, dancers, vocalists, and comedians. Everything about his "show" will be real—a real prize fighter, a real trainer, Miss Gracie Parker a real song and dance artist, and Miss Annie Hart a real comic singer. In this day of real realism, when Jem Mace or Prof Laflin plays Charles in "As You Like It," and real Indians and real gypsies are part of the legitimate drama, as the word must now be understood, Mr. Sargent's "champions" are entitled to be classed with the other representatives of the "legitimate."

—Dion Bouciceult's brogue is declared by a London journal to be affected by an American accent. He knew that if he tried to teach them anything they would get back at him.

—Our dear friend, Maurice Strakosch, is back to New York, and his one and only artist, Miss Emma Thursby, is to follow him, sailing on the Elbe on the 8th prox. In reality, Mr. Strakosch has nothing mapped out, nothing arranged, but he is on the ground, and so he can afford to look over the field with complacency.

"In a few days," he says, "I shall doubtless have my programme completed. It will be safe to announce that the first concert will be given about the first of October. Miss Thursby will probably be supported by one or two first class vocalists and a competent pianist. I have, however, made no engagements as yet, but the New York public may rest assured that I shall offer them nothing but what is thoroughly good. After leaving here she will sing in Boston and Philadelphia. Then she will go to the Pacific coast, stopping at the principal cities en route. We shall give several concerts in California and then return to New York by the southern route, taking in Havana. I am confident that this tour can be accomplished in three months. Miss Thursby's professional engagements abroad will then demand her speedy return to Europe. I am free to confess that I did not care to have her come to America just at present, her success in the different European countries has been so great. She was anxious to come, however. She said that she was homesick and wanted to see her native land and her friends, therefore we planned this trip."

"Has Miss Thursby improved as a singer since she left here?" Mr. Strakosch was asked.

"Wonderfully, my dear sir, wonderfully," he replied. "Before she went to Europe her voice was rather weak and her manner somewhat cold. Now her voice is full and round, and her singing very sympathetic. She has a perfect voice, and is to-day the greatest concert singer in the world. I have been a manager for 34 years, and I have never known an artist to achieve such rapid and brilliant success as Miss Thursby achieved in Europe. She has met emperors, kings, queens, statesmen, and the most eminent musicians in the old country, and she charmed them all by her voice. Contact with other great singers gave her confidence in herself, and evidently inspired her to the very fullest development of her vocal powers. Her triumphs in Norway and Sweden, where the people are as cold as ice to strangers, were extraordinary. Socially she has been as great a favorite as she has been professionally. In fact her modesty and her amiable disposition win friends for her wherever she goes. I understand that it is the intention of her New York friends to give her a grand reception in the Bay upon her arrival here."

Modest Maurice Strakosch. That little hint about the reception is mild, even for you.

THE PRODUCTION OF "PLUCK."

[From the London *Times*.]

"Pluck" is described as "a story of £50,000." It might with more precision be called a story of unmitigated, and so far as can be made out successful villany. The villany is kept at high pressure throughout, and lest there should be any failure in this respect two villains are provided instead of the one who has served the purpose of the dramatist from time immemorial. When it is stated that these worthies contrive between them to ruin a bank by means of forgeries, to entrap the banker's daughter into an unworthy marriage, to wreck a railway train, to murder the banker, to promote a panic in the city which results in the smashing of windows and doors by an infuriated mob, and to crown their proceedings by causing a terrible conflagration, in which one or both perish—the denouement is far from clear—it will be seen that their time is pretty well filled up. The prime mover in all these transactions is Stephen Clinton, a bank manager, who, early in the play, secures the hand of his employer's daughter, Florence Templeton, by casting an unfounded suspicion upon her true lover, Jack Springfield, a well meaning but unfortunate young man, who is always at hand when a good or heroic deed has to be done. Stephen Clinton does not want Florence for her own sake, or even for the sake of her father's bank, which he knows to be ruined by his own defalcations, but for the sake of £50,000 to which she is heiress in the event of a certain Ellen Maitland, the true heiress, not being found within a year. Ellen Maitland is of course alive. Her existence becomes known to Stephen Clinton, and with the help of the second villain, Peter Keene, who is at once a parasite and a levier of blackmail upon his chief, Clinton spares no pains to get her out of the way.

A bribe of £5,000—the authors deal in round sums—induces Keene to try to wreck the 9.50 P. M. train, by which it is known that Ellen Maitland travels to London. Meanwhile, however, and on the very morning of his marriage, Clinton is denounced as a forger and a villain. The lady refuses to go with him—it is seen that the authors reserve her charms for Jack Springfield—and Clinton is arrested at the instance of his father-in-law and taken to London in the very train he has persuaded his accomplice to destroy. Then follows the great sensation scene upon which the authors seem to rely for the success of their play—the "railway disaster." This is certainly a well contrived piece of stage mechanism. We see a roadside

station and passengers hurrying to catch the London train, including Ellen Maitland and the detective who has Clinton in custody. The whole station sinks through the stage and we see in its place a portion of the railway by moonlight, the realism and picturesqueness of the scene being increased by such accessories as semaphore signals, a bridge, and the lights of the village twinkling in the distance. Keene is lurking about and, and after much prolix soliloquizing, fastens a sleeper across the rails. The train comes along, and, meeting with the obstruction, tumbles up in a heap amid a great deal of shrieking and screaming from the passengers, who are seen making their way out of the broken carriages. At the height of the confusion the cry is heard, "Another train is coming," and, sure enough, in comes a second train from the opposite direction and adds to the destruction. No one seems to be killed, not even Ellen Maitland; but the catastrophe is made use of to enable Clinton to escape in order to perpetrate further villanies. The first of these that lies to Clinton's hand is the murder of Templeton, his father-in-law, in a private room at the bank. Keene, curiously enough, has been here in search of valuables, and has by accident got locked up in the strong room. After the murderous struggle between Clinton and his victim the former opens the door of the strong room with the view of hiding the body in a secret vault, when he is confronted by his old accomplice. "You here!" he exclaims, and his surprise is not unnatural, for it must be confessed that the authors at this point have made their fiction somewhat stranger than fact.

But there is no time for parley. The body is disposed of and the two villains are free to assist at the next tableau, which is the destruction of the bank by a crowd armed with brickbats and crowbars. How this helps forward the story is not apparent, nor does it matter. More than one of the other tableaux are open to the same criticism. Especially is this the case with the succeeding one—the outside of the Criterion in the great snow storm of January, 1881. The effect here, as indeed it is throughout, is realistic in the extreme, except that the stage carpenter has not been able very successfully to simulate the appearance of snow lying in the streets. In this scene Ellen Maitland and her baby—the baby seems to be introduced for sentimental reasons—are seen in a state of the greatest wretchedness; and the two villains being still on her track, we are prepared for the next and concluding sensation—the burning of the house in which she lives. Clinton, it appears, has been able to get rid of his accusation by the murder of his accuser, and, as a last device for getting Ellen Maitland out of the way, he resolves upon the conflagration which is to bring down the curtain. The place where the victim lives is a great tumble-down tenement from which the stage carpenter, Asmodeus like, has removed the front wall in order that we may see what is going on in the different flats. Hither come not only the two villains but also, by a curious and unexplained coincidence, all the characters whose presence is desirable at the denouement. Ellen Maitland and her child are seen in her room. Clinton, for his part, is seen moving about the dark staircases and passages with a lighted candle. Presently a bright and rapidly increasing glow shows that the building has been set fire to. The flames begin to shoot up, and the audience assists breathlessly at as realistic a semblance of a fire as has ever been seen on the stage. What happens amid all the confusion and the shouting of the crowd and of the firemen is not very clear; but apparently the woman is rescued by her long-absent husband, while Clinton is thrown into the flames by his rival, Jack Springfield, who arrives opportunely for that purpose.

Sensational as it was in its mechanical effects "Pluck" did not seem to make a strong impression upon the audience on Saturday night. Strong meat requires flavoring, and of flavoring Messrs. Pettitt and Harris have introduced none. The piece is one uniform record of villany from beginning to end, and is burdened with an unnecessary complication of both incidents and characters. Its ending is, moreover, obscure and unsatisfactory. The authors get entangled in a plot the intricacies of which they have not time to unravel, and which they consequently leave to be consumed in the flames. Whose is the "pluck" which gives a title to the piece it is impossible to say. It may be Clinton's or it may be Jack Springfield's, or, again, it may be the authors', as shown by their venturing to place so unliterary and, from the art point of view, so indefensible a production upon a stage having the respectable traditions of Drury Lane. The deameanor of the first night audience was not such as to promise a prosperous run for the piece. The pit and the gallery seemed to find the mechanical effects less novel and less startling than they had anticipated, and the curtain fell amid an ominous silence, neither authors nor actors being called for.

THE ART OF ACTING.

To the Editor of the Era:

SIR—I regret to remove an impression many leading journals have received, that the simple precepts and principles underlying the art of acting are known to the merest tyro in our profession. It is not so. There is no collection of these precepts in any form or shape. There has never appeared at any time or in any language, so far as we know, any work containing, in an elementary form, the rules of acting; its rudiments are unwritten. There is no source to which the tyro has access when he seeks to study our art. Its precepts lie scattered about the stage, where he is obliged to find them out for himself, "as pigeons pick peas." During the short seventy minutes employed in the recent conference it was possible only to exhibit and to illustrate the simplest and plainest of these precepts. Nevertheless, simple and plain as they may appear, necessary as they are, our prominent actors admit they observe them by artistic instinct, and acquired knowledge of them as precepts late in their artistic career. The young and rising comedians of the day will remain what they now are, accomplished amateurs, if they are encouraged to flatter themselves that they know all they need to know. They will never become such actors as Coquelin or Got, who were exercised and perfected in the Theatre Français, where the art is maintained at a high standard. There is no equivalent theatre in England. There is no standard, no school, here; it is all a mob where every one is for himself. The English artist who receives these precepts with an air of self-sufficiency, declaring that such matters are quite familiar, may be asked where he discovered them? and, if familiar and matters-of-course, why he or she violates them so conspicuously? I ask wherefore, when directing a rehearsal, am I obliged constantly to call back some old actors for incorrect acting? for committing such blunders that the tyro of thirty years ago would be ashamed of? Where could any English actor find the rudiments of the stage? Surely not with the so-called stage manager? There is no such officer existing, except in name. We can only conceive they were "evolved from his inner consciousness." These folks remark that the precepts I illustrated were not new. Could they seriously suppose I was there to invent the laws and rules of our art? Others observed that I did not teach the soul of acting. Of course not. I was concerned with the art, which is the *physique*—the body! I was explaining its anatomy. The surgeon does not pretend to dissect the life! Are such folks so ignorant that they are unable to perceive where art ends and inspiration begins—that they muddle the two in so helpless a fashion?

There is a kind of teaching against which I may be allowed loudly to protest. Permit me to describe it. A young lady with a pretty face, influential friends, and a pocket full of money, learns five or six leading parts—Juliet, Rosalind, Julia, Lady Teazle and others; she seeks an old artist who teaches her to play these characters, drills her, parrots her. Beyond these she knows nothing. Like one who has learned by ear to play two or three pieces, but could not decipher a note of the simplest music if placed before her. Furnished thus, she circulates photographs of herself in costume in the various *roles* she is going to play; she covers the walls of the cities with notices and woodcuts in every form of mural literature. And then she starts on her professional career, fully equipped as a "star," sustaining herself by such means on a plane far above the actress who lifts her face from her studies to see herself beaten in the race by Imposture. This is one of the results arising from the teaching that our art is the effusion of enthusiasm—that anybody and everybody knows its principles, if they can be dignified by the name; that grace and propriety are old-fashioned grooves. This is the "acting made easy" modern school that will follow any tuition that requires no study. It is this kind of teaching that emasculates the young ones, whose minds are occupied with costume and means to secure "good press notices." Thus they follow the by-paths leading to notoriety, trying short cuts to fortune over Swindlecommon, rather than pursue the uphill highway to fame.

Some journals hinted that the conference with my fellow comedians was a puff preliminary for the new dramatic school; on the contrary, it is a protest against any school of elocution and declamation calling itself a school of the drama. I respectfully contend that the technique only of our art can be taught; but this the actor should learn before he can be intrusted with his own enthusiasm, that he may order all things gently and "in the whirlwind of passion acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

I am, sir, your obedient servant.

DION BOUCICAULT.

"FUN ON THE BRISTOL" IN LONDON.

Fun is everywhere acceptable except at a funeral, and everybody who supplies it should be welcome. It is better than a cartload of physic, and a world without it would be about as dismal as a world without sunshine. Therefore we give a hearty welcome to "Fun on the Bristol," for it brings fun to the Olympic, and is sure to be productive of great hilarity among all who witness its representation. It is warranted to supply laughter for a week, smiles for a month, and good humor for a year; and, having seen it, we are quite prepared to give that warranty our indorsement. A countryman of the artists who have brought it among us has taught them, as he has taught us, that "fun is a safety-valve that lets the steam pressure off from the boiler, and keeps things from bursting; that fun is the soul's vent; and that it is as careless as a colt, as happy as bridegroom, and as silly as a lovesick schoolgirl." Let it be understood at once, then, that "Fun on the Bristol" makes no pretence to high art. Those who want that must look elsewhere. There is pure, unadulterated fun from beginning to end, and nothing else. We say pure advisedly, for, while it is laughable from the rise to the fall of the curtain, there is not a line or a situation that need bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest. The piece has been played times without number in America, and only recently some among our own provincial playgoers have had an opportunity of enjoying its nonsense. It aims at amusement, and not at instruction; and while it remains at the Olympic it certainly ought to attract and delight good audiences. A description of the work has recently been given in these columns. We use the word work for want of a better one. "Fun on the Bristol" is neither a farce nor a comedy, and it most certainly is not a tragedy. Messrs. Jarrett and Rice, the managers of the American company appearing in it, call it a comedy-oddity; but it must be said it is all oddity, and none comedy.

The most remarkable feature of the whole performance is found in the wonderfully complete and thoroughly hu-

morous impersonation of the Widow O'Brien furnished by Mr. John F. Sheridan, "the popular young Irish comedian from America." We have no love for men in petticoats, but it is impossible not to be amused at this extraordinary embodiment, which, let it be said, is altogether devoid of coarseness. There is a merry twinkle in this widow's eye when she speaks a "good thing," and she speaks a great many. "She" supplies occasion for much merriment where "she" describes to her daughters how, after "planting" her first husband, she was courted by her second. Her comment at the conclusion, as she thinks of his "planting out," takes shape in the words "Poor fellow! I hope he's better off. I'm sure I am." Mr. Sheridan's portrait of the Widow is thoroughly consistent in all its numerous details. There are a hundred little artistic touches that must be seen and noted to be appreciated, and that are sure to recommend him to favor. His singing of "Paddy Duffy's Cart" was heartily applauded, and he rendered excellent assistance in the concerted music, which is abundant. At the end of the second act, which, like the third, takes place in the splendidly built up saloon of the Bristol, there was on Monday night a performance of the popular "Turkish Patrol" by what was described as the Kitchen Band. Nearly all the members of the company appeared armed with domestic utensils, one bearing a folding peg rail which is made to do duty after the fashion of a trombone. Those of our readers who have not forgotten the sort of music they in the days of childhood manufactured with the assistance of a comb and piece of paper will be able to form some idea of the music furnished by this new rendering of the Turkish March. Certainly the effect was very peculiar, it was also very funny. Before the march was completed there appeared at one end of the line of performers a little, grizzly, wonderfully made man, who was stared at with amazement. This, on consulting our programme, we discovered to be Mr. Sheridan as the Jew. What Jew we were left to find out. The make-up, though, was marvellous.

JAY RIAL'S "UNCLE TOM" ABROAD.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's world-famous work has been presented to us times innumerable in a dramatic form, but we doubt whether it has ever been seen in a more disjointed shape than as now shown at Her Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Jay Rial's American company, which comes amongst us with startling posters and grandiloquent declarations. The revival is called a majestic one, and it is put forth that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has "been elevated to the position of a historical drama." We should strongly advise our readers to hesitate before putting too much faith in such very high sounding claims. We need not, however, advise them to hesitate before patronizing the performance, for from it they will, we are sure, derive no small amount of entertainment. They will find the story cut up, turned, and twisted in a way that may be said to be as daring as it is surprising. They will find once more illustrated the truth of the philosophy which has declared that it is but a narrow line that separates the sublime from the ridiculous. The comic treads very close upon the heels of the pathetic in this version of the story, and, before the tears that come of sympathy with poor Uncle Tom in his cruel whipping have been dried, there enters the comic lawyer, mounted on a donkey, to create a roar of laughter. Pathos and pantomime seem to be curiously commingled. Realism has been brought in to the assistance of the great scene of the hunting of Eliza, for a pack of splendid bloodhounds is introduced to add to the excitement. They are not quite so furious as they are represented to be on the hoardings, and it is satisfactory to know that they confine their attentions to Eliza's pursuers, and seem as the act-drop descends to be making a furious and determined attack upon the throats of those ruffianly and unsympathetic gentlemen. The hounds, however, have been well trained. They make their presence known some time before Eliza thrusts herself upon the ice, for the bayings and barkings are heard throughout the house, and raise expectation and excitement to a high pitch. After the great scene, when their work is completed, they take their share of the honors before the curtain, and seem thoroughly to appreciate the applause of the spectators. The hero is very ably represented by Mr. George Kunkel, who makes his best effort in a song called "The Little Ones at Home." He possesses a rich musical voice, and sings with great expression and feeling, and on the occasion of our visit he was very heartily applauded. Mr. W. Dell's St. Clair was easy and gentlemanly, as St. Clair should be. Miss Hattie Lewis made of Aunt Ophelia a sharp little woman, who was very diverting. Eva, as impersonated by Little Daisy, won all hearts, and great laughter came of the sayings and doings of Miss Nellie Lingard as Topsy, particularly where she put Aunt Ophelia's professed love to the test by wiping her mouth with the corner of her apron, and by adding—"I say, Miss Feelie, if you loves me, kiss me"—thus causing "Feelie" to jump away in horror and disgust. More laughter followed when Topsy powdered her black visage; and altogether, Miss Lingard, who was applauded for a couple of songs, proved thoroughly successful. Mr. H. S. Duffield made a fine, manly, outspoken George Harris, and was greatly admired in his speeches declaring that he had said "master" for the last time, and that he would have either freedom or death. Mr. T. J. Quinn was full of life, vigor, and fun as Phineas Fletcher, but his "Whoa, Emma!" in connection with scriptural quotations was in very bad taste, and should be at once omitted if Mr. Quinn does not want to offend more than he pleases. Certainly *the* success of the performance was made by Mr. J. M. Humphrey as Marks, the lawyer. A very droll and a very active gentleman is Mr. Humphrey, and whenever he was upon the stage the house was convulsed with mirth. Mrs. J. Rial won plenty of sympathy for Eliza; and Simon Legree was made duly repulsive and hateful as impersonated by Mr. Spencer Pritchard. The quaint songs and choruses in the later scenes were well given by the Magnolia Jubilee band. A very well executed step dance was introduced by a couple of the darkies; and very prominent in all the singing, shouting, marching, arm-waving, and hand-clapping business was a miniature darky, aged, we should say, about three years, and standing in height about two feet.

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Sir Julius Benedict has just completed his cantata "Graziella," founded upon the popular poem of Lamartine. The composer has devoted two years' labor to this work, and it will be performed on the first day of the Birmingham festival, the principal characters being sustained by Madame Marie Roze and Mr. Santley. Sir Julius Benedict will conduct the work himself.

George Rignold, of Henry V. fame, is doing "Youth" in Australia to very large audiences.

Mr. Irving left London on Monday for the pleasant little watering place of Filey, near Scarboro, where he hopes to enjoy a three weeks' holiday. This will probably be the last vacation Mr. Irving will have before next July, when he will rest a month or two prior to his arduous season in this country.

Frederick Leslie, lately with the Comley-Barton troupe, and who went to England expecting to return to America in the autumn, has made such a hit in "Les Manteaux Noirs," at the Avenue Theatre, London, that he has been engaged for the next novelty at the Comedy Theatre.

Christine Nilsson was lately at Divonne, a watering place in the south of France, but will return to England in September to fulfil engagements at Birmingham, Nottingham, Brighton and other towns. She will give a farewell concert at Albert Hall, in London, October 12, at which she will have the assistance of Sims Reeves and many well known artists, and two days later she will sail from Liverpool for New York.

"IMPRUDENCE" AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

Baines Durant	Charles Barron
Coxe Dalrymple, C. B.	William Warren
Captain Rattlefish, R. N	Alfred Hudson
Parminter Blake	George W. Wilson
George Castleton	J. B. Mason
Doby	Frederick P. Ham
Mrs. Parminter Blake	Annie Clarke
Lazenby	Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Zaida Dalrymple	Norah Bartlett
Mattie	Gertrude Blanchard

[From the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, Aug. 22.]

The well-settled rule that the opening night of the dramatic season at the Museum shall be a pleasant and interesting occasion remains unbroken this year. The audience last evening was large and intelligent; the theatre was as fresh and attractive as ever; the company appeared by its strongest members, and was received with almost unprecedented enthusiasm. The piece, to be sure, might have been a great deal better; but, on the other hand, it might have been a great deal worse—how much worse, many of our readers who recall the "farcical comedies" of the last two seasons can shudderingly suggest! "Imprudence," which also bears the ominous title just quoted, is in three acts, and is the work of Mr. A. W. Pinero, a recent English playwright of fair repute. It has met with considerable popular success in England—a fact which is of little or no value, we regret to say, in establishing its worth. Its action takes place in a London boarding house, and occupies the time from dinner of one day to an hour after the next morning's breakfast. There is about as much plot to it as there is connection in the chatter of a couple of girls at a watering place. Baines Durant, a young man of the world, who has run through all his money, undertakes, half in fun and half in good-natured earnest, to help his fellow boarders out of their various domestic difficulties. For one of them, an enthusiastic hobbledehoy named George Castleton, who has just lost a sweetheart and must be married in a month or lose a great fortune, he attempts to arrange an out-of-hand match with Zaida Dalrymple, a lonesome, unhappy young lass, cursed with a selfish old Turveydrop of a father, who is anxious to get rid of her. Through the absorbing ear, into the fruitful mind of another, Parminter Blake—an exaggerated sort of Dolly Spanker and the husband of a second Lady Gay—Mr. Durant pours the tale of a similarly harassed married man, who sickened of his wife and her admirers on their mutual flirtations by giving out that his marriage was illegal through some fault in the technicalities—a proceeding which Mr. Parminter Blake at once sets himself to imitate. By the time Durant, acting for George Castleton, has wrung a reluctant half-consent from Zaida, his client, Castleton, has come to imagine himself over ears in love with Mrs. Blake and, moved by the strange story told him by her own husband, to believe that he can marry her; the consequence of which is that Castleton repudiates his offer to Zaida, and the poor girl is put into a most awkward and compromising position wherein her weak and self-seeking father behaves as badly as possible. Finally, Castleton's affairs are straightened out in good farce style; Mrs. Blake, sobered by her fright, replights herself to her mild husband with the promise of abundant domesticity; and Durant makes his peace with the offended Zaida by offering her the hand and heart which it has been long plain to the audience that she coveted—to wit, his own.

This does not seem, we suppose, like a promising plot. And when we add that, with the exception of Zaida, the

characters are all drawn upon patterns familiar to the stage—that there is a great deal of conventional old farce business, of hiding behind curtains and easy chairs, of peeping from cupboards and squealing from closets, of mistaken addresses and queer wills, and worst of all, that a good deal of the text is weak, and some of the action is silly—we suppose the discriminating reader will not expect much from the new piece. But "soft!" The play must have all justice! "Soft! no haste." With all these many and conspicuous blemishes "Imprudence" is a merry, amusing and agreeable play. Its moments of dulness are redeemed by lines of exceptional brilliancy—as, for example, where Durant, contrite under all the vexation he has caused, says meekly to the angry Zaida, "Shall I call you a cab?" and she replies, "I believe you are mean enough to call me anything!"—and in spite of the farcical character of its incidents it keeps such reasonable relations with life and nature, deals in personages drawn neatly and clearly if conventionally, and contains so much, sweet, clean, genuine humor, that it deserves and will agreeably reward an evening. And it merits patronage almost for this cause alone—that its close presents the refreshing novelty of the hero and heroine bravely setting out on their married life with the united capital of one pound, eleven shillings and threepence.

In the performance there was much merit and some excusable falling short of the highest merit. Mr. Warren had a part quite unworthy of him in Coxe Dalrymple, of whom we have spoken as a Turveydrop, though he might be better described as a cross between that worthy and Sir Harcourt Courtly; the character has, after all, only a very thin and dim personality—except in its selfishness, which is sturdy enough—and Mr. Warren's fine judgment and reserve made, perhaps, all that was possible of it. Mr. Hudson was put in a similar predicament in the attempt to do much with Captain Rattlefish, an old naval officer who is always ill-humored, of course, and is oftener noisy than funny. Mr. Barron played the managing hero, Baines Durant, in his best style, and indeed extremely well, using the neat and light, yet firm and strong touch which gives so much artistic finish and humorous life to his impersonations of young men of the pleasant kind we have described. Mr. Wilson enacted the miserable Mr. Parminter Blake with immense vitality and drollery, and showed an amount of invention uncommon even for himself, erring, if at all, as usual, on the side of extravagance. Mr. Mason showed new progress in George Castleton. Mrs. Vincent took the part of a landlady, and was often amusing, though there was nothing assigned to her in text or business which had not been heard or seen on our stage repeatedly. Miss Clarke played Mrs. Blake, the coquettish wife, with immense spirit and judgment, and gave vivacity and interest to every scene in which she appeared. But we think we must credit Miss Bartlett with the most charming effort of the evening, and with an impersonation more artistic and finely natural than any she has yet given in Boston. Zaida's character, as may be surmised, is rather intricate, and, considering the play in which it figures, rather subtile. Miss Bartlett showed a beautiful address in dealing with its scenes and with the embarassing mixture of emotions which it is supposed to sustain, and achieved a real triumph in making the intrinsic maidenliness and gentleness of the girl felt even through the compromising situations into which not only she is put, but into which she puts herself. Her final interview with her father, in which she reproves and rejects him for his cruel selfishness, was very strong and sincere, and her acceptance of Durant at the last had a shy sweetness not unworthy of Shakspere's Viola.

[From the *Globe*, Aug. 22.]

There was little need of looking at the date on the caption of the programme at the Boston Museum last evening to learn that it was the opening night of the season. The good sized audience, composed in great part of critics, dramatic managers, actors and actresses, and the ever-reliable first-nighters, would have intimated the fact, and the demonstrative enthusiasm with which the members of the company were received would have assured it. The cosy auditorium of the Museum never looked more sumptuous, homelike and inviting. When the green curtain was rung up, after the overture of "Raymond," the genial features and familiar rotundity of Mrs. J. R. Vincent in a characteristic *role* called forth the initial reception. It was some moments before she was permitted to cease bowing her acknowledgments for the warmth of the greeting extended her. The *entree* of Miss Annie Clarke was the occasion of renewed exertions of the friendly audience to evince its appreciation; she was favored with three enormous baskets of flowers, which tributes she smilingly bore to the rear with considerable difficulty. The Museum's leading lady appeared freshly attractive, was in the most buoyant spirits and has evidently devoted her summer days to real rest and recuperation. No reception was more hearty and genuine than that accorded the perennially popular Warren, and the venerable comedian had long to wait before the audience ceased its plaudits of welcome. Mr. Charles Barron was also greeted with enthusiasm, and the same may be said in their degree of Miss Norah Bartlett, Miss Gertie Blanchard, Mr. George W. Wilson, Mr. Alfred Hudson, Mr. J. B. Mason and Mr. Fred P. Ham.

[From the *Post*, Aug. 22.]

"Imprudence" is a decidedly poor play, which last evening was acted in a most excellent manner by the company, which did their very best to save it from failure. The plot, if plot it can be called, amounted to nothing. Mr. Barron did fully as well as could be expected in the part of Baines Durant. Mr. Warren evidently labored under many difficulties in making the best out of the part of Coxe Dalrymple. Mr. Alfred Hudson was slightly stiff at times as Captain Rattlefish. Mr. George Wilson made a decided success in the difficult part of Parminter Blake, and Mr. J. B. Mason, as usual, was an easy and unaffected George Castleton. Miss Annie Clarke's Mrs. Parminter Blake was a clever piece of acting. Mrs. J. R. Vincent as Lazenby made the most of a very difficult part. Miss Norah Bartlett as Zaida Dalrymple and Miss Gertie Blanchard as Mattie, both did well. The company received an enthusiastic reception by the large audience present.

"DIVORCONS" AT THE PARK THEATRE, BOSTON.

The Park Theatre opened its regular season on Saturday night before an excellent audience. The attraction was Alice Dunning-Lingard and her company in a version of Sardou's "Divorcons." The cast was much the same as when the piece was played by the company last season and the performance was, in nearly every respect, an excellent one, the play being given, to borrow a slang expression, "for all it is worth."

[From the Boston *Herald*, August 20.]

The audience which crowded the theatre last night laughed itself hoarse, and applauded until the lustres jingled. The curtain was "called" on two of the three acts, and Mr. Charles Walcot and Mrs. Alice Dunning-Lingard, who played the wise husband and the foolish wife, were twice summoned to the footlights, and several times recalled to the scene. They deserved the recognition, for both were excellent in their *roles*. Mrs. Lingard lacks something in spirit and dash, and is inclined to be a little affected and self-conscious at times; nevertheless she succeeded admirably in depicting the romantic disposition and foolish fancies of the young wife, her sudden jealousy, her gradual awakening to the fact that her husband is not so bad a fellow after all, and her energetic methods of insisting upon her rights. Her Cyprienne did not, however, exhibit the innocent wonder which one would naturally look for in a carefully reared French girl who for the first time finds herself amid the dubious surroundings of the restaurant; on the contrary, she seemed to take it all as a matter of course, and thus a good point which might have been made was missed. Mr. Walcot's Des Prunelles was a capital personation—a bit extravagant at times, it is true, but as a whole worthy of great praise. Of Mr. Charles B. Welles' acting as Adhemar, Cyprienne's lover, the least that can be said is that he made the best of a disagreeable part. Mr. Max Freeman evolved no end of fun out of the character of a waiter, and was rewarded by unbounded laughter and applause and a recall to the scene. The minor *roles* were creditably sustained by Messrs. Fred Corbett, A. E. Maude, Byron Douglass, W. J. Lewes and H. B. Link, Misses Alma Stuart Stanley, Fannie Francis, Elizabeth Andrews and Tessie Butler.

[From the Boston *Saturday Gazette*.]

Mrs. Lingard looked the wife charmingly, and acted with equal vivacity, piquant humor and force. The husband was played by Mr. Charles Walcot with much vim, and with a full perception of its cynical drollery. The lover was not made a very interesting personage by Mr. Wells, but he acted with a fair degree of intelligent care. The great feature of the performance was the personation of the head waiter at the restaurant by Mr. Max Freeman. The part does not consist of over a dozen lines, but the wonderful by-play, the strong and amusing individuality, and the keen power of observation shown by the artist in every detail made it a brilliant study brilliantly realized. In its way it was a master effort. Though laughable to excess nothing was overdone. Every gesture, every shade of facial expression told. The rest of the cast had but little to do, but that little was creditably done.

REOPENING OF THE GLOBE THEATRE, BOSTON.

[From the *Globe*, Aug. 22.]

The regular season of 1882-83 began at the Globe Theatre last evening. "The Merry War," a spectacular comic opera by Johann Strauss, being presented by J. W. Norcross' company, to an audience that completely filled the theatre. "The Merry War" has been played with great good fortune in New York by this company, and a decided success was confidently expected last evening. The result hardly justified the expectation.

[From the *Advertiser*, Aug. 22.]

Miss Wiley shows marked improvement in acting since she last appeared in this city, and her singing is also more to be commended than ever before. Mr. Carleton shows his fine vocal gifts and not always finished style as of old. Mr. Adolphi sings very well and with a good deal of expression. His part is one of low comedy, and he plays it with genuine humor. Miss Reifferth is strongly humorous in the conception and execution of her warrior part, and in acting and singing gives evidence of the value of her stage training. Mr. Golden is successful in making funny the effeminate part he has, and last evening received an encore for his principal song, which is set to pretty waltz music. Miss Wentworth is efficient in acting, and appears to special advantage in a duet with Mr. Adolphi. The orchestra, which is conducted by Herr Catenhusen, plays in too loud and coarse a fashion, and forces the singers to overwork their voices, with the result of dryness in effect, and a feeling that more bass voices are needed to give a vocal firmness to the ensemble movements. This loudness, however, may disappear with experience of the acoustic qualities of the house. The greater part of the third act is devoted to a military drill, which is exceedingly well done, and dancing by Mlles. Carnalba, Bazzetta and Carullo. The stage settings are good, but not especially elaborate.

"MRS. PARTINGTON" IN BOSTON.

[From the *Post*, Aug. 22.]

Mr. Charles Fostelle, assisted by a well selected company, gave the well known and laughable comedy "Mrs.

Partington," at Oakland Garden last evening before a crowded house. Mr. Fostelle's impersonation of the mispronouncing widow is too well known to require any further comment; suffice it to say that he kept the audience in a roar of laughter, and at one time had to request the audience to stop their applause and allow the piece to go on. All the members of the cast deserve praise for their efforts, while Mr. Julian Reed as Ike, Mr. W. W. Allen as the Judge and Mr. James Vincent as the Deacon, were particularly good. The stage was well set and the curious sliding stairs on which the widow and others involuntarily took a ride, worked to perfection. The piece will occupy the boards this week, and all who desire to have a good evening's laugh should take this opportunity.

"AMERICAN BORN" IN CHICAGO.

[From the Chicago *Sunday Herald*, Aug. 20.]

Belasco's novelty at the Grand, "American Born," has been a disappointment. Originally it was called "British Born," and was written for a class which has not its duplicate in this country—the inhabitants of the New Cut, Borough road, &c., for whom Mr. Pettitt used to turn out plays at the rate of a pound a piece. In fitting the play for the American market Mr. Belasco has done little except to substitute the names of New York for London and America for England, and introduce what he calls a volcanic eruption. We have seen a much better effect produced in the same way. A good deal has been said about the scenic opportunities of "American Born." The truth is that there are very few. In this respect the piece cannot for a moment be compared with the other English play which Mr. Belasco was kind enough to appropriate, and call "Hearts of Oak." In language, plot and situation, "American Born" is one of the old-fashioned, stilted, improbable melodramas which might still find admirers in the minor theatres of the country. The general effect of the play is like that experienced after a supper of Welsh rarebits and lobster salad. And the nightmare isn't shaken off for several days. The villain, Edward Arnott, is the under dog in the fight all along, and is hustled about from beginning to end most unmercifully. Mr. George Clark does scarcely anything else than go through a succession of meetings and partings, more or less tearful, with the heroine, until the thing becomes painfully monotonous. The heroine's (Miss Ada Ward) strong scene is where she rushes between her lover and a score of Bolivian muskets, throws a fifty-cent American flag about his head, calls upon the soldiers to fire if they dare, and see how soon Secretary of War Lincoln will wipe them out. No doubt Mr. Belasco thought this scene would be exceedingly impressive. The majority of the audience seemed to view it as a rich bit of burlesque. Mr. John Dillon, by persistently gagging and getting away from the lines as far as possible, made his comedy character amusing.

MAURICE GRAU'S ENTERPRISES.

"I think that I have got a company that will please the American public," remarked Mr. Grau. "Mme. Theo will be a great success. There is a charm about her that is irresistible. Her voice, which is a mezzo soprano, is pleasing, but her acting is what will catch the public. She has a very taking way on the stage. I do not know of any one to whom I can liken her. She may be said to have a peculiar style of her own. I first saw her in 'The Mascotte,' and was delighted with her."

"What is your programme for this company?"

"We expect to open the New Casino on the 11th of next month, and remain there three weeks. We shall play one week in Philadelphia, beginning October, 2. From there we shall go on to Chicago, for a week, and thence to St. Louis, for a week. That will terminate our season, as Mme. Theo can stay in this country only two months. The majority of the company, however, will remain with me."

"What piece will you open with?"

"Madame l'Archiduc," with Theo in the title *role*, Mlle. Buisson as the little Capitaine, Mme. Dorsay as the Countess, M. Hughet as the Count, and M. Grivel as Gillette. While in New York we will perform in the order named, "La Jolie Parfumeuse," "Le Grand Casimir," "La Mascotte," and perhaps other comic operas. I have a large and strong chorus, and shall have a first class orchestra. My musical director is M. Lagye, from the Viceregal Theatre in Cairo, Egypt, who is a very clever man."

"Are Mme. Theo's terms high?"

"Yes, very. She will cost me, while in this country, in the neighborhood of $500 per night."

"You have another musical enterprise on your hands, have you not?"

"I have, and a very important one too. I have engaged M. Victor Capoul, Mlle. Marie Aimee, Mlle. Derevis, M. Maire, and many other first class artists. Nearly all the company brought over to support Theo will remain here and form part of my great opera company, which will be the largest, best, and most expensive French opera company ever brought to this country. Just contemplate it. There will be eight prima donnas, three first-class baritones, and four first-class tenors. I had very hard work to get Capoul to sign for a tour on this side of the Atlantic. I pay him more than he received when he was here before, and he also will have an interest in the business. Mlle. Aimee has meet with great success abroad, and her terms are higher than ever before. She will sing only in opera bouffe, and but two or three times a week."

"Who are the distinguished singers in the company besides the four you have just named?"

"Well, there are Mmes. Privat, de Moya, Betti, Morel, Dorsay, and Susanne Thal, and MM. Mauge, Techi, Noe, Cadeau, Huguet, Dangon, Grivel and Duplan. Mme. Privat is a mezzo soprano, and ranks as a very fine singer, Mme. de Moya is a soprano. M. Mauge is a baritone; and is no stranger to the American public; Cadeau is a tenor, and Dangon is a basso. M. Maire, the tenor, has a very fine voice, and will undoubtedly become a great favorite. Mlle Derivis will be one of the stars of the troupe. She belongs to an old and well known family of French operatic singers, her father and grandfather having made the name famous in Paris. She is a thorough artist, besides being a handsome, large woman. Her appaearances in Brussels and in the Grand Opera House in Paris were very successful. Lately she has been singing in "Faust," in the French provinces."

"When will your second operatic season begin?"

"Those members of the company who are not already here will leave Havre on the steamer France Sept. 9, and we shall open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on the evening of Oct. 9. The opening piece will be Offenbach's last and posthumous opera, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," in which both Aimee and Derivis will appear. The company will remain in this city three weeks, during which time we shall give opera bouffe, opera comique, and grand opera. The *repertotre* will embrace Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," "Fra Diavolo," "Mignon" and "Carmen"; also, "Divorcons" and other popular comic operas. I shall have a chorus of 60 singers and an orchestra of 40 musicians."

"After leaving New York where will you go?"

"We shall leave here Nov. 1 and go to Havana and Mexico, where we will probably remain until the 1st of next March. I expect to begin a second engagement in this city March 5, after which the company will go to Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal. Then we shall in all probability go back to the West Indies for an Indefinite period. This organization is the most expensive that I have ever had on my hands, and I feel the responsibility to be very great."

The widow of Manager George K. Goodwin has, after receiving offers of numerous theatrical managers, disposed of the lease of the Walnut Street Theatre and Chestnut Street Opera House, which her husband held, to Frank S. Gardner. Mr. Gardner, who has for several years managed the Legion of Honor Company with success, has been engaged by Mrs. Goodwin to direct the Chestnut Street Opera House for the coming season.

Baum's "Maid of Arran" pleased the good people of Rochester.

Morris' "Irish American" was played for the first time at Rochester on Thursday evening.

Jay Hunt, character comedian of Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, while riding in a street car in that city the other night, had his pocket picked of a wallet containing $53.

The French Troupe Davene will sever their connections with the Sell's Bro.'s Circus, at North Platte City, Saturday, August 26, and return to New York to get in readiness for their appearance with Davene's Colossal Allied Attractions, opening at the London Theatre, this city, Monday, September 11. Their success during the summer has been unprecedented in the annals of circus life.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence have just received a new four act comedy, written expressly for them by Geo H. Jessop and Wm. Gill, and will be first produced at the Park Theatre during their engagement commencing December 25th. It is said to exceed anything they have yet had.

The genial and ever popular Commodore James H. Tooker is fast recovering from his severe illness, and every one will be delighted to see him out again spreading himself on the business thoroughfare.

Mr. Fred Vokes telegraphs his partner, Mr. George H. Tyler, that his opera company and list of attractions is now complete, and that he sails for the Hub by the next steamer.

Willie Edouin has returned to Boston from Putney, Vt., together with Messrs Dexter Smith, Boyd Wilson, and Bert Cloutman, who have been assisting Mr. Edouin to devastate the trout brooks of that vicinity. Mrs. Edouin will remain at Putney a few days more to settle with the boys in the neighborhood for the fish which the gentlemen caught in great quantities.

Manager Hooley on the day of the opening of his new theatre was the victim of a joke which needed explanation. This was the joke:—

"COHASSET, Mass., Aug. 12.—R. M. HOOLBY—Now, fain goddess fortune, fain deep love, them and her misguide thy oppone sword. ROBSON AND CRANE."

And this the explanation:—

COHASSET, Mass., Aug. 10.—*Dear Governor:*—Some years ago a prominent Philadelphia club paid some complimentary honor to Mr. Longfellow. The dear old poet, always sensible to any little attention of this kind, responded in a short poem by telegraph. But the club couldn't make it out; it was the funniest mixture of words of wisdom, queer rhymes, and bad grammar ever seen. So they had to ask him if he wouldn't write another copy and send it by mail. He did. The telegram and letter hang side by side in the club parlor. Merciful Moses! What a contrast. Now we know, of course, that telegraphic operators seldom omit or mangle a word in transmission, and that the poet's trouble was exceptional. Still, we want to be on the safe side, and after we had telegraphed our little poem, which was written for us by the late Mr. Shakspere, and which seems to be so charmngly applicable to the opening of your new theatre, we

thought we could do no better than write it out in good plain letters, feeling sure it would reach you almost as quick by mail as by telegraph. So, great manager, behold the key :

"Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy oppressors' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page."

Your friends,

ROBSON AND CRANE.

Among the Cannibals.

I'll sing you a song, which won't take very long,
Of the king of the Cannibal Islands !
The rain never rains on his thirsty domains,
Which are therefore uncommonly dry lands.
Domestic his life with his daughter and wife,
And his name it is king Casowary ;
His only weak point was a cut off the joint
Of a succulent young missionary.
He was on the whole a contented old soul,
Tho' the rain never rains on his dry lands
And therefore I say, give a hip, hip, hurray
For the king of the Cannibal Islands !

His people were wild, but their manners were mild,
And I found them a flourishing nation ;
In brotherly love, living ignorant of
The resources of civilization.
I thought, this is sad, Harry Sandford, my lad,
It is evident what is your mission ;
Your duty is clear, you must set to work here,
And ameliorate their condition.
I worked with a will, and I set up a still,
And I mixed them some whiskey and water ;
Their thirst it was such that the king had too much,
So, alas ! had his wife and his daughter !
Oh dear, and oh dear, it's abundantly clear,
That they must have been terribly dry lands !
When his thirst he had slaked, how the head must have ached
Of the king of the Cannibal Islands !

I feel, tho' it's sad, bound in candor to add,
That the king soon omitted the water,
And every day tries to black both his wife's eyes,
And to flatten the nose of his daughter.
His people as well, it chagrins me to tell,
Are in progress of disintegration ;
But sweet is the thought that unto them I brought
The resources of civilization.
Their only weak point is no longer a joint
From a succulent young missionary ;
Not dearly bought is the comforting thought,
That a convert is king Casowary.

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

THE THEATRE is a sixteen page journal, printed in large, clear type and on heavy paper. In order to bring it within the reach of all the price for single numbers has been fixed at five cents.

Subscription Rates.

ONE YEAR,	$3.00
SIX MONTHS,	1.50

Advertising Rates.

Measured by nonpareil type measure, which equals 12 lines (in solid or display type) to the inch in depth.

Ordinary Advertisements,	15 cents per line.
Reading Notices,	25 " "

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10 per cent on four insertions ; 15 per cent on eight insertions ; 20 per cent on twelve insertions ; 25 per cent on twenty-four insertions.

One column counted as 120 lines ; one-half page, 180 lines ; and one page, 360 lines.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, 3 lines space, $3.00 per quarter (12 insertions).

LARGER PROFESSIONAL CARDS, not exceeding twenty-four lines in space, at proportionate rates.

Matter in standing advertisements or professional cards changed as often as desired without extra charge.

THE THEATRE is published every Saturday morning at No. 38 Vesey street, New York, and is or sale by all newsdealers in the United States, Canada, and the principal cities of Europe.

In sending remittances, make checks and money orders payable to the

METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE,
38 Vesey street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1882.

Our Welcome.

WELL MADE AND WORTHY.

THE THEATRE, a sixteen-page weekly, edited by Mr. Seilhamer, formerly of the *Herald*, is a well made and a worthy paper.—Hartford *Sunday Journal*, Aug. 20.

The Theatre List.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO.—Park Theatre, New York, October 30, Boston, December 4, Philadelphia 18, Chicago, Ill., January 1, New Orleans, La., 29.

ALICE DUNNING LINGARD—Park Theatre, Boston, August 19.

ANNIE PIXLEY, M'LISS—Columbus, O., Aug. 28.

ADAMS' PANTOMIME CO., Baltimore, Sept. 4.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—San Francisco, Cal., August 7.

ADA GRAY, Albany, Aug. 25 ; Utica, 29 ; Rome, 30 ; Buffalo, Sept. 1 ; Toronto, 4.

ALEXANDER CAUFMAN CO.—Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, August 28, in Fred Marsden's "Called to Account."

A CHILD OF THE STATE CO.—Park Theatre, Newark, N. J., September 4, New Brunswick 6, Bethlehem 7, Allentown 8, Harrisburg 9.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE, in "My Partner," Rockford, Ill., September 4 ; Beloit, Wis., 5 ; Janesville 6, Milwaukie 7, 8, 9 ; Peoria, Ill., 11 ; Galesburg 12, Burlington, Iowa, 13 ; Des Moines 14, Cedar Rapids 15, Dubuque 17, Chicago 18.

ABBIE CARRINGTON CONCERT CO.—Portage City, August 28,

ALICE OATES CO —Rochester, September 6, Beaverdam 29, Horricon 30, Columbus 31, Watertown, September 1, Oconomowoc, 2.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE CO.—Booth's Theatre, New York, September 18.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S WORLD CO., Grand Opera House, N. Y.

BOSTON THEATRE.—August 14, "A Free Pardon."

BOSTON MUSEUM.—August 21, "Imprudence," by A. W. Pinero.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.—New York, "Billie Taylor," Aug. 26.

BARRY AND FAY, Rochester, N. Y., September 8.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMBINATION.—Janesville, Wis., August 31, in a new drama by Charles Foster. Milwaukie, September 1, Chicago 5, Rockford 11, Clinton 12, Aurora 13, Ottowa 14, Joliet 15, Stretor 16.

BIG FOUR COMBINATION—Philadelphia, August 26.

BARNEY MCAULEY, Montreal, Aug. 28 ; Portland, Me., Sept. 4 ; Bangor, 6 ; Lewiston, 8 ; Biddeford, 9 ; Lowell, Mass., 11.

BARLOW, WILSON & CO.'S MINSTREL'S, Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., August 28.

BAKER AND FARON, Toronto, September 4.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life," Hamilton, Ont., August 29.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 1, Brooklyn, September 11.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 2, Poughkeepsie, September 11.

CHRISTINE NILSSON CONCERTS, Boston Music Hall, November 1.

COLLIER'S LIGHTS O' LONDON CO. No. 1.—Grand Opera House, New York, August 28.

CALLENDER'S MINSTRELS, Dallas, Texas, August 22 ; Little Rock, Ark., 24, 25 ; Chicago, 27.

COLVILLE'S WORLD, New York, September 18.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE CO., Chicago, August 5.

CLAIRE SCOTT CO., Alexandria, Va., Aug. 21.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, Fall River, Mass., August 28 ; Lawrence, 29 ; Portland, Me., 30 ; Lewiston, September 1 ; Bangor 2, Augusta 4, Portsmouth, N. H., 5 ; Manchester 6, Lowell, Mass., 7 ; Springfield 8, New Haven 9, Brooklyn 11, week.

CORINNE MERRIEMAKERS, Des Moines, Ia., August 28.

COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October 16, for thirty nights.

COLLIER'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER, Brooklyn, September 4.

DEAKIN'S LILIPUTIAN OPERA CO., Topeka, Kan., August 31, September 1 ; Sedalia, Mo., 4.

DALY'S THEATRE, N. Y., "The Passing Regiment" ; September 9, "Mankind."

DAVENE'S COLOSSAL ALLIED ATTRACTIONS.—New York early in September.

DEFOSSEZ' FRENCH OPERA CO.—New Orleans, November 10.

DENMAN THOMPSON'S CO. meets at Farmington, N. H. to-day, for rehearsal, and begins its season in the same town on Monday. The company includes several favorites of former seasons, among them Julia Wilson and Isabel Coe and a number of new members.

DUFF'S "PASSING REGIMENT" CO.—Trenton, N. J., September 11. Manager, John J. Duff ; Stage Manager, Thos. Jackson. The comedy will be cast as follows : Telka, Pauline Markham ; Milley, Belle Everett ; Linda, Josie Lankey ; Mrs. Winthrop, Nellie Peck ; Mrs. Bunker, May Sylvie ; Mary Ann, Miss Sutherland ; Sophie, Mrs. Wren ; Suydam, Archie Lindsay ; Dexter, Al, Follin ; Colonel, Forbes Dawson ; Doctor, Hugh Gibson ; Hoffmeister, Oliver Wren ; Winthrop, Chas. Farwell ; Bunker, Thos. Jackson ; Solomon, John Ready ; Scipio, Henry Simon.

EMMA ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO., Lima, Ohio, September 4 ; Peoria, Illinois, 7 ; Topeka, Kansas, 11 ; Kansas City, Mo., 18.

ERIC BAYLEY'S CO., Hamilton, Ont., September 18.

FRANK L. GOODWIN'S LA BELLE RUSSE CO.—Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 18.

FRED. B. WARDE, Newcastle, Pa., August 31 ; Youngstown, O., September 2 ; Akron 4, Canton 6, Ashland 8, Cleveland 11, Pitsburg 18.

FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO., Windsor, New York, September 4, Baltimore 11, week ; Washington 18, Brooklyn 25, week.

FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates," Kansas City, Mo. August 31 ; Denver, September 4, week ; Leadville 11, 12, 13 ; Pueblo 14, Colorado Springs 15, 16.

FRANK MAYO, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, September 4. San Francisco, September 18.

FELTON'S GLOBE DRAMATIC CO., Manhattan, August 28.

FRED BRYTON'S DRAMATIC CO., Winnipeg, Manitoba, September 4.

FRANK BUSH'S IKEY SOLOMON CO.—Buffalo, N. Y., September 4.

F. S. CHANFRAU, Boston, September 4.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO., Rockford, Ill., August 28 ; Rock Island 29, Davenport, Ia., 30, 31 ; Dubuque, September 1, 2 ; Cedar Rapids 4, Marshalltown 5, 6 ; Des Moines 7, 8, 9 : Topeka 11, week.

FORBES AND COTTON CO., Chicago, August 28.

FLORENCE HERBERT CO., Dubuque, Ia., August 28.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, New York, August 28, Collier's "Lights o' London."

GEORGE S. KNIGHT'S CO. "Baron Rudolph," Montreal, August 28.

GUS WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill., August 28 ; Cleveland, Ohio, September 4 ; Indianapolis, 18, 19 and 20.

GEORGE A. FAIR'S DRAMATIC CO., with Harry Webber in "Nip and Tuck," Plattsmouth, Neb., September 14.

HESS ACME OPERA CO.—Philadelphia, September 4.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—Preliminary season August 21, with "Ranch No. 10."

HERRMANN'S EUROPEAN SPECIALTY CO., Montreal, Canada, September 4 ; Ottawa, September 7.

HAZAEL KIRKE CO. No. 1.—Sacramento August 28 (one week), San Francisco, Baldwin's Theatre, September 4 (two weeks) ; thence eastward, via Virginia City, Reno, Salt Lake City Denver, &c.

HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.—August 26, "The Blackbird."

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS, Chicago, August 28.

HARRIS COMEDY CO., Paterson, N. J, August 28 ; Trenton, 29 ; New Brunswick, 30 ; Newburg, N. Y., 31 ; Kingston, September 1 ; Hudson, 2.

HERNE'S HEARTS OF OAK, Windsor, N. Y., August 28.

HARRY RICHMOND'S TWO MARRIED MEN CO.—Detroit, August 28.

HARRY WEBBER—"Flint and Steel." Cincinnati, August 26.

HAVERLY'S OPERA CO.—Three Rivers, August 28; Quebec 29, Halifax, N. S., September 4.

HANLONS now playing their way East from 'Frisco, Cincinnati, September 11.

HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY CO.—Bridgeport, Ct., August 28; New Haven 29, Meriden 31, Springfield, Mass., September 1; Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, 4; thence to Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Troy, Providence, Boston, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

HELEN COLEMAN'S WIDOW BEDOTT.—New Brunswick, N. J., September 11; Kingston, N. Y., 13.

HOWARD'S AUNT KEZIAH CO.—Albany, September 14.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—Danvers, Mass., August 30; Amesbury 31, Kennebunk, Me., September 1; Biddeford 2, Brunswick 4, Lewiston 5.

JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION, Springfield, Ohio, September 18.

J. K. EMMET'S-FRITZ COMBINATION, St. Louis, September 4. Minneapolis 14.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH, St. Paul, September 4.

JOHN THOMPSON, Cadiz, O., September 5.

JOHN W. DUNNE'S COMEDY CO., "Karl," Chicago, August 28.

JOHN T. RAYMOND, Lexington, Ky., August 28; Newark, O., September 7; New York, October 2.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S CO., Bradford, Pa., September 4; Jamestown, N. Y., 5; Mansfield, O., 6; Xenia, 7; Zanesville, 8; Columbus, 9; Union Square Theatre, 18.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King," Williamsburg, N. Y., September 4; Troy, 11, 12, 13; Holyoke, Mass., 14; Worcester, 15; Fall River, 16; Providence, 18; Philadelphia, 25.

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO.—Denver, August 28; Leadville, September 4, Pueblo 7, Colorado Springs 9; Topeka, Kas., 11; Lawrence 12, Leavenworth 13; Hannibal, Mo., 14; Peoria, Ill., 15; Springfield 16, St. Louis, 18.

JOSEPH F. WHEELOCK'S CO.—Whitney's Grand Opera House Detroit, Mich., September 11, in Len Grover and Townsend Percy's "Wardour;" and Fred Marsden's "Root of all Evil."

JULIA A. HUNT, in Florinel, Ogdensburg, N. Y., August 28; Brockville, Canada, 29; Whitby, 30; Toronto, 31; September 1, 2; Guelph, 4; Brantford, 5; Hamilton, 6; Lockport, N. Y., 7; Medina, 8; Canandaigua, 9; Auburn, 11; Syracuse, 12, 13; Binghamton, 14; Tonawanda, 15; Danville, 16; Brooklyn, 18.

J. H. WEBB'S UNITED STATES MINSTRELS, Clinton, Ia., August 28, Maquoketa 29, Animosia 30, Monticello 31, Waterloo September 1, Independence 2, Dubuque 4, Glena 5, Warren 6, Polo, Ill., 7, Amboy 8, Sterling 9.

KATE CLAXTON, Portland, August 25.

KIRALFY BROS'. MICHAEL STROGOFF CO., Chicago, August 12.

KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD CO., Globe Theatre, Boston, August 28.

KENDALL COMBINATION, Atlantic, Ia., August 28.

LOTTA, Buffalo, N. Y., September 1.

LAURA DON, in "A Daughter of the Nile," Standard Theatre, New York, September 4.

LAWRENCE BARRETT'S CO.—Columbus, O., August 28; Philadelphia, September 4.

LE CLAIR AND RUSSELL, Pittsburg, August 28; Buffalo 31.

LILLIE HALL'S SPECIALTY AND BURLESQUE CO., New York, August 28.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMBINATION.—Buffalo, September 4.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Long Branch, August 28.

LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.—Brooklyn, August 28.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Trenton, N. J., August 28; Wilmington, Del., 29; Harrisburg, Pa., 30; Pottsville 31; Scranton, September 1; Wilkesbarre, 2.

MADAME JANAUSCHEK'S CO. will include the following persons: Messrs. George D. Chaplin, Alex. H. Stuart, Ferd. Hight, Harry Hawk, J. Ogden Stevens, Frank L. Davis, J. H. Connor, Louis Bresu, George Connor, and the Misses Ida Jeffries, Henrietta Irving, Virginia Brooks, Anna Locke, Minnie Clayton, Annie Mattland and Clara Lee. The business staff will consist of Mr. Nath. Childs, manager; Mr. Edward Taylor, business manager; Mr. Alfred T. Beaven, advance agent.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO., Brooklyn, N. Y., September 25.

MARION ELMORE'S CO., in "Chispa," New York, September 4.

MODJESKA begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2.

MINNIE PALMER, Philadelphia, Pa., September 4,

MARGARET MATHER, in "Romeo and Juliet," Chicago, August 28.

M. B. CURTIS' SAM'L OF POSEN CO., Detroit, September 4.

MILTON NOBLES, St. Louis, September 4.

METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, N. Y., "Snake Charmer," August 26.

MLLE. RHEA, Brooklyn, N. Y., September 4.

MINNIE MADDERN CO., St. Louis, August 27, Cincinnati, September 4.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, "Elsa," Park Theatre, New York, September 4.

MLLE. THEO, opera bouffe, Aronson's New Casino, New York, September 11.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE.—Harlem, September 25, the "Lights o' London."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—"Esmeralda." Bronson Howard's new play, October 9.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House, New York, October 23.

MESTAYER'S TOURISTS, Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 4.

MITCHELL'S PLEASURE PARTY.—Danbury, Ct., September 11; Waterbury 12.

M. B. LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS, Newport, R. I., August 28; Fall River, Mass., 29; New Bedford, 30; Taunton, 31; Providence, R. I., September 1.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—New York, "Youth," August 21; three weeks. The "Lights o' London," September 11.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe), Paterson, N. J., September 4.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon), Bethlehem, Pa., August 29,

PALMER AND ULMER'S DANITES, New Haven, Conn., August 26; Bridgeport 29, Meriden 30, New Britain 31; Norwich, September 1; Willimanlic 2.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR COMPANY.—Robert Grau and G. B. Snyder, managers; Louis W. Lein, agent. Elma Delaro, Bessie Gray, Jennie Prince, Helen Dayne, Kate Thayer, Eugene Clark, Robert Evans, Louis De Lange, J. Lester, &c. Season begins September 11.

PARK THEATRE.—New York, September 4, Maggie Mitchell in "Elsa;" John T. Raymond, October 2; Mrs. Langtry, October 30; the Florences, Robson and Crane.

PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN.—Hess' Acme Opera Co., August 28, "Chimes of Normandy"; 29, "Fra Diavolo"; 30, matinee "Bohemian Girl," evening, "Olivette"; 31, "Maritana"; September 1, matinee, "Fra Diavolo," evening, "Mascotte."

ROBSON & CRANE, in "D. A. M." Springfield, Mass., September 25.

ROOMS TO RENT CO., Dixon, Ill., August 28.

RICE AND HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS.—Hannibal, Mo., August 26; Quincy, Ill., 28; Keokuk, Ia., 29; Galesburg, Ill., 30.

ROLAND REED (Cheek).—St. Paul, August 28; Stillwater 31; Minneapolis, September 1; Rochester 4, Chicago (McVicker's) 18.

ROSE EYTINGE.—Brooklyn, August 28; Cumberland, Md., September 11; Wheeling, W. Va., 12; Zanesville, O., 13; Dayton 14; Richmond 15, Terre Haute 16, St. Louis 17, Cincinnati 25, Chicago, Oct., 1.

STEVENS' JOLLY BACHELORS.—Paterson, N. J., August 26; Pittston 28, Wilkesbarre, Pa., 29.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL.—Denver, August 21.

SMITH'S DOUBLE UNCLE TOM, Boston, August 28.

THOS. KEENE'S CO., Grand Opera House, Chicago, September 4.

TONY PASTOR'S CO., St Louis, Mo., August 28; Chicago, Ill., September 1.

THE IRISH AMERICAN (J. W. McGrath), Erie, Pa, August 28.

TAKEN FROM LIFE CO., Milwaukie, August 28; Lafayette, Ind., September 4; Terre Haute, 6; Evansville, 8; Louisville, Ky., 11; Indianapolis, 18; Detroit, 25.

THALIA THEATRE, New York, September 14.

THE HARRISONS—"Viva, a Sister's Sacrifice," Poughkeepsie, September 4.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, "The Beautiful Galatia," September 11.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—New York, August 21, "Black Flag."

WALLACK'S THEATRE, N. Y., Miniature Opera Co. in "Patience."

WINDSOR THEATRE, N. Y., August 28, Herne's "Hearts of Oak."

WALLACE-VILLA CO., Port Jervis, N. Y., August 26.

W. H. LYTELL'S YOUTH COMBINATION, St. Johns, N. B., August 31.

NEW PLAYS.

"Courage," a new melodrama by A. C. Gunter, will be produced late this season.

"Intercepted," a new play written by Howard Johnson, received its first representation last Monday night at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco.

Howard Taylor has completed a new three-act comedy-drama called "The Pilgrim." He is also said to be engaged upon a new comedy for Lizzie May Ulmer and one for Jennie Yeamans.

THE GLADIATORS ARE COMING.

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CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,

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WM. MADDEN

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J. H. HAVERLY, Proprietor and Manager.

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Admit One.

ORCHESTRA

27

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VOL. 1.—No. 5. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

Is He the Coming Tragedian?

After occupying the doubtful middle ground between a leading man and a leading tragedian for a number of years, Mr. James O'Neil is about to begin a campaign, the effect of which must be to leave his place as an actor still in doubt. "An American King" may be a good play—it may be exactly fitted to Mr. O'Neil's abilities for that matter—but it is impossible that it should be good enough to be commensurate with his ambition. We know that Mr. O'Neil is not as well satisfied with this piece as his manager is, not because he regards it as a weak play or believes that it will be only moderately successful, but for the sufficient reason that if he consents to star in it exclusively it will put his light as a tragedian under a bushel.

It is in the nature of things that we should be constantly looking forward for the coming tragedian, and for the last two or three years there have been whispers that Mr. O'Neil is the man. We are not without hopes that the prediction may prove well founded. In everything that Mr. O'Neil has attempted so far he has shown the evidences of careful training and high aspirations. If the signs of genius have been wanting it may be only because the parts in which he has appeared have allowed no scope for the display of that force in acting which underlies mere talent and stamps a performance with the mark of greatness. Only once has Mr. O'Neil attempted a part in which it would be just to measure his claim to the first rank in his profession, and then it was under circumstances which precluded success. An actor cannot hope to cope with prejudices which have their foundation in the religious sentiment of the Christian world for the simple reason that the embodiment of Jesus Christ on the stage will inevitably be regarded as a profanation by all who look upon the meek and lowly Nazarene as the Saviour of the world. And yet it is not because Mr. O'Neil played this part successfully in California, but because he ardently desired to play it everywhere that we are inclined to assent to the proposition which has been made in his behalf—that he is the coming tragedian.

In the character of Jesus Christ the Christian believer finds not only the supreme excellence of manhood but the embodiment of Godhead, with which He is one in person and being. Every sincere Christian so moulds his life as to be like Christ. He is not only the fountain of hope fo the world to come, but the pattern of life in the world that is. Every pulpit forgets its thundering anathemas against sin in the gentle persuasiveness to be like Christ. Christ is the embodiment of everything ennobling in man and all-powerful and all-saving in God. Christ is the aspiration of the Church and of the world, and it is only natural that art should share in that aspiration and seek to give it visible form. The art-idea, which is indissolubly connected with the religion of Christ, has always been a stronger force for the preservation and promulgation of the doctrines of the New Testament than the bulls of popes or the reformations of Luther and Calvin and Knox. Indeed, in the so called Dark Ages of the Christian era that art-idea shone with its most resplendent lustre. It was the brushes of the mediæval painters which saved not only the Church of Rome, but made a reality out of the semblance of reality for the Protestant world. None of us ever find fault on the score of religion with the conceptions of great artists, from Raphael to Holman Hunt, or seek to discover irreligion in the art-idea of Christ, from Michael Angelo to William M. Marshall.

Marshall's aspiration may be taken as the fit type of O'Neil's. Years ago the great engraver was a routine worker on the plates of the American Bank Note Company, but the cunning of his hand had its inspiration in the aspirations of a mighty brain. It only needed some outward force to bring what was within to the surface, and when that was applied the art-idea sprang forth as perfect a creation as Minerva from the head of Jove. Because every great American engraver who had preceded him had engraved a head of Washington, Marshall's graver was set to

work to give his countrymen in its highest excellence of artistic embodiment the grandeur and nobility of the Father of his Country. It was only natural that inspiration should be born of aspiration, and the great engraver longed to mould a head which should be emblematic of all that is at once excellent in man and perfect in God. It was only in a head of Christ that he could hope to realize the sublimest ideal of manlike and godlike perfection. Only God in Man could be absolutely perfect. and so he moulded his Christ-head according to the truest rules of art for the attainment of perfection. The very grandeur of his own conception took visible form in the clay and became the embodiment of a Christ which was in fact only the expression of a Perfect Man.

Marshall's achievement was marvellously great—so great, that had he been able to look upon it as the attainment of all he had sought, the art world would have been enriched with the highest expression of the art idea it had yet seen—the Christian world with the complete embodiment to the eye of that which now appeals only to the heart and is realized only in the soul. But Marshall was not satisfied. He felt the limitations of his art and mistook the imperfections in himself for imperfections in his work. That noble head was broken to pieces to be replaced by one still more perfect, but the artist found that even to him perfection was attainable only once, and in his broken clay was lost forever the perfection of God in the excellence of man.

It must have been an inspiration like Marshall's which moved O'Neil to wish so passionately to play Jesus Christ in the "Passion Play." It was our prejudice against seeing Jesus in the flesh walking the boards of a theatre which prevented the realization of his ideal. It was our iconoclasm which broke his idol to pieces, and William M. Marshall mourning for his broken head of Christ presents no sadder spectacle than James O'Neil grieving for his lost impersonation of Jesus. It is only the art-nature which can sympathize with O'Neil in his desire to portray supreme excellence in the embodiment of the supreme idea of excellence, and it is only the art-nature which can join with him in the disappointment he feels in the loss of his inspired creation. But with O'Neil as with Marshall it is now too late to recreate. There was a day when he might have made Jesus walk the earth anew, as when He was led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil, as when walking by the sea of Galilee He called Peter and Andrew to follow him to become fishers of men, and as He went teaching in the synagogues and preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. That day has gone by, and the crushed hopes of the actor are only to be remembered as evidence of inborn aspirations which must seek embodiment in some other form.

In the name of Mr. O'Neil's new play we catch a glimpse of the same motive which impelled him to undertake the "Passion Play." An American king can have no other royalty than the royalty of manhood. Somehow Mr. O'Neil's efforts at stage realism always mean the embodiment of the ideal in the real. This in itself is an evidence of genius, and it only needs sufficient force behind it to give actuality to the ideal in the real. This we believe he possesses, and we see a proof of it in the fact that he is to-day the best lover on the American stage. As a rule stage lovers are mere caricatures of the emotions which are at the bottom of all human conduct. To play the lover an actor must not only be able to feel as lovers feel, but to act as lovers behave. On the stage this is the most difficult of all things to attain because it is the very finesse of tragedy. The whirlwind of passion is comparatively easy—it may be made to sweep over its course by the mere vehemence of rant. Lear may be all lungs and yet be acceptable. Macbeth may roar himself into popularity. Even Hamlet may escape condemnation for a want of intensity by the force of a graceful elocution. But the lover must not only feel himself but make others feel. If he fails in this through the want of that nicety in shading which is art, laughter not sympathy is the actor's response. Because he can play the lover is to us another proof that Mr. O'Neil is the coming tragedian.

Another thing to be said in Mr. O'Neil's favor is that his training has been severely legitimate. He is no stage manager's Romeo, parroted in a few parts. Acting he has learned as an art on the stage, at rehearsal and before the public. He can create new *roles* and recreate old ones. He has the culture of his calling as well as its enthusiasm. What he lacks are fame and fortune rather than abilities and purpose. "An American King" may bring him both money and reputation, but it is impossible it should bring him the recognition he craves. This will only come with the opportunity to prove that he is really a great tragedian, and it may be all the longer in coming because he came so near it with the "Passion Play."

It is to be remarked, too, that another thing in Mr. O'Neil's favor is the fact that he is a comparatively young man. Booth and Barrett and McCullough precede him by a generation, just as they were preceded by the elder Booth and Forrest and Davenport. His great danger is in being doomed to the commonplace by his manager in "An American King," as he was by Mr. Hill in Mr. Habberton's insipid "Deacon Crankett." This danger is one which would prove fatal to many young actors, but we believe Mr. O'Neil will escape it because of his own inherent purpose to become an exemplification of his art.

The Disgrace of Knowing Things.

I am frequently taunted in certain prints with a misfortune which I feel very keenly and to which I can only respond by way of confession because I am guilty—my shame is the disgrace of knowing things.

I was not aware it was a mark of honor and respectability in a journalist to be ignorant, or I should have tried to cultivate ignorance with the same assiduity I wasted in my effort to know things.

I can only say that I am sorry and that I shall try to amend my fault by the endeavor to forget enough to put me on a plane with my friends who grieve over me because of my disgrace.

Even now I am not aware of the reason why it is disgraceful to know things, and especially to know things about the stage and its history. I am not going to ask the reason. It is sinful in the eyes of some people to eat pork and of others to eat meat on Friday, but these people never stop to ask why these things are sinful—they simply refrain.

Their example commends itself to me. I shall carefully refrain from learning anything more, and in order that I may be relieved of what I already know I shall empty my whole cargo of knowledge out upon my readers. This, with repentance and humility, ought to restore me to the good graces of my friends who now contemn me because I am not as ignorant as they are. If I can manage to forget enough I may some day become their equal.

In the past I spent much valuable time in reading about David Garrick and other persons who may have been well enough in their day but are of no account now because they are dead. I sinned because I knew no better. I should have lived only in the living present, and confined my reading to accounts of Miss Rose Coghlan's riding habits, Miss Minnie Palmer's striped stockings and Miss Marion Elmore's singular and sincere desire not to be mentioned in the newspapers. If I wanted stronger mental pabulum I might have feasted on that wonderful dramatic production entitled "The Twins," or solaced my soul with the society of Col. Theodore Morris. Many resources were open to me by which I might have avoided the shame which has overtaken me and escaped the terrible disgrace of knowing things.

People who know me know that what I promise I will perform. People who know me know too that I am always grateful when my faults are pointed out. I thank my friends sincerely for the gentleness with which they treat my shortcomings, and though I cannot hope for the sublime ignorance of the dramatic past to which they have attained, yet I hope to be able to for-

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get a good deal and I may even hope for some distinction in spite of my present disgrace by copying the example of my friends who now regard me with a proper disfavor.

THE EDITOR.

Margaret Mather's Failure.

We cannot regard Miss Margaret Mather's debut as short of failure, not because she failed to evince talent and promise, but on the simple ground that public expectation was raised so high that nothing short of absolute genius would satisfy it. When the new Juliet came before her audience on Monday night she was overcome by stage fright, and this was simply the outcome of the preposterous "boom" which was intended to make her success, but only operated to unnerve her. We have it on the best authority that during the long and tiresome rehearsals which were thought necessary her anxiety was visibly wearing upon her and on Sunday her restlessness and solicitude were painful. All day she paced the floor nervously, denying herself to everybody except her manager, and so, instead of being prepared for her ordeal, she wore herself out in preparation.

When the time came for the ideal Juliet to assert her claim to the successorship of Miss Neilson, she failed to assert. At best she can only be considered a clever amateur who gives promise of future excellence. She is simply a beginner, not a finished artist. She has been parroted in her art and "boomed" into position. From the outset it was clear that downright failure was impossible, but she has met with something worse – qualified success. Beginning at the top of the ladder, she suddenly finds that her place is at the bottom. Whether she will ever make an actress is a question which must be held in abeyance, and the chances are about even that the verdict will be against her.

As was to be expected, the Chicago papers are enthusiastic in their praises. They compare her not only to Neilson to Neilson's disadvantage, but to Bernhardt and to Clara Morris. The probability is that she is strongest where Neilson was weak in the tragedy of the play. As to Clara Morris, she is as unlike Neilson as day is to night. She exhibits only the untrained force of untaught genius. Miss Mather could not possibly show the Morris power, for that is a thing which came by nature, and found vent only in the accident of her being placed upon the stage, and in a position where its expression was in a sense involuntary. The qualities of Miss Morris' acting are entirely unsuited to Shaksperian art, and we can only regard the comparison drawn by the Chicago critics as an effort to say kind things of Miss Mather.

In pronouncing Mr. Hill's star a failure we are only doing what he compels because of the ground he took. As a learner she is a success, but he has not asked us to regard her as a learner. He puts her a head and shoulders above all her predecessors. Even the friendly Chicago critics do not accord her this distinction, and in urging the possession of talent which promises improvement they simply confess that she is only a beginner with much to learn, and that it is as such only that she is to be accepted.

Longfellow as a Dramatist.

It is not surprising that Henry Irving should join in the movement to place Mr. Longfellow's bust in Westminster Abbey, for Irving is coming to America next year, and he is well aware that in doing honor to our greatest poet he is commending himself to the regard of the American people. Besides, Mr. Irving, by the production of two or three Tennysonian idyls on the stage of the Lyceum, has shown an appreciation of the poetic temperament in its relation to the stage which must bear good fruit in the future by the encouragement of genius to work for the stage. His recognition of Tennyson, followed as it now is by this recognition of Longfellow, suggests a topic which we all lost sight of in the sorrow of the poet's demise, and which we might have overlooked altogether but for Irving's action—Longfellow's place as a dramatist.

As a poet Longfellow's place cannot be gainsaid, but we regret to say that as a dramatist his failure was as unequivocal as his success in poesy. This is all the more remarkable, as all his life he was not only a student of dramatic literature but of dramatic art. He loved to visit the theatre and he was not averse to the society of theatrical people. The dramatic instinct was a part of his nature, and it entered largely into his narrative poems, but for all this the only thing he wrote for the stage fell flat on the public ear, and in spite of his great reputation failed to appeal to the public taste.

The "Masque of Pandora" was undoubtedly the poet's protest against the horrible mangling which his Evangeline had undergone by the blood-red hand of Mr. Edward Rice. As a poem, there is nothing at once so simple and so touching in the language. It is full not only of poetic fervor, but dramatic force. To seize upon it as the basis of burlesque was little short of sacrilege, and it must have been a bitter draught to the good gray poet when the Rice Evangeline cup was put to his lips—it must have been with something of the energy of disgust and despair that he sought to undo this wrong to him and his by something worthy of his name and fame. Unfortunately for Longfellow he fell into weak and failing hands. In his "Masque of Pandora" he proved himself still strong as a poet, and strong, too, in the dramatic instinct; but his work was chilled by the insufficiency of those for whom he wrote. As artists they were people of promises—not of promise. In writing a libretto for Mr. Alfred Cellier to set to music, he was a gnarled oak piping the words of a song for a broken branch to attune them to the winds. In dedicating his work in advance to Miss Blanche Roosevelt, he was simply surrendering the real to the fictitious—the possible to the impossible. No two aids to such a poet could have been more ill-judged. They were incapable of understanding him; he had not been taught that in setting his little bark of song afloat upon their musical resources he was trying to navigate a shallow brook and an untried marsh. It was no wonder, then, that the "Masque of Pandora" failed; for it is not possible that poetry should breathe its true fire, however kindled, with the Priest and the Priestess of the Commonplace at the altar.

When Longfellow's libretto was written was a time most opportune for the loftiest music to be wedded to lofty poetry. Mr. W. S. Gilbert had just shown that the poetic in versification went a long way toward the success of the musical drama. Through the "Pinafore" there ran a delicate vein of poetry of which the composer caught the spirit in every note to which it was attuned. It was not high art either in poetry or music, but the verse was akin to poesy, the numbers came tripping on the fingers as from the harp and the guitar, and sound gave place to melody. Burlesque for once was obedient to the wand of the poet and the composer; in the lines there was the scent of the rose, in the music the song of the linnet. It was natural perhaps, that such success should court imitation, but it was not possible that the imitator should do more than catch a form out of which the soul had fled. At this moment it was Longfellow's misfortune that the best and highest offspring of his muse should be stripped of her dainty and delicate garb, to masquerade in the rags of musical and dramatic squalor. Had that been all, not much harm had been done. Rice and his Evangeline, in the end, would have been doomed to that oblivion which is the fate of all who do violence to the spirit of true poetry and music. It was then, unfortunately, that Roosevelt came flitting into the old poet's chamber—the day before a grub, then a butterfly—it was then that Cellier followed with the tail of the lark and the bill of the honeysucker. Between them poor Longfellow was undone. He was induced to write lofty poetry, to be set to lofty music—music which the composer could not create, and which the singer could not have sung had it been created.

Is it any wonder, then, that the "Masque of Pandora" failed? The failure came as a grief to the great, good poet, and most of all because it happened in Boston, where he was most at home if not most beloved. Somehow he looked

upon the failure as his misfortune, through Boston's fault. Had he known more of theatrical superstition he would have realized that he was the sea in which Boston was the whale that swallowed two of the children of Jonah. Mr. Cellier and Miss Roosevelt aimed at the moon, but their arrows fell broken reeds at their feet. When they induced Longfellow to become their servant they stole fire from the altars of the gods which smouldered and burnt out in their ministrations. The poet suffered, but theirs was the fault, or if his at all, only in listening to the insufficiency of pretension.

Waiting for Mr. Harrigan.

We are afraid the Harrigan & Hart audiences are very much in the condition of Old Rogers in "Esmeralda," trying to be gay amid his Parisian surroundings—they want to be happy with the "Blackbird," and so manifest the outward appearances of pleasure while suffering from an inward sinking of the heart. What they wanted was the outcome of Mr. Harrigan's pen rather than his admirable skill in giving a splendid setting to Mr. Stout's work, and not even their demonstrations of delight over the Devils' Pool can conceal that they would be better pleased with a picturesque embodiment of the peculiarities of Shantytown.

We confess that we sympathize with this feeling. It is Harrigan and home we want, not Stout and Ireland. There is good ground for this sentiment on our part and the part of the public. In adapting characteristic New York life to the stage Mr. Harrigan has shown remarkable skill. He is the only dramatist we have who has shown the peculiar faculty necessary to the adaptation of every day pictures from the purlieus and outskirts of the metropolis to the purposes of dramatic representation. His theatre became the recognized home for this class of entertainment, and his audiences not only enjoy it but they expect it. In the end Mr. Harrigan will have to see to it that they obtain it.

It is natural, perhaps, that he should like to produce on his stage what some people are disposed to regard as a higher class of melodrama. It is not distance that lends charm to stage plays. Home life and home pictures are dearer to the heart of the average theatregoer than imported beauties and imported fun. It was the localism in the "Lights o' London," which made it the success it was in London—in New York, "Squatter Sovereignty" was the success it was for the same reason. And in every respect Mr. Harrigan's play was as good as Mr Sims'.

It is a self-evident proposition that in the future Mr. Harrigan can do even better.

He must do it.

We are waiting for you, Mr. Harrigan.

Letters of a Print Collector.

V.

THE SHAKSPERE TAVERN.

Before devoting a chapter to John Hodgkinson's remarkable social and artistic career in New York I cannot resist the impulse to turn aside to relate the story of his only less noted brother, Thomas. Thomas Hodgkinson was not an actor but a boniface—the keeper of the famous Shakspere Tavern at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, on the site of the *Commercial Advertiser* building. Like Tyler's Garden the Shakspere became a favorite resort for the actors of the old Park Theatre, and for the literary men of an epoch when the young New Yorkers were intensely literary. All this would give Thomas Hodgkinson a claim to consideration in these papers aside from his relationship to the most popular actor of his day, and this particular place must be accorded him not only because he was a Hodgkinson, but because he lies buried side by side with Joseph Tyler in the old cemetery in Hudson street.

Thomas Hodgkinson conducted the Shakspere Tavern for sixteen years, from 1808 to 1824. The first glimpse that we obtain of it is in a semi-theatrical novel, by William Dunlap, entitled "Memoirs of a Water Drinker." As a novelist Mr. Dunlap was a failure, but his book, although dull as a story, has some interest because most of his characters are real. Cooke, Cooper, Stilson and Simpson are made to figure in it without disguise, and many actual incidents and occurrences are woven into the story. Some of these may be found in the current literature of the time, and others, while imaginary perhaps, have all the force of reality.

The mention of the Shakspere Tavern in Mr. Dunlap's novel belongs to the last category. In the beginning of the present century the leading dramatic critic in this country was Robert Treat Paine, Jr., a son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Young Paine's name was Thomas but he had it changed to Robert Treat, the name of his father, by the Massachusetts Legislature, on the ground that he wanted a Christian name. He had been bred to the bar, but his taste for the theatre became an infatuation with him. To this infatuation was added another for Mrs. Jones, the half sister of James and Henry Wallack, who died in this country while they were still children. Naturally enough this led to trouble with Mr. Jones, who disappears somewhat mysteriously, while young Paine was discarded by his distinguished father. Thomas Paine, the younger, or Robert Treat Paine, Jr., as the reader may prefer to call him, figures in Dunlap's book as Thomas Treadwell.

Treadwell's history is traced with considerable minuteness, the fiction being almost coincident with the facts, and finally the ruined and disgraced Boston lawyer is represented as drunk and disorderly in Nassau street, New York. It is there the hero of Dunlap's book, who is by turns William Twaits and William Dunlap, finds him and is dragged by him into the Shakspere to hear the story of the actress' desertion. At the date of the story, however, Mrs. Jones had been dead some four or five years and Paine's criticisms were loud in the praises of the Hon. Mrs. Twistleton, known in this country as an actress by the name of Mrs. Stanley. It will thus be seen that the Dunlap incidents were only founded in fact and the circumstance of the Shakspere Tavern's taproom being chosen as the scene of Treadwell's revelations can only be accepted as contemporary proof of the popularity of Hodgkinson's inn as a resort for actors, poets and critics.

A few years later, that is to say about 1820, long after John Hodgkinson's death, and a new generation of players, playwriters and writers about plays had come upon the scene, the Shakspere was still the resort of Bohemia. William L. Stone, the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, sometimes showed himself in Thomas Hodgkinson's taproom, and Robert C. Sands, Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz Greene Halleck are reported by Stone as frequently meeting there. Some of Sands' most poetic effusions were there read and discussed for the first time, and it was there Drake and Halleck discussed with each other about the next "Croaker" for the *Evening Post*, and secure in their incognito listened with laughing eyes to the criticisms of their verse and conjectures as to the identity of the "Croakers."

The epoch of the Croakers was a singularly glorious one for the young Bohemians of New York. It was not so much because of the excellence of what they wrote as for the appositeness of their writings as illustrative of the times that their names will live in the history of literature and the stage. At the time when the elder Wallack had just succeeded in establishing his popularity in America, when Edmund Kean had only just come and gone for the first time, and when the literary young men of New York, in imitation of their class in London, were turning up their noses in derision of the

elder Booth, such forgotten worthies as Johnny Agg, S. H. B. Judah and Major Noah are even better types of their epoch than the more dainty and poetic frequenters of the Shakspere I have already mentioned.

During the first quarter of the present century there was scarcely a man, woman or child in the metropolis who did not know Thomas Hodgkinson. Although an Englishman by birth he became a conspicuous and public spirited citizen, and he was especially prominent in the Masonic Order. When he died he was honored by a Masonic funeral, the most imposing of its kind which had ever been seen in this city. According to the newspapers of that day all that was worthy or distinguished in New York gathered around his grave in St. John's Cemetery, but all that funeral pomp and pageantry is forgotten, and now what remains of Thomas Hodgkinson is only a forgotten name on a neglected tombstone in a neglected graveyard.

As to the Shakspere Tavern it is better remembered than its founder simply because it was to New York in its day what the Mermaid was to London in the days of Shakspere. But in spite of its popularity there was no contemporary print of this noted resort, and the one which I reproduce for this paper was subsequently drawn under the direction of an old citizen of New York who in his youth was one of the brilliant coterie which was accustomed to asble at Thomas Hodgkinson's "public."

Julia Ward Howe's Comic Opera.

Our readers are well aware that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has given her pen in her declining years to the composition of a libretto for a comic opera, which has been set to music by a young Boston violinist, Mr. Adamowski. It is called "Lord Buncombe's Daughter," and it can hardly be said the libretto was written—it grew. It is simply the overflow of bubbling fun. Young Adamowski was a favorite guest at Oak Glen, Mrs. Howe's summer home, near Newport. One day after dinner he seated himself at the piano and played for the accomplished lady and her other guests an air which he had composed only that morning. It was considered striking and full of merit and originality.

"I wish you would write me some words for this song, Mrs. Howe," said the musician.

"I am sure I can," was the ready answer; "I have them in my mind already."

Half an hour later the words were fitted to the quaint air, and here are the exceedingly difficult words of the song of the scientific man:—

"The ichthyosaurus bring
Before my longing sight
The ornithorynchus' wing
Shall darken the morning light.
My fancy would gladly see
The mighty cetacean spout,
Who makes so easily
An aqueduct of his snout!

"With megalopropic zeal
The continent I'll explore;
My dithyrambs shall reveal
How the pterodactylians war.
The echmoderms may hide,
And the cephalopods may squirm,
But with science for my guide,
I'm a match for the meanest worm."

This was the beginning of "Lord Buncombe's Daughter." The heroine is a romantic young girl who forsook the parental roof to cross the ocean with a party of Cook's tourists. She is looking for a lost lover, like all stage heroines, and finds him in the guise of a waiter at a seaside hotel. She is shocked, of course, and exclaims in Mrs. Howe's words to Mr. Adamowski's music:—

"Dear love, on whom I dote,
Why wear this shocking coat?"

When his time comes to answer he responds:

"Oh Angelina, in my woe
I knew not what I did;
I jumped on board a vessel slow
They called the Pyramid."

There is nothing strikingly original or excruciatingly funny in all this, it must be confessed, nor in the tourists' chorus which presently breaks out in a clamor for a familiar beverage:—

"Beer! beer! glorious beer!
Water with us is misplaced;
Bottles bring here, sparkling and clear,
Icy and fresh to the taste.
Whoever governs here,
They shall not take our beer,
Shall not, shall not take our beer."

Angelina, like a true Englishwoman, refuses to drink anything so commonplace as beer, and to the republican native who tried to force it upon her she exclaims:—

"I am Lord Buncombe's daughter!
Unhand me, vulgar churl,
Or dread, across the water,
The vengeance of an earl!"

In the second act, which is laid in the Far West, the earl appears, announcing himself:—

"By the rule of thumb
Nobilissimus sum,
I am Lord Buncombe,
I am Lord Buncombe."

It is not necessary to follow Mrs. Howe's plot, if plot it can be called, but the best proof that she is not imbued with the spirit of fun which makes Mr. Gilbert's work so acceptable, is the hunting chorus upon which her admirers lay great stress:—

"From England's gilded courts and camps across the wave we come,
In Western ways through summer days to make ourselves a home.
We hunt not, we hunt not
The fox or timid hare,
Our quarry, our quarry
Must be the grisly bear.
Sound the jubilant hunting horn!
Echoes sweet of music born,
Wake the stillness of the morn,
The stillness of the morn!"

Out of an Engagement.

CHAPTER I.

AN AUDIENCE MORNING AT CAREW'S.

R. Jasper Carew, the great New York manager, sat alone in his private office at Carew's Theatre in Broadway. It had been an audience morning with the great manager, and as all his visitors had brought incense to the altar of his vanity, Mr. Carew was in excellent spirits.

Toby Belch, the celebrated Appropriator of the Work of other People's Brains, had called early in the morning to talk about the new play he was going to write for Carew's Theatre, and which he was sure when it was reproduced in London would release all the Fenian prisoners, even if it did not overturn the Disraeli administration.

"You know, Carew, old boy," he said, "remarkable as it is, I am the only great dramatist the last quarter of a century has produced."

Carew winced a little, because he had once in a way dovetailed together some old scenes from half a dozen half-forgotten plays which had been done in his father's time (Carew's Theatre got its prestige as well as its name from the elder Carew), and he fondly imagined he was himself a great dramatist in consequence.

Belch was quick to see this.

"The sphere in which you are best fitted to shine, my boy," he said with a purr, "is the stage—acting pure and simple. You are the lad for juveniles, old fellow—Charles Surface, young Marlow, the dashing Doricourt. Nobody, not even the Ladies' Pet of your company, can look so young and fresh in them as you can. Gad, I feel young again myself when I see you."

Belch was 45, and young of his years; Carew 60, and he would have looked ten years older but for resources which he well understood how to apply.

After Belch had departed, Golightly, the comedian, called. Golightly was everywhere considered a "good fellow," and there was a bell-like vacuousness in his voice that was the very delight of Blarney. He had come to see, without asking the question directly, whether there would be any chance of "an opening" for "The Counterfeit Coin" at Carew's during the summer. Golightly was a "star," and a brilliant one, too, but for all that he was exiled to the "provinces" during the winter, or in American phrase, compelled to take to the road.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that he did his best to make Carew pleased with all the world, and especially with Mr. Jasper Carew and Mr. William Golightly.

"I tell you, Carew," he said, "there's no disgrace in actors, even as young as we are, playing 'old men,' provided they are the right kind of 'old men.' The Hon. Burntwell Cork is not a 'juvenile,' but he is fresh, I can tell you, and he 'takes.' The Surfaces and Marlows and Doricourts are 'played out.' You and I and Mathews, and some more of the boys, can do better than to be playing the youngsters all the time. I have demonstrated that with Burntwell Cork. Get Belch or somebody to write you a play with a fast old party in the leading *role*, and you'll be able to hit 'em, Carew, harder than you ever did at the old Carew's."

Then, too, Delane Dawson had dropped in—Delane Dawson, Esq., the editor and proprietor of the *Daily Jackdaw*—who came to say that if the new dramatic critic didn't suit, Carew might name one himself.

"He will not do at all—I am sure of that,"

Carew had answered. "I was told he had no prejudices because he had no experience, and I thought we could depend upon him, but he has already developed an amazing amount of observation. He won't do, Dawson—I tell you he won't do. The kind of man we want is one who will praise judiciously, by Jove! but who won't imagine that he knows more about acting in a month than I learned in a lifetime."

When Dawson was gone, Potter was announced—Potter, the Peerless Manager. He had come to forward that great undertaking—the benefit for the naked natives of Borrioboola Gha.

"I tell you what, Carew," he said, "this is a great enterprise. All the theatres except Chizzlem's are in it. Every policeman in New York has instructions from the Commissioners to sell at least five 'admissions.' Shakem got us that advantage, for if he is only a politician he can be made useful sometimes. People will be dragged into the theatres who never went before, and they are the only ones who ought to be allowed at benefits. Give 'em a taste for the thing and they'll be sure to come whenever we've a new piece, you know."

When these and one or two others had departed—Mr. Jerome Leonard, who had come to talk about the regatta of the New York Yacht Club, and Mr. John Hopper, who had married the most noted and the most beautiful of all the "leading ladies" of the Old Carew's, and so was in the profession although he didn't know the difference between comedy and tragedy, or pantomime from oratorio, nor wanted to know—Mr. Jasper Carew was left alone.

It is no wonder we found him in the complacent mood in which he was discovered when the curtain rung up upon this drama. Mr. Jasper Carew was alone in his private office at Carew's Theatre on Broadway, twiddling his thumbs and thinking what a great man he had become.

Presently Mr. John Mildmay was announced.

Mildmay was the new critic of the *Jackdaw*.

Instantly Mr. Carew's manner changed.

His air of complacency left him, and the easy familiarity with which he had treated his earlier callers froze up within him.

"Let him come in," he said, in answer to the announcement, and then, with a languid shrug of the shoulders and an energetic pulling of his mustache—his mustache was the handsomest part of him—he muttered to himself, "Such a bore! What the devil does the fellow want, I wonder? It isn't time to announce Belch's new play yet, for Belch may never write it, and 'Our Idol' is running well enough, the Pet's legs filling the theatre night after night. Such acting, ha, ha, ha, I never saw, and even this young Mildmay is compelled to praise it—Dawson sees to that."

Mildmay entered in a hesitating way, half shy, half awkward.

The two men faced each other, and for an instant there was embarrassment on both sides. While they stood thus, getting ready for the inevitable handshaking which takes place between two Americans when they meet, the observant spectator, had one been present, would have witnessed a study for an artist. No two persons were likely to attract more observation, and no contrast could have been greater than between these two. Each was likely to repel as well as attract, and for exactly opposite reasons. Both were cold almost to the freezing point, but while the one might occasionally thaw at the top, the other was almost always melting at the bottom. Carew was dark, swarthy, of medium height, square shouldered, muscular, with heavy brows and eyelashes, and a bushy, black mustache that was the envy or admiration of New York. There was a suspicion that his curly locks were—well—counterfeit, and John Phæton, the wit of the metropolitan stage, said not long ago that when Carew was young he was all hair and no face, and now he is all face and no hair. Mildmay, on the other hand, was slight, tall, almost angular. He was not blonde, but fair. His eyes were bright and piercing, and his face wore a singularly soft expression which was a puzzle to people who were aware how hard he could strike with his pen. Miss Martha Gibbs, a young actress in whom he took a great interest, and who knew him better than almost anybody else in the world, used to say of him that he could do anything with his quill and nothing without it. In appearance, in manner, in thought and in feeling he was the opposite of Carew—even the mustaches of the men were extremes, the one being thick and bushy and the other long and silken—and as he stood there waiting for some advance, Carew felt that his visit would be the occasion of a lifelong enmity that would certainly be disagreeable, and that perhaps would be dangerous. As to Mildmay, he imagined that recommending an actress to a manager was as innocent a transaction as the commendation of a butcher or a baker to a boarding-house keeper.

"I have called in behalf of Miss Martha Gibbs," said Mildmay, when the greetings, such as they were, were over and he was seated in the visitors' chair in Mr. Jasper Carew's private office at Carew's Theatre in Broadway.

"Miss Martha Gibbs—ah! I believe I never had the pleasure of hearing of her before."

"What!"

This response had the effect of startling Mr. Jasper Carew.

"I tell you what," he said, recovering himself almost instantly, "if it is an engagement you want for this young lady I have nothing to offer her. My company is full—it is always full. If Miss Gibbs had the abilities of Charlotte Cushman I couldn't engage her. There now, I'm sorry, but it's true."

"But, Mr. Carew, you haven't any ladies in your theatre who have the abilities of Charlotte Cushman; you have few, I can assure you, who have the abilities of Miss Gibbs, and you have a good many who haven't any abilities of their own," mildly interposed Mildmay.

"It can't be done, I tell you," Carew replied. "It would be rank injustice to the ladies already in my theatre. And besides, the Pet doesn't want her—he doesn't want any actress on the Carew stage who might develop strength—and I don't. This is a society theatre, the resort of ladies. Where the ladies go men must go also, and the ladies are here every night, when I am out of the bill, to admire the Pet. You might make a notice in the *Jackdaw* to-morrow of the success of the present piece. Good morning, Mr. Mildmay."

Mildmay withdrew.

"A good riddance," Carew muttered when he was gone. "Confound the fellow and his impudence. Dawson must get rid of him, and I'll see to it that he does."

Scarcely had Mildmay departed until the form and person of Mr. Orifice Square darkened the door. O. S. was an actor of considerable reputation, but he was artistically a round peg who fitted as badly in the square hole of dramatic excellence as one can imagine. His forte seemed to be in making the profession of which he was a member morally and socially despicable in the eyes of all men. His associates on the stage despised him, but they had not the courage nor the sense to show him their contempt, and Mr. Jasper Carew almost embraced Mr. Orifice Square in his joy at seeing him. If they had been brothers who had been long separated their meeting could not have been more affecting.

What they talked about in the next half hour is of little moment, but some stray sentences may not be uninteresting.

"Old Towser has had a devil of a mange," said O. S.

"I'm having the yacht painted up and completely refurnished," said J. C.

"A good many rich fools, and deuced fine women some of them are too, are seeking the stage just now," exclaimed the actor.

"I don't know who I shall take out on the yacht with me this summer," the manager remarked after a good deal of similar chatter. "Couldn't you bring the pretty Patty Calvert down and we'll have a good time. I haven't invited anybody so far except Phæton, and he won't be in the way."

"These devilish girls who come into the profession in the regular way are a source of great annoyance to me," said one; and the other responded, "And to think of their presumption, too. They are not willing to remain 'walking ladies,' even at fair salaries, but aspire to leading business, with the salary of agenuine leading lady. Mildmay just now wanted me to engage somebody he knows, but I crushed him, Square, by telling him I had never heard of the girl."

At this delicious turn in the conversation the rustle of silks was heard outside and both men looked out to catch a glimpse of the wearer.

An elegant equipage stood at the door.

"Don't 'mash' on any of my patrons, Square," said Carew in a tone that was an apology to himself for having manifested so much curiosity.

"Here comes her card! by Jove, Carew," re-

sponded the other. "Evidently this is a 'catch" of yours and not of the Pet's."

"Mrs. Araminta Quillstein (Minnie Featherstone), No. 205 Madison avenue," said Carew, reading the card. "Tell her to walk this way,' and the Mercury of Carew's Theatre went to usher the coming Venus into the presence of Pan and Apollo.

As Venus approached Apollo advanced toward her in his most godlike manner, and Pan modestly fell into the background.

"In what way, Madame, can I have the pleasure of serving you?" asked Mr. Jasper Carew, with a gallantry that did him infinite credit.

Mrs. Quillstein, otherwise Minnie Featherstone, was a short, dumpy woman, of perhaps 29, not without some pretensions to beauty, and "in society," to which she evidently belonged, well fitted to become a general favorite. Apollo saw this at a glance, and even Pan was not insensible to it. Both of these men of the world knew that her whole history would be told within the next five minutes, and that it would settle the question whether it was worth while to trouble any further about the Venus before them.

"I want an engagement," said Mrs. Quillstein, in answer to Carew's gallant inquiry.

The directness of the answer surprised even Mr. Jasper Carew.

"Are you an actress, then?" he asked.

"No—that is, not exactly," Mrs. Q. replied, and she smiled, not the Quillstein but the Featherstone smile. "No, but I want to go on the stage. I think it must be so nice. Theatrical gentlemen are all so clever and so handsome. I remember you, Mr. Carew, ever since I was a little girl—not such a long time ago either when one thinks of it—and I can't tell you how much I wanted to play Charles II. when you played Ruy Gomez. Can't you give me an engagement. I am rich and can dress well, and I don't expect any salary, and I only want parts where I can dress, and that is about all, Mr. Carew."

"I would like to oblige you, my dear," said Mr. Jasper Carew in a way that made it impossible to tell for the moment whether he was most like Gov. Winthrop, who he was said to resemble, or the Count Joans, who certainly resembled him. "I would like to oblige you, truly, and I don't know that it will be entirely out of my power to serve you. Why didn't you come to me before?"

"Oh, there was my father, who would never hear to my going on the stage, and my husband who was even more bitterly opposed to it; but both of them are dead now and I have just come out of mourning and am able once more to look and dress like other people and I am my own mistress and can afford it and I want to go on the stage if it is only for a year or two."

"Gad, if Carew don't give her a chance I will," Mr. Orifice Square whispered to himself, but just then Carew presented them, cutting the interview so short, however, that it was impossible for Square to lay the foundations of the scheme he had formed in his mind.

"I will do the best I can for you, Mrs. Quillstein—I assure you the very best I can," said Carew. "It is quite possible I may be able to place you—not this season but the next. If you will call early in May—let me see, it is now the first of April—I shall be able to say something a little more definite. But remember, my dear Miss Featherstone, that if I engage you the acceptance of a salary will be indispensable."

"THE BLACKBIRD" AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE.

Redmond Darcy	De Wolf Hopper
Private Goslin	John Wild
Peery Dunleevy	Harry A. Fisher
Fighting Fitzpatrick	John Queen
Pierre Dupont	Frank Budworth
Bartle Donovan	William Scallan
Ned Malone	William West
Orderly Jones	J. A Lewis
Father James	Henry Ward
Lord Clanricard	H. Johnston
Tim Lanigan	James Fitzsimmons
Jones Neville	Mark M. Price
Sergeant Saltpeter	William Gray
Captain Chester	M. F. Drew
Dancing Dugan	M. J. Bradley
Barney Sullivan	George Merritt
Randal Brady	William Merritt
Paddy Leach	John G. Sparks
Gregory Roach	Joseph M. Sparks
Terence Finnigan	James McCullough
Andy Houlihan	Charles Coffey
Larry Lynch	W. Atkins
Con O'Carolan (a piper)	Edward Harrigan
Maurteen Mahr (an idiot boy)	Tony Hart
Lady Helen	Mattie Earle
Mona Mahr	Gertie Granville
Biddy Doyle	Annie D Ware
Peggy Reilly	Annie Scanlan
Mollie Rourke	Ada Farwell
Mary Doolan	Susie Byron
Kitty Mahr	Sadie Morris
Onah Flaherty	Lizzie Finn
Gracie Noonan	Bertha Wild
Bedelia Gilhooley	Jessie West
Delia Hafferty	Annie Hall
Nellie Dooley	Annie Langdon
Betsey Malone	Mary Langdon

Last Saturday night, just one day too late for the current number of THE THEATRE, Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique was reopened for the season with Mr. George L. Stout's play "The Blackbird." The house was crowded in every part, and such a welcome was extended to all the old favorites of the company as assured them of the hold they had upon the theatregoing public.

"The Blackbird" is an old fashioned Irish melodrama, conventional in motive, incident and treatment. It relates the dangers and adventures of Redmond Darcy, an officer under the Pretender, who escapes after the battle Culloden and takes refuge among the peasantry of Galway. As a play its merits are not extraordinary, and though it was shown with scenery as effective as can be seen in any theatre in the metropolis and is possessed of many salient features it failed to score a decided success. In parts it was funny, but as a whole it was not funny enough—in many respects it is strong, but as a whole it is not strong enough. It is deficient both in literary merit and dramatic construction. All this means that "The Blackbird" will be winged before it has ascended very high in its flight, but to the patrons of the Theatre Comique Mr. Stout's disappointment will prove almost gratifying if it forces something more to their taste from the pen of Mr. Harrigan.

The cast it will be seen is an exceedingly long one; but apart from Mr. Harrigan, who is very funny as the piper, Mr. Tony Hart, whose idiot boy is as careful a bit of dramatic work as has been seen in a new play in a long while, and Mr. Harry Fisher, who made a decided "hit" as the villanous process server, none of the actors deserve special recognition, while of the ladies only Miss Gertie Granville is worthy of mention. As to condemnation that is a favor we can only extend to Mr. De Wolf Hopper, and to him only because an opportunity for a capable leading man was wasted upon him.

We cannot fail to extend a word of hearty praise to Mr. Witham for his admirable "Devils' Pool" and other scenic devices, and to Mr. Braham for the tuneful melodies to which he set "The Mountain Dew," sung by Mr. Harrigan, and "A Trooper 's the Man for the Ladies," by Mr. William Merritt.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"LIGHTS O' LONDON."

Squire Armytage, of Armytage Hall	George Mordaunt
Harold Armytage, his son	John J. Tighe
Clifford Armytage, his cousin	Horace Vinton
Marks, lodgekeeper at Armytage Hall	Robert Johnston
Seth Preene, a North country man	Dominick Murray
Joseph Jarvis, of Jarvis' Temple of the Legitimate	Charles Stanley
Shakspere, his son	Mrs. Emma Loraine
Jim Jarvis' man	Thomas J. McBride
Skiffington, a lawyer	C. J. Macelroy
Detective Cutts	King Hedley
Detective Watts	Walter Macnichol
Philosopher Jack	David W. Van Deren
Percy De Vere, Esq	Arthur Giles
Jo, a trotter man	Fred W. Gretton
Mr. Bancroft, a society gentleman	W. T. Mitchell
Mr. Miles, a society gentleman	Charles Arthur
London policeman	Lysander Thompson
Irish policeman	H. W. Montgomery
Boxer, a park loafer	Harry Elliott
Tim, a waif	Little Carrie Elberts
Bill, a costermonger	Harry F. Plunkett
The Superintendent of Police	John W. Moore
Porter of Workhouse	T. Albert Klein
Bess Marks, Harold's wife	Lizzie C. Hudson
Hetty Preene, Preene's daughter	Edna Carey
Mrs. Jarvis, of Jarvis' Temple of the Legitimate	Mrs. Annie Yeamans
Janet, Preene's servant	Miss Montaign
Annie, Hetty Preene's maid	Miss Lawrence
Sal, Boxer's wife	Mrs. Louisa Thropp

The Grand Opera House, under Mr. Abbey's management, was thrown open on Monday evening with a reproduction of the Lights o' London" by Mr. Collier's company. Fully 3,000 people gathered in the auditorium, every seat in the immense amphitheatre being occupied, and at the rise of the curtain not even standing room was obtainable.

In its new dress the favorite theatre is even more pleasing than ever, and it is no wonder a delighted critic remarked on Monday night that "it made a decidedly good impression on the majority of the spectators." As to the play it only needs be said that it was well given. The "hits" were made by Mr. Dominick Murray and by Mrs. Yeamans, but the parts were all well taken, Mr. Tighe being acceptable if not strong; Mr. Horace Vinton was handsome enough to excuse some of the villany of the character and a certain stiffness and want of force in the actor; Mr. Charles Stanley acquitted himself creditably in the quaint humor of Jarvis, and Emma Loraine was a forcible and well padded Shakspere. Among the minor parts some were especially excellent, but the most

notably was that of Percy De Vere, Esq., in the hands of Mr. Giles. He fairly lifted it from insignificance into prominence, and showed by his acting that it is not the part which makes the actor but the actor who makes the part. But after all the minor successes of the occasion we cannot refrain from recurring to Mrs. Yeamans' great triumph in a part which she stamped with all the qualities of greatness. Her triumph was simply the triumph of a trained actress afforded an opportunity for the display of her powers. In other hands Mrs. Jarvis, of Jarvis' temple, had failed to evoke enthusiasm, but Mrs. Yeamans makes it a creation, rich in humor and admirable in the droll simplicity which only an artist could give it who knew how it was herself.

WINDSOR THEATRE—"HEARTS OF OAK."

Terry Dennison	James A. Herne
Uncle Davy	Charles H. Clarke
Owen Garrwaay	F. Chippendale
Ruby Darrell	Henri Bergman
The Baby	By herself
Crystal	Katherine Corcoran
Aunt Betsy	Hattie L. Saphore
Tawary	Mollie Corcoran
Little Crystal	Little Maud Thompson

This successful play repeated the successes of previous years at the Windsor during the week. The cast it will be observed was much the same as on former occasions, and the acting in the principal parts what theatregoers are familiar with.

"BILLEE TAYLOR" AT THE BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Phœbe	Carrie Burton
Arabella	Eme Weathersby
Susan	Amy Harvey
Eliza	Jennie Hughes
Billee Taylor	Charles J. Campbell
Captain Flapper	Ed Chapman
Crab	Ed Connell
Sir Mincing Lane	Albert Henderson
Ben Barnacle	A. D. Barker

The operetta was prettily mounted.

Yes, I'm back in the prompt place, but I can't say settled for the season—unsettled would be a better word in view of the constantly-on-the-wing condition of an actor under the present system.

* * *

No, not by any means. On the contrary I regard the combination system a vast improvement on the old fashioned stock companies. Actors have no settled habitation in consequence, and that is a misfortune, but they are as comfortably housed as people who live in boarding houses, and are not compelled to change much oftener. The salaries are better than they ever were under the old stock system, and the chances are ten to one so far as engagements are concerned to what they were in my time. In my time—by Jove! I must break myself of this habit. People who hear me will begin to think my time has gone by.

* * *

Strollers? Well, as to that, the word ought never to have been a term of reproach. When I first became a prompter the stars were the real strollers. Charles Kemble and his daughter Fanny were as much strollers in this country as ever old Roger Kemble's family were in the English provinces. The elder Booth was essentially a stroller, and so was Forrest. Edwin Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Keene, the Florences, Raymond, are all essentially strollers, and even Lester Wallack, by Jove! is developing into one. In such company there is no harm in being classed as a stroller—it is only within a year or two that the word cesased to be synonymous with star.

* * *

That's all fudge, I tell you. There never was a school of the drama in my time. Actors learned to act by acting, sometimes, but oftener the ability to act came by nature. Most of the old time actors never learned to act—they simply went on and succeeded. In many cases, too, they paid a good round sum for a first appearance. Why, Simpson, at the old Park, used to make a regular business every season selling first appearances—ask the elder Thorne, ask Neafie, ask anybody who was first brought forward in "the palmy days of Old Drury."

* * *

I don't, don't I? But I do say so, and I mean just what I say.

* * *

There is a good deal of nonsense in all that stuff we hear nowadays about the advantages of frequent changes of bill. Nobody can study a part in a few hours and play it decently, and nobody ever could. There were a great many bad actors in my time I can tell you—actors who would not be tolerated now upon any condition. It was impossible they should be otherwise than bad, for they were only wingers of parts—fellows who went on and trusted to luck and me for their lines.

* * *

It is better to play a few parts well than to play a line of parts badly. Just look at the situation in New York at the present time. There is not what you would call a stock company in any theatre in the city. Take the three combinations which are here now, Collier's at the Grand Opera House, the "Youth" Company at Niblo's, and Goodwin and Thorne's at the Union Square. You haven't seen a better company than any one of these at Wallack's any time these ten years. People somehow don't seem to think so, but I know that an actor does not become any better for going to Wallack's, nor any worse for going away from Wallack's.

* * *

John Gilbert and Madame Ponisi don't count. John would be John anywhere, and so would the Madame. They have simply buried themselves for a sentiment, just as William Warren did at the Boston Museum. People call John Gilbert a good actor. Had he chosen to become a star he would long ago have been recognized as a great actor. I sometimes think if I had gone on the road myself I might now be something more than a Prompter.

* * *

I did make a "hit," I tell you, more than once when I was a young man. It was at a time, too, when "hits" in small parts were less frequent than they are now. Just think of it—there isn't a piece on the New York stage today in which some youngster is not doing extraordinary things with a few lines. Let me see.

There's Johnny Ince in the "Black Flag," and Dawson in "Youth," and Arthur Giles in the "Lights o' London," and Sol Smith in "Ranch 10," and Harry Fisher in the "Blackbird,"—all of them are a proof that the talk about there being no school of the drama may be hanged.

* * *

Besides all this there is greater variety. New York can afford the luxury of Wallack's, Daly's and the Union Square. Boston manages to support the Museum, but Philadelphia depends upon the combination system and so does every other city in the land. By this system they all get the best that is going, and the best, as a rule, is very good, indeed.

* * *

Why, I declare there was my cue for the curtain. Ring. Here I've been talking to you for the whole of an act and everybody is so perfect that my book—well, nobody wanted it and I almost forgot it.

—In addition to writing "A Daughter of the Nile," and superintending the rehearsals in which she takes part as the representative of the leading character, Miss Don has made all the sketches for the scenery and costumes. Miss Don must have been an exceedingly busy woman.

—If any other person than Bartley Campbell had said of a play which had been returned to him, "It is now my exclusive property and is likely to remain so," we might have smiled. With Mr. Campbell, however, his plays are property and he knows how to handle his wares.

—Signor Brignoli's manager, Mr. Max Bachert, refused to allow the tenor to sing for Mr. Gilmore's benefit at Manhattan Beach on the ground that it would injure his business prospects to have Brignoli appear in public prior to the appearance of the troupe for which he is engaged. This little joke of Mr. Bachert's is almost as fresh as Brignoli's voice.

—They have a funny critic on the *Herald* who says "proven."

—Information which is information—when a convict escapes from Portland Prison, England, they hoist the black flag.

—It is not surprising that the new Casino cannot be completed in time to be opened by Madame Theo on the 11th, as was contemplated by the management. New theatres are not likely to be finished according to the wishes of managers. In consequence of the inability to complete the building the opening is deferred until the 23d inst., when Madame Theo will "inaugurate" the house. In the meantime she will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, making her American debut there on the date originally set for her first appearance.

—The announcement comes just as the season opens that Mary Anderson's yacht has had two blades of her propeller artistically subacted because her four-bladed propeller "churned" too much. This announcement is made just before the beginning of the season, and so theatregoing folks are reminded that Miss Anderson will soon quit the sea for the dry land.

—It is said that Mr. McCullough would rather play at Booth's than the Fifth Avenue. As both houses are under Mr. Stetson's control, and Booth's is the better house for tragedy, there can be no difficulty about the matter, unless it comes from the arbitrary question of dates.

—Mrs. Clara Stoneall, who has been engaged for the Madison Square Theatre, is a veteran. Old theatregoers will recall her as Miss Roberts as long ago as the days of Mitchell's Olympic.

—Laura Keene's daughter (Mrs. Emma Taylor Rawson) died in this city last week, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery on Saturday. Mrs. Rawson fre-

quently appeared on the stage as a child during her mother's lifetime, and as a young woman she occasionally took her mother's parts, but she evinced no decided talent as an actress. She was a well educated and accomplished lady, and it is said that the dramas to which Laura Keene's name is attached were her work.

—Mr. David Belasco, whose name is attached to "Hearts of Oak," "La Belle Russe," and other pieces, has arrived in the city. Mr. Belasco is to be stage manager at the Madison Square Theatre.

—One week of disastrous business at Montreal was enough for Miss Julia A. Hunt She has cancelled dates during warm weather, or until she is in better health. This is somewhat indefinite.

—Fate seems to follow Kate—Kate Caxton we mean. While she was playing at Portsmouth, N. H., on Monday night an alarm of fire was given. At first she was greatly frightened, but she recovered when she learned that the fire was two miles off.

—Mr. W. J. Florence has been interviewed on the tendencies of the stage, upon which no one is better qualified to speak. He said:—

The tendency of the stage to-day is to run too deep into melodrama. I am afraid they are overdoing it. The old style of plays, having a good moral, without the accessories of murder, bloodshed and adultery; good domestic dramas, filled with honest sentiment and natural, earnest and telling situations, I think, should be the effort. I speak thus conscientiously, continued Mr. Florence, reflectively, because I was bred an actor, and have the interests of my professional standing at stake. After all these years of conscientious toil I cannot afford to adopt the system brought into vogue by the speculative managers of the present day They view the drama altogether from a commercial standpoint. I deeply regret the present combination system, which deprives the stage of having its disciples properly trained in the rudiments of the dramatic art. With rare exceptions nowadays the management of theatres and circuits is in the hands of shoemakers, tailors, candlestick makers and speculative tramps, who simply regard the drama as a means of gratifying their avarice. They find ample opportunity in the engagement of "Mickie This" or "Sammie That," fellows who walk out of the music hall or variety shop as ready-made stars—fellows who, having secured a "play," become at once "The Justly Celebrated Comedian" and "The Great American Tragedian."

It will be observed that it is not the combination system which Mr. Florence attacks, but its abuses. These are perhaps inevitable to what is a complete revolution, and they will disappear when the transition has been thoroughly accomplished. It is a very important thing for the profession to devise some plan to protect itself against the shoemakers, tailors, candlestick makers and speculative tramps as well as against the Mickies and Sammies.

—A Chicago journal issued a supplement last week containing a lithograph of Miss Margaret Mather in a number of her *roles*. As the lady has not yet appeared in any of the parts the pictures can only be regarded as "portraits" of her costumes.

—And now comes the story that Minnie Hauk also is coming over for a concert tour. Thus we shall have Patti in opera, and Nilsson, Hauk and Thursby in concert; certainly a sufficient supply for the high priced musical public.

—Edward Arnott, who used to hug himself on the Wallack stage as the festive villain, is now playing in the "Victim of Faro" with a variety company in Chicago. This is another instance of what the whirligig of time does to some people.

—Miss Genevieve Ward, who has been ill since her return to England from this country, is now recuperating at a seaside resort.

—Miss Bella Pateman has secured the right to play "Odette" in the British provinces.

—Mr. P. S. Gilmore's benefit at Manhattan Beach on Thursday was a great success. Fully 10,000 people were present when the opening concert began. Mr. Gilmore's band was increased to 100 musicians, and he was assisted by Mr. B. C. Bent, Mr. Innes, Miss Ida Shueler and Miss Spader. He is to be congratulated on his well deserved good fortune.

"THE VICAR OF BRAY."

Mr. Edward Solomon, the composer of "Billee Taylor," is coming from over the sea as musical conductor for Comley and Barton, and to produce in this country his new opera, "The Vicar of Bray," of which Mr. Sydney Grundy is the librettist, recently given at the Globe Theatre, London.

There are few persons indeed who have not heard of "The Vicar of Bray," for if they have failed to make acquaintance with that somewhat mythical representative of the Church through any historical record, every lover of a good song must enjoy the popular ditty which Mr. Santley sings so remarkably well. Tradition points to one Simon Alleyn as the Vicar of Bray, as Alleyn is said to have changed his religious views so frequently that, under Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth, he espoused the Protestant cause; but, finding there was a risk of losing his Vicarage, he turned Catholic in the reign of Mary, and again became a Protestant when Good Queen Bess came to the throne. Others maintain that there was a real clergyman in the days of the first George who changed his religion even more frequently than Simon Alleyn, and that he was the real Vicar of Bray referred to in the song. It mattered little to Mr. Sydney Grundy, as when he chose the Vicar of Bray for the hero the allusions in the song were evidently sufficient for his purpose. In addition to the central idea of making the vacillating vicar the chief personage in the story, Mr. Grundy has introduced those friends of our youth, Sandford and Merton. The libretto is smartly written, and the songs are easy and fluent in style, while the frequent sarcastic references to topics of the day told well with the audience, being received with enthusiastic applause. In spite of this cordial reception, the author has not imparted much dramatic interest to his story; in fact, "The Vicar of Bray" is singularly deficient in plot. Not once during the two acts does the author surprise the audience with an original dramatic incident.

The success won on the first night was due to the smartness of the dialogue, the clever acting and singing of the principal personages, and the whimsical idea of making the stage the censor of the Church, an idea which certainly evoked much laughter, but which has at the same time the drawback that in a general and less friendly audience than that which welcomed it at the Globe it might fail to be accepted with equal favor, for the simple reason that some might imagine that the introduction of clerical personages was intended as a caricature. The author would probably, in answer to such a charge, point to Mr. Gilbert's comic opera "The Sorcerer," where a vicar is also a prominent personage, but in that opera he keeps quite aloof from all matters relating to church doctrine or church observances. The vicar in "The Sorcerer" is mixed up with a comic love story, but in "The Vicar of Bray" we have a distinct disagreement between curate and vicar upon church doctrine; also a prohibition from the bishop against the vicar on account of his high church practices and ritualistic formulas, and another incident in which the vicar, having wooed and won a wealthy lady, as a low churchman, discards her utterly when he changes his opinions, as he remarks that celibacy is the correct thing for high church. The scene opens on the village green, where a chorus of children are singing a jubilant strain to celebrate a holiday. Then there is a chorus of lady teachers, the chief idea in which piece is that the damsels have had no offers of marriage. This is owing to the fact that the vicar has taken his curate Sandford "on lease," which agreement has yet some years to run. But the vicar's daughter Dorothy has set her heart on her father's curate, and the curate responds to her affections, the other young ladies having to do the best they can to win the students who are studying under the vicar. Sandford, the curate, appears. He is so good a young man that he always speaks in "rounded periods," and he has also the strongest possible dislike of the lax principles of the vicar.

When the vicar enters in the person of Mr. W. J. Hill, there was a positive shout of applause and laughter. Mr. Hill looked exactly like some jolly old vicar who had spent his youth in the pleasures of the chase, and who enjoyed his bottle of old port in the decline of his days. His free and easy ideas on the subject of church discipline may be easily understood by the indignant protest of his curate—"It has been publicly announced, Mr. Barlow, that it is your intention to oblige the company with a comic song." The vicar declares that such is his intention, and the curate retires in dudgeon, whereupon the vicar does sing the comic song, while lady teachers, school girls, and charity children listen with approval. An angry scene next takes place between the vicar and the curate, the former repudiating the idea that he will permit a curate, on £50 a year, to marry his daughter. Mr. Bedford Rowe, the confidential family solicitor, then appears, and the vicar consults him as to marrying the rich widow, Mrs. Merton, and also as to the proposal made by the curate. Mr. Bedford Rowe, who it turns out, is everybody's family solicitor, advises the vicar to turn high church, in which case he feels sure that Sandford will resign his curacy. The solicitor is correct in his surmise, and the first act ends with the parting of Sandford and Dorathy, the curate going out as a missionary to savages. Twelve months have elapsed, and the lady teachers have bestowed their affections on a party of huntsmen, greatly to the disgust of the students; and Dorothy is in despair because the prayer book of Sandford is sent by the British Consul in token that the curate has been eaten by savages. The vicar therefore insists upon his daughter marrying Tommy Merton, of Bray manor. He is the very opposite to Sandford in character, and Dorothy frequently dwells upon the fact with tender regret, and in the following terms: "Ah, what a loss is mine! Once there were moments when I thought my Henry a trifle too particular, even pedantic; but now my eyes are open to his true worth. Who else will whisper sweet nothings in my ear in so correct and elegant a style? Truly, I believe we were made for one another. Even in his chaste and beautiful diction, relative never agreed with its antecedent better than he and I—I mean than him and me—which is it? Alas, he is no longer here to correct my slips in grammar. But I must not give way. Henry never gave anything. I must remember I am another's, I must forget I ever was his." However, it turns out that Sandford was not, after all, eaten by the cannibals, for on the morning of Dorothy's proposed wedding with Merton he comes back, and to the delight of his sweetheart ceases to speak in "rounded periods."

Dorothy makes no longer any secret of her aversion to Merton, and the vicar is appealed to. The family solicitor, being as ready to transact business for the bishop as for the vicar, comes with the "inhibition" for ritualistic practices, whereupon the Rev. William Barlow says he will change to low church. But it is too late. The Rev. Henry Sandford is to be in future the Vicar of Bray. Mr. Merton is contented to marry Nelly Bly, the chief danseuse of the theatre, the principal comic business in the first act being a scene in which this character, accompanied with several ladies of the corps de ballet, comes with an invi-

tation to the vicar. Nelly Bly says she has been regularly to the church to hear him preach, but he has not come to the theatre to see her dance. The following dialogue occurs :—

NELLY.—The ladies of the corps de ballet have come to invite you to a tea party which they are about to give to the clergy of the surrounding parishes. There will be cakes and buns, after which we shall address you.

VIC.—You will address the clergy?

NELLY.—Why not? You're always trying to improve us; why shouldn't we try to improve *you?* I come to hear you preach twice a week, but you never come to see me dance. I don't call that fair.

VIC.—It is *not* fair. There is a great deal of common sense in this young lady's observations.

SAND.—If I might be allowed, I should like to say a few words.

VIC.—No doubt, Henry! It wouldn't be you if you didn't say a good many.

SAND.—I would suggest that these young persons be requested to withdraw; the baleful influence of their presence is already only too apparent.

Mr. Solomon has written the music with considerable taste, skill and musicianly feeling, but with little originality. The themes are familiar and not particularly striking. The music in his last opera, "Lord Bateman," had a freshness and individuality that are wanting in "The Vicar of Bray." Yet the present opera is not without elements of popularity. The enthusiastic applause of a first night, the recalls of composer and author, must not be taken as final in any dispassionate verdict upon the opera, yet these tokens of approval were enough to show that there were qualities in the work calculated to please, and which in fact did please on that occasion. The acting and singing gave much room for commendation. Mr. W. J. Hill was immensely funny as the Vicar. When he argued with the goody-goody curate, when he discussed the relative merits of sermons and the ballet, when he wooed the wealthy widow as a low churchman, and "cut her direct" when he had turned high, and when he delighted the simple villagers with a comic song there could be but little doubt that Mr. Hill was the life and soul of the opera. Mr. Walter H. Fisher sang and acted extremely well as the sanctified curate, Sandford. He delivered his lines so crisply that the fullest effect was given to them, and he made the contrast between the rigid curate of the first act and the jolly one of the second very amusing indeed. Mr. Cooper Cliffe as the rollicking Thomas Merton, who secretly loves the ballet girl, cleverly impersonated the character; and Mr. Penley, as the quaint, prim, confidential solicitor, was excellent in every way. His make-up was capital, and the dry, caustic satire of this ancient solicitor supplied some of the best fun of the opera. Miss Lizzie Beaumont, as the heroine, did not have any particularly captivating music to sing, but she acquitted herself well in her vocal capacity, and acted gracefully. Miss Maria Davis invested the character of the widow with some humor; and Miss Emma D'Auban represented the principal ballet lady, Nelly Bly, with a quaint humor that told well with the audience. The music of the ballet scene was also as good as any in the opera; in which, by the way, Mr. Solomon has made his best efforts in writing for the chorus. The music in this department is more characteristic and has greater freshness than in the solo pieces, which, as a rule, lack the inventive faculty.

The great event of the Birmingham festival, the performance of Gouuod's new oratorio—"The Redemption"—came off on Wednesday with great *eclat*. The vast concert room hall was crowded to the last seat by an audience numbering close upon three thousand persons, including, besides many leaders of society and famous musicians, Cardinal Newman, who sat in front of the balcony, noticeable by his scarlet cap. The composer himself conducted, and at the end of the performance he was rewarded by a storm of applause such as has seldom been witnessed in an English concert room. Gounod's work, which he himself describes as "opus vitæ meæ," is full of beautiful effects in melody, as well as descriptive music. It is sure soon to make its way into the leading concert rooms of Europe and America. The performance was in every way perfect, the chorus singing with rare accuracy. The principal solo singers—Mme. Albani, Mr. Santley and Mr. Lloyd—shared with the composer the honors of the occasion. In consequence of the immense interest excited by the work the committee has determined to repeat it on the last day of the festival.

Sarah Bernhardt, after performing as Adrienne Lecouvreur at Bradford on Wednesday evening, was seized with spitting of blood and was for two hours unconscious.

There is no truth in the report that Herr Barnay has entered into an engagement with Mr. Neuendorff, of the Germania Theatre, New York, for a professional tour in the United States.

Frederick Godfrey, one of the celebrated Godfrey brothers, died in London on Monday.

A London paper says that Baron Rothschild went to Bayreuth on a special train which travelled at the rate of a mile a minute to attend the first performance of Wagner's new opera.

The Princess Beatrice has written the music for two of Lord Beaconsfield's poems.

Miss Florence Maryatt, the English novelist, has joined the professional ranks as an interpreter of light opera. A few nights ago, at Sunderland, England, she began an engagement under D'Oyly Carte's management as Lady Jane in "Patience."

"THE IDEAL JULIET."

Juliet	Margaret Mather
Romeo	Alex. Salvini
Mercutio	Milnes Levick
Friar Laurence	E. O. Jepson
Capulet	William Davidge
Paris	Walter Standish
Tybalt	George Dalton
Benvolio	Walter Eytinge
Peter	W. V. Ranous
Apothecary	John Porter
Lady Capulet	Josephine Bailey
Nurse	Mrs. Carrie Jamieson
Page to Romeo	Annie Standish
Page to Paris	Miss Thurber

[From the Chicago *Herald*, August 28.]

Miss Mather is a quiet, modest little lady, weighing 125 pounds, and so small in stature that a five-foot measure takes her all in. Like the vast majority of her sex, Dame Nature finished her off with the most economical allowance of good looks. She is a brunette in type with a pale, serious face, delicate without being what is considered fine. Her eyes are dark and naturally bright, but speak of long sufferings endured and overcome. Long eyelashes give them depth and power, and her eyebrows are dark and delicately arched. There is a pleasant curvature about her mouth, which is firm, patient and contented—what few mouths ever are. While not decided in her likes and dislikes, she is very taciturn, invites no attention and keeps her own counsel. An admirable characteristic is her aversion to publicity and repugnance to make anybody as wise as herself. She has no hesitancy in repelling familiar people, and meets impertinent questions with a quiet "There is no reason why I shouldn't answer your question, and at the same time there is no reason why I should." Her whole mind and heart are given to her profession, and she offers no inducement to callers. At a dinner planned for her entertainment, at which a few friends were invited, she declined to attend. When not prosecuting her art she considers the privacy of her home sacred, and will not be interviewed by public or private collectors of news.

This Chicago midget who wears plain dark dresses, eschews trimmings and jewelry will get bewildered when she comes to find herself in a $1,700 dress. An ordinary woman would be afraid to fold it up, much less put it on. The material, a dead white satin that would be rich in itself, is cut en train, with a short, pointed bodice. There is the plan, simple enough, but the elaborations are not so easily described or duplicated. Commencing at the belt is the pinnacle of a massive bouquet of roses and summer flowers, wrought in heavy white embroidery of silk. At the foot the flowers are worked in a solid mass and extend from either side around the train, the whole encircled by a shell pattern of exquisite delicacy. The space near the upper part of the skirt is gracefully covered with clusters of roses and nosegays of fine field flowers. With this embroidery as a foundation the entire work is treated with an application of cut crystal beads and seed pearls. Every leaf is ribbed; petals are outlined, the centres of roses filled, and the stamens and pistils of bell-shaped flowers so nicely reproduced that one is lost in admiration. The shells that extend as a border in subtile curves down the front and along the train are marvels of skill. On them the pearls extending in a latitudinal and longitudinal direction, are graduated to the circumference. And when one cogitates on the time and trouble it must have cost to match the various sizes of beads it is not surprising that eight months were necessary to complete the work. No part of it is shirked. The flowers, foliage and tendrils in the back are equally as painstaking in execution as that on the front. The side work extends up some twenty inches, where sprays of golden rod, thick heads of sumach and clusters of Easter lilies loom up from among the violets, daisies, roses and ferns at the bottom. This embroidery was done in Paris, at a cost of $800, aside from the material. The waist, a pointed bodice, laced in the back, is finished around the edge with a narrow piping of thread lace. The front is covered with an application of pearls, and the shoulder straps are supplemented by a pair of angel sleeves. These novelties consist of a band of satin eight inches wide and thirty long, made of two thicknesses of satin and laid in a deep fold. A border of pearls and crystal extends he entire length. White silk stockings with a fretting of lace and pearl are worn, with Spanish slippers made of the dress material. The only bit of jewelry to be worn during the play appears with this toilet.

To begin with, the earrings are old mine stones, about the size of a raspberry, and weigh twelve carats. The lustre is adamantine and very high, and the transparency so perfect that the pebbles are free from any foreign substance. The lapidary knew how to mount them and chose the brilliant cutting, selecting the vertical shape. The upper face is octagonal, surrounded by a number of facets best adapted to display the beauty of the stone. But a female over ten, who sets her eyes on the necklace and takes them off without envy deserves to be absolved from the sins of her past life. When the casket was opened the writer saw nothing but a circlet of conflagration. The pebbles are transparent and colorless, twenty-six in number, and cost $500 apiece. Each has a special setting and connects with the next stone by a hinge-like clasp of Roman gold. If this does not take the lump out of Margaret's thin little throat, what will? In the coaxing scene, if Juliet doesn't overcome the nurse, this dress certainly will. The material is a heavy Sicilienne silk of flesh pink, made princess, embroidered in thick floss of the same color. The work consumed three months and is hand-made, the work of a New York gentleman. The front is of satin, overhung by bretelles extending from the neck to the foot, and lined with flame yellow satin.

The watteau plait is so adjusted that if objectionable it can be hung in a sash drapery. The corsage is cut low

and covered with a veil of crimped pink net, with a girlish ruche. The neat coat sleeve has three diamond slits filled with satin puffs. Shoes to match.

In the "Gallop Apace" she will soliloquize in a canary brocaded satin, made plain, with a lovely overdress and girdled bodice of soft, clinging crepe. Romeo's head will go whirlagig when "the ears have not yet drank a hundred words," and he spies his sweet love done up in a dainty white surah satin petticoat, veiled with Spanish lace and finished at the bottom with a pleated lace ruffle. A princess polonaise of ribbed white silk, trimmed with an eight-inch plaiting, opens over the above, with jabots of encircling lace and satin ribbons on either side. Lace sleeves and double-capped collar completes this bewitching robe.

When she takes the friar's potion she wears an antique dress of white French cashmere, made up of four skirts, graduated in lengths, and perfectly plain, the whole hung with Grecian drapery. In the tomb she rises from the dead attired in a court robe of satin de merveilleux, with long surplice sleeves of silk lace. Down the front, and round the train, is a border of swansdown. It must pull the heartstrings of J. M. Hill to see his protege dragging her half-lifeless body across the dirty stage in this $7,000 robe. Mary Anderson has some good clothes, the lamented Neilson played heavily on her trousseau, Aimee has done some fine prinking in her time, and although Patti might resent comparison, Margaret Mather takes the cookie. There is nothing sensational in any of her trunks; but Chicago has never seen such elegance of material and such a lavishment of rich trimmings, findings and distinguishments as make up her toilets. A lace shawl of point applique worth a small fortune would consume two columns of adjectives, and an entire edition might be utilized in describing the court costumes at the grand opening ball.

[Despatch to the Boston *Herald*, August 29.]

Miss Margaret Mather made her debut to-night at McVicker's Theatre as Juliet. The theatre was crowded from pit to dome with a magnificent and critical audience, among whom were many of the profession from other cities, and members of the press from Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Louisville, Milwaukie and other cities. The advertisement, extensive, expensive and immense, which Manager J. M. Hill had given to his fair protege was far in excess of that undertaken by any other manager in the history of amusements; in fine, many thought that Miss Mather would be prejudiced thereby, and some argued that such lavish expenditure smacked too loudly of the clothing business or the "beautiful woman" and other attractions promised on the circus posters. Mr. Hill did more than spend money in advertisement; he placed his ward under the best and most painstaking of teachers. She proved a diligent and apt scholar, and to-night, before a crowded house, more than earned what the *Herald* said of her February 12, 1882; "Before she had recited a dozen lines she proved her possession," &c. Mr. Hill also secured for her debut McVicker's Theatre, among whose habitues are found the best critics of the country. The stage is admirably adapted for Shaksperian productions, and Manager Louis Sharpe is never happier than in carefully, and in person, seeing that the minutest details are thoroughly attended to when a new piece or a new candidate for public favor is to be presented. Mr. Hill also secured the support of an unusually good company. In addition to all these accessories to success, the curtain rose to-night on an elegant audience, which, from the very first, evidenced a sympathy for the debutante and a perfect willingness to be pleased. When Miss Mather made her appearance she trod the boards as though she had been long accustomed to the glare of the foot lights, instead of its being her first essay. Her voice was not, however, sufficiently under her control, or rather she had not learned the capacities of the audience room until the balcony scene was nearly half through. From then to the close of the play, however, her clear pure intonations were plainly heard, even to the crowded lobbies. In the balcony scene she scored her first great success.

She was a young Juliet in very truth, and her acting was that of a pure young maiden. In the potion scene she showed talent and careful education. In her soliloquy she towered beyond talent, and developed real genius. Her broken sentences, agitated form, frantic deportment and the speaking horror of her eye, all combined, presented a picture fully equal to the best efforts of any actress we have seen in the part, while the hyperbolic words of the great bard, which deal so rudely with ancestral bones, lost none of their power in her recital, while they did not strike the auditors, as they frequently do in the recitation of inferior actresses, as bombast. Taken all in all, Miss Mather's performance of Juliet marks an epoch in the Shaksperian history of this country. She has sprung at once into the full fame of excellence and grandeur which usually costs long years of labor and study. She exhibited original genius, guided by rapidly acquired talent and surrounded by those physical charms without which even genius can be but partially successful. Small in figure, with hair of that golden brown which was by the gods styled ambrosial, with eyes of that hue which no one can denominate, and a face in which every line tells its story and heightens the effect. Her movements are full of grace, her changes never angular, but moving in parabolas of beauty. Her voice is sweet, while powerful. She received every honor a debutante could receive. Warmly welcomed by a densely packed house, the applause increased as every novel feature of excellence was developed, and culminated in a maddened chorus of bravos when she swallowed the potion. She was called out after every act—once twice, and once three times; once called on in open scene, and huge baskets and symbol bouquets were handed to her on the fall of each act drop. Miss Mather has made a grand success, has placed upon her own brow by her own genius a laurel wreath which her countrymen will be proud to see her wear and guard against the reckless, cruel hand of envious criticism and ignorant levity. She was admirably supported, and Milnes Levick added greatly to his previous popularity.

[From the *Chicago Herald*, Aug. 29.]

No native actress, since Clara Morris appeared at Daly's old Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York, now some 13 or 14 years ago, has been brought before the American people in whom there was greater promise than the debutante of last night. Miss Margaret Mather is a woman in whom there is unquestionably extraordinary possibilities. If the faults with which her acting at the present time is loaded are cleared away by experience she will we believe fill the place left vacant by Miss Adelaide Neilson. If, on the other hand, she neglects the good advice offered her now in the beginning of her career, these possibilities will never be realized, and she will remain stinted in her dramatic growth, just between the line of mediocrity and greatness; but from what we saw of her last night we believe Margaret Mather to be possessor of a strength of purpose and a true emotional instinct far beyond that of any of the debutantes since the advent of the erratic, emotional genius—Clara Morris—and an intelligence which, unless we are very much mistaken, will fully realize the hopes her performance of Juliet have evoked. To begin with, her physical advantages are not great. In build she is very much like Maud Harrison, and, indeed, her manner at times is apt to remind one of that actress. Her voice possesses about the same compass as that of Bernhardt, and is quite as musical, save in moments of passion, and is equally sympathetic, but it is not so well modulated. We could not expect it to be. Her eyes are dark and lustrous—quite as large as Neilson's, who, by her exquisite art, succeeded in making what were really not very striking the most conspicuously attractive features of her beautiful face. Miss Mather will in the course of time no doubt learn to use those expressive features to better advantage than she does now. Her face cannot be said to be beautiful, but it has the stamp of true intelligence and the quality of nobility, which are of more value to an artist than mere profession Her mouth is small, and perhaps the weakest feature of the face. It lacks strength. Her ways and gestures are often very graceful and pretty, occasionally very theatrical and artificial. Her elocution in moments of passion is invariably just, because she feels what she is saying, and in her quiet moments is instinct nearly always with an intelligence very remarkable for a woman who has had practically no stage experience. Take her as she is she is a remarkable acquisition to the American stage. Her defects, chiefly technical, can be cured by time and care and study. No amount of time, care and study could give her what she now has—magnetism, sympathy, true pathos and dramatic instinct.

As for the support it did not rise to the occasion, and, unfortunately, Mr. Hill had not provided a company which could interpret Shakspere respectably without rising. From this sweeping condemnation Mr. Milnes Levick should be excepted, but as Mercutio, whom he impersonated, never comes within hailing distance of Juliet, Miss Mather received no encouragement from the enthusiasm which he threw into the reckless gayety of that merry and fearless will. Mr. Levick never acted so well before. With the exception of overdoing his scene, guying the nurse, his Mercutio was full of airy life and daring spirit, and for his Queen Mab speech and death scene—"A plague on both your houses"—he received the warmest recognition from a house quick to appreciate and watchful to condemn. Romeo, as a lover, was a disappointment; Romeo, as the fierce and vindictive railer against banishment, was personally a success. But last night it was as the lover that he was needed to excel, and there he failed. The liquid lines of Shakspere's spooniest lover came in uneven measure from Mr. Alexander Salvini's lips. It was unfortunate that an actor of such marked promise as Mr. Salvini unquestionably is, should have been selected for a part in which the words of love are required to rush in an impetuous torrent from the fountain of a boyish passion. In action Mr. Salvini partially made up for his foreign distortion of the lines. His frenzy of love and despair in Friar Laurence's cell was a piece of strong passionate acting, giving glimpses of the same tragic power which has made his father irresistible in scenes of jealous fury. Beyond the character named, the cast was inexcusably weak.

[From the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, Aug. 29.]

For the first time in her life Miss Mather stood before the terrible tribunal of the crowded theatre. With the timorous modesty of a woman, but with the impassioned intensity of a firm nature bravely braced to do or die, she faced that ordeal wonderfully self possessed, looking steadily to an end and steadily sustaining herself as she progressed along the trying way to a definite and sure result. In this revelation of a force not derived from the discipline of ways, or the exact training of methods, Miss Mather showed plainly in the earlier stages of her work that there was little of the amateur about her, but that there was much of that potent intelligence which, under the name genius, bears its subjects irresistibly to the heights of real success. That Miss Mather did, as a debutante, achieve success, is not to be doubted. Aside from the favor manifested in the almost rapturous plaudits of an audience disposed from the first to bestow its praises on her, the young actress made a lasting impression upon the colder sensibilities that claimed to sit in judgment on her. The first qualification arose from the observance of her freedom from the crudities of manner and action that

usually mark so painfully the beginner in the arduous practice of mimetic work. There were, instead, the pleasing indications of an experience that seemed to cast some shade of doubt upon the claims of a novitiate. In the remembrance of few will there arise an instance for comparision with this, where youth and freshness and tentative powers met the hard requirements fixing the unlenient consideration of the natural and well versed actress. We might, without injustice or needless severity of judgment, estimate Miss Mather by the standard of the other actresses who have fashioned speech as Juliet, and compare her with those who have in recent years painted the joys and sorrows of the beautiful Capulet. To leave the side of kindness seems excess of solicitude, for out of the full tide of this first performance there comes so much that is true and real and noble on the touch of heart and the possession of soul, that the circumstances suggest rather a surrender to enthusiasm than a softening of stern regard. By some charm of manner or by superior stress of her native power, as the case may be, Miss Mather suggests continually in her acting the thought that hers is a nature that has firmly grasped, by the aid of an effective intuition, not only that which is the key to feeling, but also the best means of giving fullest expression to the sense aroused or the spirit invoked. So that, while she is by no means a perfect actress, she seems endowed with a full perception of the motives and conditions of being, and with a remarkable capacity for the definition of the sentiment stirred within her. She is principally deficient in art and in that certain knowledge of the motives in nature which no youth, however brilliant, can have, and which can only be made to appear from the methodical course of a studious experience. She now acts with that impulsive surrender to the current of feeling which will ever be most effective with that great public which determines no condition by the precise formula of mental unities, and which is a strong indication of a talent able to sweep away, as impeding, the cold tenets of critical form. There is room for regret in the reflection that this natural fire and moving intensity of an unfettered nature will lose something of its impassioned picturesque beauty when it becomes more subservient to the restrictions of that art which too often softens into finesse. There is delightful *ingenue* embarrassment in the acting of Miss Mather now, that, without at all approaching crudeness, shows the absence of that mathematical grace or precision of repose that the artiste is never without, but gives the delicious suggestion of abashed maidenhood that the artiste can never assume.

In the earlier scenes of the play Miss Mather is winning and sweet and girlish in her treatment of the character of Juliet. In her appears the home kept innocent, with heart still tender to the voice of love, with mind still pure and loyal to its virgin faith, a coy graciousness, a simple modesty that knows no artifice, but without adult passionateness of soul, that floods all the qualities and quantities of nature in the full tide of its new capacity for love. From the first she entered with earnestness into the spirit of the part. The few lines in the first scene where Juliet appears were read with as much honest zeal as were the lines which mark the tempest height of this melodiously romantic tragedy. Her voice is as musical as soft and full—not of great compass, but well sustained and admirably controlled, wooing in dulcet tone from the moonlight balcony, pleading in woe—stirring notes in the chamber scene, or swelled to the pitch of agony in fear and dread; but at all times a voice used in good effect, clearly enunciating and thrilling. Her figure is petite, but symmetrical and full of grace, and seen in a multitude of poses that would give delight to the warm gaze of the artist—these are as much the right of the poetic Juliet as fine intelligence and delicate beauty. In physique, Miss Mather shows no deficiency.

Performances of Juliet, like conception of the character, are more or less conventional. It is difficult to find any means of treatment that will not follow after some recognized type or form. There is no great possibility for variety, save in the most minute details, and these are taken account of only as, by added experience, the actress seeks relief in added nicety. Miss Mather has not yet come to that stage, though her study has been by no means without point, and there are many little beauties in her impersonation of the character that show analytical and persistent examination of the possibilities within the part by some one; but it is in the broad purpose of the creation that Miss Mather achieves her success and wins her right to distinction. It is the general revelation of the character, its phases, its shades of contrast, its sunshine and shadow, that she shows the indubitable existence of remarkable talent, if we may not say genius. As she advances, and we do not believe Miss Mather is of a kind to rest content because of commendation; and as she becomes more expert in the direction of her forces, both those of mind and those acquired, we believe that Miss Mather can make of this character more than any actress we have had in years. She is capable of far surpassing the late Miss Neilson, for not only has she winsome manners, rich voice and gentleness of grace, so eminently the distinguishing qualities of the charming Neilson, but she has what Neilson had not, fire and passion, energy and industry. The potion-drinking scene, as portrayed by Miss Mather, was we doubt not a very great surprise to the many experienced theatrical people who sat in the audience. It was in this scene that the young actress succeeded in removing all doubt as to her capacity for tragic work, seeming to conjure about here the very substance of the ghastly images plucked from her wild fancy. Miss Mather portrayed, without once over-acting, a most impressive picture of youth distracted by honor, with the implying belief of temporary thought of bliss and peace. We have never seen her representation of the episode surpassed. It was a piece of work sufficient in itself to have earned Miss Mather the right to claim success. We have no wish or intention to deal with the faults of the young actress at this time. There is something nobler to think of now. No one is better aware of her imperfections than she or her manager, but she has more than a counterbalancing number of excellences. She has the courage to win in the first trial for success. We hope she will have the honesty, the earnestness, the faithfulness, to persevere in her endeavor to push that success to its crown. The audience was extraordinary in its enthusiasm. Demonstration succeeded demonstration, honoring not only the star, but the principal members of the company, even going so far as to demand the appearance of Mr. Hill before the curtain.

[From the *Chicago Times*, Aug. 29.]

In the first two acts the debutante showed herself fully conversant with her part, and from this on she grew in public favor. She was recalled at the close of each act, and the floral tributes tendered her were unequalled by any ever seen here. Miss Mather's manner is easy and graceful, her reading correct, and her acquaintance with stage business marvellous for one so young. She fairly captured her audience in the balcony scene, and in the stronger situations of the later acts she grew steadily upon them. While it would be unfair to judge of her acting by the highest standard of art, it is certain that she possesses far more than average ability, and with continued study will, at an early day, command a high situation in the dramatic field. The piece was splendidly mounted and dressed, and the scenery was superb. Alexander Salvini as Romeo was disappointing, his grotesque rendering of some of the more pathetic passages spoiling their effect. The support generally was good.

[From the *Chicago Tribune*, Aug. 29.]

The public expectation over the first appearance of Miss Mather in the somewhat ambitious *role* which she had chosen for her primal essay had been so far wrought up that the debutante labored under a disadvantage. The immense audience, though kind, was critical, and there was only too much reason to fear that the standard by which Miss Mather was to be judged would be a hard one, and that, instead of awarding praise for meritorious effort to a beginner, the audience would condemn her for any falling short of perfection. Before such an audience, in such a theatre, and in view of the well spread interest attaching to her initial appearance, the success of Miss Mather last evening may fairly be termed phenomenal.

In the first act, where Juliet enters to her mother and the Nurse, the daughter of the Capulets has but little to do save to look pretty. Nature has done much for Miss Mather, and her graceful, though somewhat girlish actions (Juliet, by the way, was but fourteen instead of eighteen, as declared by the Nurse), at once won for her well deserved plaudits. She got a recall at the end of this act, and it was well deserved, for she spoke her lines with good delivery and a self-possession most remarkable under such circumstances.

The balcony scene in the second act is generally taken as the test of Juliet's powers. We hardly agree with this judgment, but certainly Miss Mather gained upon her audience during this act, and her rendering of the pretty and endearing speeches which fell to her lot was faultless. The applause which followed was most generous, and from this point on it was evident that the new aspirant for histrionic favor had the thorough support of the house.

Time will not permit of any elaborate analysis of Miss Mather's acting. It must suffice to say that she most agreeably disappointed those who had come prepared to scoff at the idea of an unknown American girl essaying the part of Verona's daughter. From the beginning of the third act until she fell prone on the prostrate body of her dead lover, Juliet grew stronger. Her reading was natural and her delivery unstrained. Most certainly she has studied in a good school; her gestures were natural and pleasing, and her knowledge of the business of the stage marvellous for one who has yet to gain the ripened experience which comes with years of study.

In the parting with her lover and in the stormy scene with her father and mother she was at once strong and capable, showing a thorough mastery not only of the text but of the spirit of the great master who gave it. In short, Miss Mather grew in strength as the situation demanded, and called forth the higher artistic talent, and her first appearance upon the mimic stage must in all fairness be chronicled as a success of the fullest order. Her best friends could not have asked for her a better reception than she met last night, and her worst enemy—if one she has—could not gainsay the warmth and genuineness of the applause which rewarded her effort.

The support was excellent. Mr. Alexander Salvini as Romeo labored under the disadvantages of a somewhat stagy action and an imperfect knowledge of the English language. He was good—in his way—but it was sometimes hard to preserve one's gravity while listening to his peculiar rendering of some of the most pathetic passages. Mr. Levick's Mercutio was good and Mr. E. O. Jepson made a first class Friar Laurence. Mrs. Jamieson as the Nurse fully sustained her reputation, and Miss Josephine Bailey gave a fair but somewhat slight rendering of the not particularly strong part of Lady Capulet.

[From the Chicago *News*, Aug. 29.]

It was with a feeling akin to pity that we took our seat at McVicker's last night to witness the painful ordeal through which the youthful debutante, Miss Mather, had to pass. Probably never in the history of the stage had a young girl been so fearfully handicapped. To spring at once to the top of the tree, to attempt before an audience crowded and critical, associated with veterans who had trod the boards from babyhood, a part which taxes the powers of those long wedded to the stage, and with

such preliminary notices everywhere spread abroad as must make the slightest shortcoming fatal, might well make the strongest heart quail, the most self-possessed nervous. It was a happy relief when the first plunge was over, when the dancing, dazzling, flickering, indistinct lights once more resolved themselves into their separate identities and the actress felt her breath come again.

To fairly criticise such acting as that of Margaret Mather's, at a moment's notice, and hurriedly for the daily press, is difficult for the critic and unfair for the lady, and can only be done at all by following some certain principles which we will endeavor to epitomize. Something more than that judgment which is the result of experience animates and controls the mind of a true artist, that something we call genius, and that Miss Mather undoubtedly has in an extraordinary degree. Beyond this, which is inborn and natural, there must be execution, which combines action of the features of the face, action of the body, and intonation. It is not enough that the features have the power of forcible portrayal, unless there be stimulus to call them into action. This stimulus is strong and self-controlled feeling, and this, we think, every one who saw Miss Mather last night will acknowledge she possesses. As to the action of the body, every curve was a grace, every movement felt, in some cases appearing abrupt and powerful, but still controlled by the common and established ideas of elegance in female form. Without just intonation there can be no excellence in acting, and this quality the debutante has in a high degree, naturally and in obedience to the governing will, uninjured by the mechanical tinkering of teachers of elocution who make orators in order and ruin every voice they attempt to handle, forgetting that eloquence in speaking and truth of intonation depend upon that fineness of nerve, that keenness of feeling and that appreciation of the soul of the author, which, flowing from nature, must be true.

Such are the general principles upon which we should, had we time, wish to criticise the acting of this aspirant for the highest honors of the stage. With a small, yet well proportioned figure, features lit up with soul-light, animated and sparkling with expression, she possesses, it is certain, a vigorous intellect and a rare power of expressing character and passion. This is genius.

Acting from feeling, and not from parrot-like tuition, it follows, of course, that she must best represent those characters which are simple and true to nature, devoid of the artificiality of society life and the frivolity of modern fashion; therefore no better character could have been found than this sweetest of all of Shakspere's heroines. Her graceful form, action, and countenance were exactly suited to the interesting Juliet, and though costume is not genius and hair-dressing not acting, it must be confessed that her coiffure added no little to the fascination of her appearance. She had not been five minutes on the stage when she riveted the attention of her audience, and established a reputation which will be indorsed and extended at each successive appearance. Her voice when in the level note is soft, melodious, and sympathetic, but when raised to express the stronger, the sublimer emotions of the soul, is copious in the extreme, yet never in the loudest burst of passion is it inharmonious. The hour is too late to attempt a close analysis of the part or to point out distinct and separate beauties, or to hint at one or two minor failures, but we must note her playful manner with the Nurse, which was inexpressibly fascinating, and her soliloquy previous to swallowing the soporific, which was a photographic truth, admirably descriptive of the emotions agitating a sanguine mind torn by the conflicting sensations of eager hope, terror at the possibility of the draught's being poisonous, and the tender timidity of an innocent girl. Her broken sentences, agitated form, frantic deportment, and the speaking horror of her eye, all combined, presented a picture fully equal to the best efforts of any actress we have seen in the part, while the hyperbolic words of the great bard, which deal so rudely with ancestral bones, lost none of their power in her rectital, while they did not strike the auditor, as they frequently do in the recitation of inferior actresses, as bombast. We cannot pass over the balcony scene without a word of praise; it was in painter phrase, our artistic bit of nature, fresh as spring, pure as virginal love, and bubbling over with playful beauty. Taken all in all, Miss Mather's performance of Juliet marks an epoch in the Shaksperian history of this country; she has sprung at once into the full fame of excellence and grandeur which usually costs long years of labor and study. She exhibited original genius, guided by rapidly acquired talent, and surrounded by those physical charms without which even genius can but be partially successful. Small in figure, with hair of that golden brown which was, by the gods styled ambrosial, with eyes of that hue which no one can denominate, and a face in which every line tells its story and heightens the effect, her movements were full of grace, her changes never angular, but moving in parabolas of beauty, her voice is sweet while powerful, and all which the *Morning News* said of her twelve months ago was fully borne out by the success of last night.

She received every honor a debutante could receive; warmly welcomed by a densely packed house, the applause increased as every novel feature of excellence was developed, and culminated in a maddened chorus of bravos when she swallowed the potion. She was called out after every act—once twice, and once three times, once called on in open scene, and huge baskets and symbol bouquets were handed to her on the fall of each act drop. Miss Mather has made a grand success; has placed upon her own brow by her own genius a laurel wreath which her countrymen will be proud to see her wear and guard against the reckless, cruel hand of envious criticism and ignorant levity. She was admirably supported by Mr. Salvini, Mr. Milnes Levick, and Mrs. Carrie Jamieson, but the hour is too late for a close criticism of their many excellences. We never saw Milnes Levick play better, and young Salvini gave evidences of power which will improve upon acquaintance. All these artists were loudly applauded, and received repeated calls. Manager Hill was vociferously called for, and responded by a bow from the stage. So decided a hit for so young an actress is an event of rare occurrence, but was thoroughly deserved. We have made no comparisons between this young lady and well known Juliets. She is too original to be classed with any of them now upon the stage.

MARSDEN'S "CALLED TO ACCOUNT" IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the Philadelphia *Times*, Aug. 29.]

A very good house greeted Alexander Caufman and his company at their opening last night at the Walnut in Marsden's new drama, "Called to Account." The play has considerable originality and force and is full of dramatic incidents and striking situations. Unfortunately these interesting features all take place off the stage and at various places as far as possible from the scene of the play and are related to each other and to the audience by the actors, or left to be inferred from the subsequent proceedings. The consequence is that there is nothing of dramatic importance in the first three acts, and the denouement, in which the heavy villain, Richard Grayson, is "called to account" in a pistol scene of much violence, rises by contrast to a pitch of what might be intensity if there was any occasion for the situation. If much of the dialogue was left out and a good deal of what takes place elsewhere and is only talked about were put in, the play might attain some dramatic interest. The drama is well cast and the company exceedingly well drilled, and whatever merit the piece possesses is conferred by the efforts of the actors. The humor is abundant and of the kind which finds popular recognition and the piece is likely to meet with some success.

[From the *Ledger*, Aug. 29.]

The sensational drama "Called to Account" was greeted last evening in the Walnut Street Theatre by an audience that, for the season, was remarkably large. Alexander Caufman ably sustained the principal *role*, Walter Kent, and was ably supported by a very talented company. The applause which greeted their efforts was ample evidence of the appreciation in which they held the actors and the play itself.

OPENING OF THE PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN.

[From the *Eagle*, Aug. 29.]

No more brilliant inauguration of the amusement season in Brooklyn has taken place in many a year than that of last night at Colonel Sinn's Park Theatre. And if, as the trite but none the less hopeful and encouraging saying will have it, that coming events cast their shadow before, then the management of this cosy little playhouse can look forward with the complacency born of assurance to a coming forty weeks of unexampled prosperity and success. The interior of the theatre, lobbies, parlors and auditorium, was not more bright and cheerful appearing in its new dress fresh from the hand of the decorator and upholsterer, than the large audience which filled the house to its capacity. There were many familiar faces in the throng, and in nothing is the abiding popularity of the Park more clearly manifest than in the regularity with which its patrons testify to their affection for the house and regard and esteem for the management by punctual attendance upon its *premieres*.

As predicted in this column, "The Chimes of Normandy" rang in the opening season right merrily. It was a happy thought to welcome the pleasure seeking public with sparkling music; and the ready response of those who listened last night to the efforts of the Hess Acme Opera Company to amuse and delight, could not have been otherwise than gratifying to the members of that organization. The selection of the "Chimes" was likewise most happy. The "dingle, dingle, dangle" of its opening chorus never fails to make its way straight to the heart of all hearers; its melodiousness is infectious, and the piquancy of its story is such as to commend the work to all classes of music lovers. The paraphrase of the magnificent "Huguenot" chorale in the second act is electrical in its forcefulness, while the wedding bells of the *finale* heighens and rivets the favorable impression created by the earlier portions of the opera. There is a dash of French naughtiness in the "Fair scene," and a flavor of censoriousness in the "now look at that and look at this—a landscape there, a landscape here," of Serpolette and her companion, which stimulates the enthusiasm of the masculine element among the auditors and sharpens the edge of feminine curiosity to learn how far this trenching upon debatable ground is going to be carried. In the hands of a much less capable company than the Hess, "The Chimes of Normandy" would prove interesting; but when given with the general excellence which characterized last night's presentation the work never fails of awakening the fullest enthusiasm. From the outset of the performance the audience manifested a disposition to be pleased; and in this respect it offered a marked contrast to the average run of Brooklyn gatherings. But it must be acknowledged that its applause, while unusually generous, was discreetly bestowed, and that the encores, which were frequent, were well earned.

The principal interest of the evening centred in Miss St. Quinten, who made her first appearance in this vicinity on this occasion. Miss St. Quinten is an English soubrette, of celebrity in London—a celebrity to which her last night's performance of "Mignonette"—why not "Serpolette?"—proved her to be justly entitled. She is pleasant faced, petite, vivacious, an admirable vocalist, though her voice sounded at times worn and tired, evidently from overwork, and as an actress altogether

charming and acceptable. She has the dash of Dolaro and the grace of Lillian Russell, without the intense personality of the latter, and possesses the rare faculty among comic opera singers of sinking her identity completely in the character she portrays. Her spoken passages are beyond praise, but her vocalism suffers from want of clear articulation. In figure she is shapely, and she is not lacking in the abandon of the French school, which it is evident she has closely studied. In "Olivette" we can believe that she would shine resplendently. Miss St. Quinten is a welcome addition to our stage. The Germain of Miss Rose Leighton was vocally correct, but colorless and impassionless. Mr. Henry Peakes shared the honors of the evening with Miss St. Quinten, his Gaspard being a wonderfully clever piece of acting, although vocally it failed to equal other performances of the part of the miser we have been favored with. He was justly honored with a double recall before the curtain. Mr. Mark Smith made a favorable impression as the Marquis, but his exhibition of self-sufficiency detracted from an otherwise thoroughly admirable performance. Mr. George Appleby, who took Mr. Wilkie's place at short notice, was overweighted in the part of Robin Moore, his fisherman's song in the first act being the only creditable work done by him in the course of the opera. The comical incidents of the piece were ably cared for by Mr. James Peakes as the Sheriff and Mr. J. K. Jones as the Factotum. The chorus is strong, well balanced and trained, and contains a number of good looking young women. But the least excellence of the performance is the care shown in the working up of the ensembles, which were worthy of the highest praise.

HOW "FRA DIAVOLO" IS SUNG NOWADAYS.

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Aug. 30.]

Auber's "Fra Diavolo," when placed in contrast with the sprightly concerts of the modern school of comic light opera, appears antiquated and heavy. Following upon "The Chimes," the presentation of that old time favorite work last night at the Park Theatre proved disappointing and unsatisfying. How much the mediocrity of the Hess company's production had to do with this feeling it would perhaps not be difficult to state. "Fra Diavolo" is linked in association with probably the best English opera company ever before the American public—the organization of which Mme. Parepa Rosa was the prima donna. It is unduly severe, possibly, to compare the company now singing at the Park with so high a standard, yet the "acme" of opera companies must be prepared to stand the test of the very best which the musical market affords. Except for the brightness thrown into the second act by Miss Randall's *scena*, Mr. Wilkie's Young Agnes, the gem of the opera and excellently sung, Mr. Appleton's love song in the third and the *ensemble* at the close of the first act, the performance did not rise above the dead level of average merit. There was, of course, the rollicking fun of the brigands, those two worthies finding able representatives in Messrs. Henry Peakes and Arthur Tams, a triple encore rewarding their duet in imitation of the bedroom scene. Mr. James Peakes looked the part of the English Lord Allcash, as did also Miss Leighton that of Lady Allcash, but the former infused but little humor into the part, while the lady made but slight exertion seemingly to win the approbation of her auditors by a spirited interpretation of the character. Mr. Appleby struggled nobly with the part of Lorenzo, and was deserving the encore he received near the close of the performance—his singing of the number going a great way toward redeeming the indifference of his work earlier in the evening. Mr. Wilkie was without question the most remarkable Fra Diavolo yet seen upon our stage. He dresses the character like a swell coachman, with the addition of yellow kids, and it only required the whip to transform the supposed dashing brigand into the Postilion of Lonjumeau. Mr. Wilkie has not the faintest idea of acting, while his articulation is so indistinct that for all the hearers know to the contrary he might be singing either in Dutch or in English. His barcarolle, however, as before mentioned, was admirably sung, and enthusiastically redemanded. Miss Adelaide Randall, the Zerlina of the performance, has made rapid improvement in her art of late. She has still much to learn, but it is evident that with careful and conscientious study she is bound to achieve a foremost rank among lyric *prime donne*. The charming soprano voice which delighted the staid Knickerbockers of the wealthiest Episcopal congregation in New York, outside of Trinity, a few years back, she still possesses, fresh, clear and melodious. In the retiring scene in the second act Miss Randall acted and sung with a freedom and grace, a perfection of method and purity of tone which was worthy the utmost praise; and it may be safely added that this scene saved the opera. The wealth of golden hair which she sets free in the *scena* sung before the looking glass is not without its effect in heightening the interest and enhancing the personal charms of the little lady; but the action is so natural and unaffected that the audience regards it as quite a matter of course. Miss Randall is to be congratulated upon the success attending her last night's performance. A good word is to be said for the orchestra—which is made up almost entirely of the regular musicians of the Park—very few slips being made by the band, while the accompaniments were played with unusual delicacy and expression.

NEWPORT AMATEURS.

Newport society has been pleasantly agitated by the performances of the Bellevue Dramatic Club at the Casino. On Thursday evening "My Uncle's Will" and "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" was given with the following casts:—

MY UNCLE'S WILL.

Charles Cashmere.....T. F. Cushing
Mr. Barker.....Elisha Dyer
Florence Marigold.....Mrs. James Potter

A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

Colonel Percy Kirke.....Towson Caldwell
Colonel Lord Churchill.....Richard H. Hunt
Master Jasper Carew.....Sidney Woollett
Kester Chedzoy.....G. T. Snelling
Corporal Flintoff.....S. Leroy, Jr.
Hackett.....Mr. Travers
John Zoyland.....E. Dyer
Anne Carew.....Mrs. Eyre
Dame Carew.....Miss Eustis
Sibyl.....Miss Eyre
Keziah Mapletop.....Miss S. Austin

Mrs. Potter sustained the reputation she already has as a charming actress; and Mr. Cushing and Mr. Dyer were both excellent. President Arthur entered the theatre during a scene between Charles and Florence in the comedietta, but the accomplished amateurs were not disconcerted by the flutter occasioned by his entrance. Of the acting of Tom Taylor's very difficult little drama, in a report telegraphed to the *Herald*, it is said:—

Mr. Sidney Woollett, whose weekly recitations during the season at private houses have brought him so prominently before Newport society, took the part of Jasper Carew, and Mrs. Wilson Eyre that of Anne Carew, his wife. Much applause and well deserved praise were given to their fine acting. The pathos exhibited by Jasper in the great scenes with his wife while in hiding from Colonel Kirke's lambs was certainly excellent. Mrs. Eyre is always the finished actress. Her badinage with and taunting of Colonel Kirke, her exhibitions of feeling with her husband and child and her sudden changes in the expression of various emotions, especially in the scene with Colonel Kirke, were carried out with wonderful tact. Mr. Towson Caldwell as Colonel Kirke, alternately the bully, tyrant and suitor for Anne Carew's hand, was excellent. Kester Chedzoy (Mr. Grenville Snelling) was very amusing, his imitations of bourgeois Englian being extremely well done. The acting of the other characters—those of Colonel Lord Churchill, Mr. Richard Hunt; Keziah Mapleton, Miss Austin; Dame Carew, Miss Eustis, and Sibyl, by Mrs. Eyre's little girl, Miss Lulie—were eminently satisfactory. It is unnsual in amateur performances to see the stage setting so finely effective, and there was shown throughout a charming taste. The audience included those who at this time of year are always to be found present at the best social entertainments in Newport. The theatre was packed to the doors; not a seat was vacant; not even standing room could be found.

The twenty-fifth annual festival of the Worcester County (Mass.) Musical Association will commence on Monday, Sept. 25, closing on the Friday following. Nine grand concerts will be given, five in the afternoon and four in the evening, and the chorus numbers nearly 500 voices, or, to be exact, 496. The orchestra will number forty pieces. The following distinguished artists have been engaged, and negotiations are pending with others:—Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mme. Anna Bishop, Mrs. George Henschel, Miss Hattie Louise Simms, sopranos; Miss Emily Winant, Miss Antonia Henne, Miss Mary H. Howe, contraltos; Messrs. Theodore J. Toedt, Charles R. Adams, Jules Jordan, J. C. Bartlett, tenors; Messrs. George Henschel, Myron W. Whitney, Franz Remmertz, Edward J. O'Mahoney, basses; Mr. Edouard Remenyi, solo violinist; Mr. Frederic Archer, solo organist; Mr. G. W. Sumner, festival organist; Messrs. George W. Colby, B. D. Allen, pianaforte accompanists; Mr. Carl Zerrahn, conductor. The principal works decided on thus far for performance are the following: Handel's "Messiah," "Utrecht Jubilate" and "Zadock the Priest," Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," Bach's "A Stronghold Sure," Wagner's "Lohengrin," (Prayer and Finale), Beethoven's Fifth and Mozart's G minor symphonies.

Mahn's Comedy Company, with Frank Bush, will open the new Opera House at Shamokin, Pa., on the 12th inst.

A despatch from Chicago, dated Monday, says that Haverly's colored minstrels from Europe consolidated today with Callender's company from California. Both arrived at the same hour yesterday and performed together to-night before an immense audience and met with much success.

Henry Gibbs and Patsey Gibbs, colored servants at the Wetherill House, Atlantic City, have been committed for trial on a charge of stealing a $500 set of diamond earrings from Mrs. J. Fred. Zimmerman.

The repairs on the Philadelphia Chestnut Street Opera House are still unfinished, but they are sure to be completed by the 11th, when the season opens with Miss Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart."

Mr. E. D. Price, who has for the past three years been the efficient advance representative of John McCullough, is at St. Paul, where Mr. McCullough's season begins September 4.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are doing a fine business at the Monroe Street Theatre, Chicago. The entertainment is a first class one, and the company contains many favorites.

Mrs. J. L. Carhart died at Detroit on Sunday last. She made her first appearance in this country in 1850, at the old Broadway Theatre, as Catherine in the "Crown Prince."

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE.

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METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE,
38 Vesey street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1882.

The Theatre List.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO.—Park Theatre, New York, October 30, Boston, December 4, Philadelphia 18, Chicago, Ill., January 1, New Orleans, La., 29.

ADAMS' PANTOMIME CO., Baltimore, Sept. 4.

ADA GRAY, Buffalo, Sept. 1; Toronto, 4.

ALEXANDER CAUFMAN CO.—Trenton, N. J., September 4; New Brunswick 5, Paterson 6, Danbury, Conn., 7; Norwalk 8, Montreal 11.

A CHILD OF THE STATE CO.—Park Theatre, Newark, N. J., September 4, New Brunswick 6, Bethlehem 7, Allentown 8, Harrisburg 9.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE, in "My Partner," Rockford, Ill., September 4; Beloit, Wis., 5; Janesville 6, Milwaukie 7, 8, 9; Peoria, Ill., 11; Galesburg 12, Burlington, Iowa, 13; Des Moines 14, Cedar Rapids 15, Dubuque 17, Chicago 18.

ALICE OATES CO.—Rochester, September 4, Syracuse 7.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE CO.—Booth's Theatre, New York, September 18.

BARRY AND FAY, Rochester, N. Y., September 8.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMBINATION.—Chicago, September 5; Rockford 11, Clinton 12, Aurora 13, Ottowa 14, Joliet 15, Stretor 16.

BARNEY MCAULEY, Portland, Me., Sept. 4; Bangor 6, Lewiston 8, Biddeford 9, Lowell, Mass., 11.

BARLOW, WILSON & CO.'S MINSTREL'S.—Washington, Sept. 4.

BAKER AND FARON, Toronto, September 4.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life."—Port Huron, Mich., September 4; La Pierre 5, Cairo 6, Vassar 7, East Saginaw 8, Bay City 11, St. Louis 13, Saginaw City 14, Flint 15, Lansing 16, Ionia 18, Big Rapids 19, Grand Haven 20, Muskegon 21, Grand Rapids 22.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 1, Brooklyn, Sept. 11.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 2, Poughkeepsie, September 11.

CHICAGO CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Chicago, September 25. The company comprises Miss Herrick, Miss St. John, Messrs. Barnes, Wolff, Kyle, Mason, Dunn, and other principals.

COLLIER'S LIGHTS O' LONDON CO. NO. 1.—Grand Opera House, New York, August 28.

CALLENDER'S MINSTRELS.—Chicago, August 27.

COLVILLE'S WORLD, New York, September 18.
CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.—Augusta, September 4, Portsmouth, N. H., 5; Manchester 6, Lowell, Mass., 7; Springfield 8, New Haven 9, Brooklyn 11.
CORINNE MERRIEMAKERS, Des Moines, Ia., September 1.
COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October 16, for thirty nights.
COLLIER'S BANKER'S DAUGHTER, Brooklyn, September 4.
DEAKIN'S LILIPUTIAN OPERA CO.—Sedalia, Mo., September 4; Kansas City 8.
DALY'S THEATRE, N. Y., "The Passing Regiment"; September 9, "Mankind."
DAVENE'S COLOSSAL ALLIED ATTRACTIONS.—New York early in September.
DEFOSSEZ'S FRENCH OPERA CO.—New Orleans, November 10.
DUFF'S "PASSING REGIMENT" CO.—Trenton, N. J., September 11.
EMMA ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO.—Lima, Ohio, September 4; Peoria, Illinois, 7; Topeka, Kansas, 11; Kansas City, Mo., 18.
ERIC BAYLEY'S CO., Hamilton, Ont., September 18.
FRANK L. GOODWIN'S LA BELLE RUSSE CO.—Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 18.
FRED. B. WARDE.—Akron, September 4, Canton 6, Ashland 8, Cleveland 11, Pittsburg 18.
FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO.—Windsor, New York, September 4, Baltimore 11, Washington 18, Brooklyn 25.
FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates."—Denver, September 4, Leadville 11, Pueblo 14, Colorado Springs 15.
FRANK MAYO, Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, September 4. San Francisco, September 18.
FRED BRYTON'S DRAMATIC CO., Winnipeg, Manitoba, September 4.
FRANK BUSH'S IKEY SOLOMON CO.—Buffalo, N. Y., September 4.
F. S. CHANFRAU, Boston, September 4.
FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO. — Cedar Rapids, September 4, Marshalltown 5, Des Moines 7, Topeka 11.
GEORGE S. KNIGHT'S CO. "Baron Rudolph," Montreal, August 28.
GUS WILLIAMS, Cleveland, Ohio, September 4; Indianapolis 18.
GEORGE A. FAIR'S DRAMATIC CO., with Harry Webber in "Nip and Tuck," Plattsmouth, Neb., September 14.
HESS ACME OPERA CO.—Philadelphia, September 4.
HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—Marion Elmore in "Chispa," September 4.
HERRMANN'S EUROPEAN SPECIALTY CO., Montreal, Canada, September 4; Ottawa, September 7.
HAZAEL KIRKE CO. NO. 1.—San Francisco, Baldwin's Theatre, September 4 (two weeks); thence eastward, via Virginia City, Reno, Salt Lake City, Denver, &c.
HARRIGAN & HART'S THEATRE COMIQUE.—August 26, "The Blackbird."
HAVERLY'S MASTODONS, Chicago, August 28.
HARRY WEBBER—"Flint and Steel." Cincinnati, August 26.
HAVERLY'S OPERA CO.—Halifax, N. S., September 4.
HANLONS.—Chicago, September 11.
HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY CO.—Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 4; thence to Washington, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Troy, Providence, Boston, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Indianapolis, Louisville, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.
HELEN COLEMAN'S WIDOW BEDOTT.—New Brunswick, N. J., September 11; Kingston, N. Y., 13.
HOWARD'S AUNT KEZIAH CO.—Albany, September 14.
HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—Brunswick, Me., September 4, Lewiston 5.
JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION, Springfield, Ohio, September 18.
J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION, St. Louis, September 4. Minneapolis 14.
JOHN MCCULLOUGH, St. Paul, September 4.
JOHN THOMPSON, Cadiz, O., September 5.
JOHN T. RAYMOND.—Newark, O., September 7; New York, October 2.
JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S CO.—Bradford, Pa., September 4; Jamestown N. Y., 5; Mansfield, O., 6; Xenia, 7; Zanesville, 8; Columbus, 9; Union Square Theatre, 18.
JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King," Williamsburg, N. Y., September 4; Troy, 11, 12, 13; Holyoke, Mass., 14; Worcester, 15; Fall River, 16; Providence, 18; Philadelphia, 25.
JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO.—Leadville, September 4, Pueblo 7, Colorado Springs 9, Topeka, Kas., 11; Lawrence 12, Leavenworth 13, Hannibal, Mo., 14; Peoria, Ill., 15; Springfield 16, St. Louis, 18.
JOSEPH F. WHEELOCK'S CO.—Whitney's Grand Opera House, Detroit, Mich., September 11, in Len Grover and Townsend Percy's "Wardour;" and Fred Marsden's "Root of all Evil."
J. H. WEBB'S UNITED STATES MINSTRELS.—Dubuque, Ia., September 4; Glena 5, Warren 6, Polo, Ill., 7, Amboy 8, Sterling 9.
JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—South Norwalk, Conn., September 11; Bridgeport 12, Waterbury 13, Hartford 14, New Haven 15.
KATE CLAXTON.—Lowell, Mass., September 1.
KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD CO., Globe Theatre, Boston, August 28.
LOTTA, Buffalo, N. Y., September 1.
LAURA DON, in "A Daughter of the Nile," Standard Theatre, New York, September 4.
LAWRENCE BARRETT'S CO.—Philadelphia, September 4.
LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMBINATION.—Buffalo, September 4.
LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.—Philadelphia, September 4.
LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—New York, September 4.
MARY ANDERSON'S CO., Brooklyn, N. Y., September 25.
MODJESKA begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2.
MINNIE PALMER, Philadelphia, Pa., September 4.
MARGARET MATHER, in "Romeo and Juliet," Chicago, August 28.
M. B. CURTIS' SAM'L OF POSEN CO., Detroit, September 4.
MILTON NOBLES, St. Louis, September 4.
METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR, N. Y., "Snake Charmer," August 26.
MLLE. RHEA, Brooklyn, N. Y., September 4.
MINNIE MADDERN CO.—Cincinnati, September 4.
MAGGIE MITCHELL, "Elsa," Park Theatre, New York, Sep. 2.
MLLE. THEO.—Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, September 11.
MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE.—Harlem, September 25, the "Lights o' London."
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—"Esmeralda." Bronson Howard's new play, October 9.
MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House, New York, October 23.
MITCHELL'S PLEASUBE PARTY.—Danbury, Ct., September 11; Waterbury 12.
MESTAYER'S TOURISTS, Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 4.
M. B. LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Gloucester, Mass., September 4; Newburyport 5, Lawrence 6, Haverhill 7, Portsmouth 8, Portland 9.
NIBLO'S GARDEN.—New York, "Youth," August 21; three weeks. The "Lights o' London," September 11.
ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe), Troy, N. Y., September 4; Glen's Falls 6, Burlington, Vt, 7; Montreal 8, Ottawa 11, Prescott 13, Brockville 14, Belleville 15, Port Hope 16, Toronto 18, Brantford 22.
ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon), Pittston, Pa., September 4; Scranton 5, Hornellsville, N. Y., 6; Bolivar 7, Olean 8, Bradford, Pa., 9; Jamestown, N. Y., 11; Erie, Pa., 12; Dunkirk, N. Y., 13; Buffalo 14, 15, 16, Syracuse 18, Auburn 20, Oswego 22, Rome 23.
PALMER AND ULMER'S DANITES.—Hartford, September 4; Springfield 5.
PARK THEATRE.—New York, September 2, Maggie Mitchell in "Elsa;" John T. Raymond, October 2; Mrs. Langtry, October 30; the Florences, Robson and Crane.
ROBSON & CRANE, in "D. A. M." Springfield, Mass., September 25.
ROLAND REED (Cheek).—Minneapolis, September 1; Rochester 4, Chicago (McVicker's) 18.
ROSE EYTINGE.—Cumberland, Md., September 11; Wheeling, W. Va., 12; Zanesville, O., 13; Dayton 14; Richmond 15, Terre Haute 16, St. Louis 17, Cincinnati 25, Chicago, Oct., 1.
SMITH'S DOUBLE UNCLE TOM, Boston, August 28.
THOS. KEENE'S CO., Grand Opera House, Chicago, September 4.
TONY PASTOR'S CO., St Louis, Mo., August 28; Chicago, Ill., September 1.
TAKEN FROM LIFE CO.—Lafayette, Ind., September 4; Terre Haute, 6; Evansville, 8; Louisville, Ky., 11; Indianapolis, 18; Detroit, 25.
THALIA THEATRE, New York, September 14.
THE HARRISONS—"Viva, a Sister's Sacrifice," Poughkeepsie, September 4.
TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, "The Beautiful Galatia," September 11.
UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—New York, August 21, "Black Flag."
WALLACK'S THEATRE, N. Y., Miniature Opera Co. in "Patience."
WINDSOR THEATRE, N. Y., September 4; Frank Evans in "Galley Slave."

NEW PLAYS.

Frank L. Goodwin, manager of "La Belle Russe," has purchased a new melodrama called "The Prison Tent."

Thomas J. Lindsay, of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, is engaged on a five act society drama.

BIOGRAPHY.

Mme. Theo, *nee* Louise Piciolo, is the daughter of the manager of a grand cafe chantant at Paris. She received an excellent musical and literary education in a convent. At seventeen years of age she married M. Theo, and shortly afterward was engaged at the Eldorado concert room, where her graceful figure and rollicking disposition made her a great favorite. It was there that M. Offenbach found her and gave her the principal *role* in "Pomme d'Api," at the Renaissance Theatre. Fresh, lively and amiable, her youthful voice, mischievous ways and laughable gestures, gained her a great success and made her the favorite opera bouffe artist of Paris, a position which she has since maintained.

Since the beginning of her professional career Marian Elmore has acted in Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, India, France, Germany, Great Britain, South America and the United States. In 1870 she landed in California with her parents from the antipodes, and attended school for about a year in San Francisco with Lena Merville. Her education was afterward completed in England, and when she finally returned to the stage it was under the management of Mr. Chatterton.

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VOL. 1.—NO. 6. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

Offenbach's Vataclan Princess.

Ten years ago the pretty wife of a little Parisian tailor was a chanson singer at the Cafe Vataclan—now when she comes to America for a brief season of two months, she gravely tells us that M. Bertrand was very unwilling that she should come because besides her he has only Judic and Jeanne Granier as stars.

What Madame Theo's position in her own country really is it is hardly worth our while to inquire. We know that Paris is walled in against foreign artists, and that she must be a very bold woman of the first rank on the French stage who would have the courage to climb over it even to get out. No Parisian newspaper ever condescends to speak of the great artists of the English stage, and Paris apparently never forgives a Parisian artist who consents to appear in London or New York. Neither Rachel nor Bernhardt succeeded in regaining the favor of Paris after playing in America, and if Madame Theo can accomplish what these two failed to achieve it must be because Paris is not utterly inconsolable with only Judic and Jeanne Granier.

Whenever a Parisian artiste consented to come to this country before now she came with the avowed intention of making a raid upon our money-bags. There never was a more deplorable exhibition of grasping avarice than when the Felix family trotted the great Rachel round the States for the sake of the gate money. Bernhardt's tour lost all artistic significance in the box office talk which filled the newspapers. All this apparently has made a profound impression on Madame Theo, and she not only comes talking of her 10,000 francs, plus expenses, and a percentage on the profits, but she thinks that seven performances a week for eight weeks in *roles* with which she is perfectly familiar, is very hard work. It is certainly not more laborious than when she was compelled to prepare something fresh and sprightly every night for the Cafe Vataclan, when the wife of the little Parisian tailor was content to earn what she could as a *chanteuse.* If Madame Theo is a great artist we shall be proud to hail her as such, but we confess we do not like her disposition to regard America as a country to be made pay the highest possible price for the smallest possible labor.

But Madame Theo's coming has for us a very important lesson which we would do well not to overlook. No American girl is allowed to do what we hail this French woman for doing. Our newspapers write about the *cafe chantans* of Paris as if it was a mark of distinction to be a *chanteuse.* The same writers would turn up their professional noses in proud disdain at the mention of a glittering Sixth avenue dive or of a concert singer in the Bowery. That there is talent in these places will not be denied, perhaps, but there is no Offenbach seeking it out that he may bring it forward in a resputable theatre. With us the shoemaker may become a gentleman and the tailor a leader in the Senate, but the concert saloon singer with a voice is doomed to a degradation worse than death. Even in our variety theatres, to be a variety singer once is to be a variety singer always. In a country where there are no classes in society we make them in the world of art. To such an absurd length is a foolish prejudice carried—the prejudice which belongs to unappreciative pretension—that a theatre claiming to be first class will not engage a good actor who once played in a second class house, and a second class theatre would stand aghast at an application from mere talent which had found employment in the Bowery.

It is in the very face of a prejudice like this that a tug goes down the bay to welcome a Parisian singer whom the *Herald* calls the former chanteuse of the Pavilion. Can we imagine a barge on the Seine waiting to convey Lillian Russell or Gertie Franklin with flowers and music to the boulevards of Paris preparatory to the "inauguration" of a new Palais Royal or Renaissance? The truth is that Paris will never hear of our Russells and Franklins, and it does seem reasonable that if there is to be no reciprocity on the French side that at least there

should be no advance enthusiasm on our part over the products of the Vataclan.

We are not disposed to find fault with Mme. Theo because she has been fortunate. She may be a great artist for all we know. That she came up from the Vataclan is a fact not to be urged to her detriment. If she is entitled to our homage as M. Offenbach thought she was to his, she will receive it. What we urge is that what so many persons are willing to bestow without inquiry upon a stranger shall not be denied to the struggling women at home who are equally deserving of recognition. If Paris can find artists at the Vataclan why should we refuse to find them in the Bowery? In Paris the tailor must be a tailor forever, but the tailor's wife may use her voice to become a bouffe princess, which is the next thing to being a real one. Indeed we are not sure that it is not better to be the Princess of Trebizonde rather than the Princess Dolgorowski. In his lifetime Jacques Offenbach was more desirable as a patron than Alexander of Russia. The master of melody could raise up to honor while the master of men only honored to destroy. As Americans we might rejoice in Offenbach's Vataclan princess if it was not that while having the material at hand out of which to make similar princesses for ourselves we disdain to utilize it.

The coming of Madame Theo is the most objectionable illustration of the evil ways into which our amusement business has fallen that we have yet had if we except the advent of Mlle. Rhea. That the actress should have come once was singular—that she came a second time is amazing. The singer no doubt is a worthier artist than the actress, but that even she should make a two months' forage into this country and then hurry back to Paris laughing at our simplicity has something of the effrontery of one of Stuart's raids around McClellan's army. And yet we cannot blame Madame Theo for coming—she is to prosper, and go home with 10,000 francs besides a large percentage of profits. We cannot blame Mr. Maurice Grau for bringing her—on the other hand we ought to thank him. He knows us well. He is well aware that we like to be humbugged and he would be doing us an injury if he refrained from doing it when he can contribute to our happiness in the way we like. It is a good many years since he began to cater for us and he has always given us what he promised to give. That we shall find Mme. Theo all that he says she is there is no reason to doubt. We are not complaining of him or of her, but only lamenting that with our one hundred and fifty years of theatrical experience we are still dependent on the Old World for our art and buy our amusement very much as children buy fruits and candies from the Italian merchants on the street corners. No American, however needy, would dare to adopt the business which seems to belong exclusively to the Italian street merchant, and it is by the importation and acceptance in advance, even of singers like Madame Theo, that our theatres are closed against Americans.

Mr. Hill's Methods.

Theatrical discussion is growing warm in the West over the merits of Miss Margaret Mather. It is not safe even to assume that the young actress was benefited by printer's ink except at the risk of being accused of taking a green-eyed view of an absorbing question. Indeed, when the Peoria *Journal* ventured to say something of this kind the Chicago *Herald* took up the cudgel so boldly for Mr. Hill that the country editor must be considered annihilated. It is not the annihilation of the man from Peoria which interests us but the somewhat startling statement of Mr. Hill's methods of management which accompany the disposal of the remains of the jealous Peorian. This is the way the Chicago *Herald* states the case:

A certain class of journalists are still trying to teach Mr. Hill his business. As a matter of fact proved so conclusively by the event, Mr. Hill's abilities have not been on trial. He knew his protegee could act. He knew that were she not brought well before the public, and made an object of universal interest by very expensive and thorough advertising, that it would take several seasons, unprofitable labor to attain the recognition she really received on her first appearance last Monday evening. He has discarded the "experienced" manager's ways. He has crowded three years' work into one to the intense disgust of the managers who never risk a dollar on a new play or a new star, and the confusion of those journalists who think no good can come out of Bethlehem. In the hands of another manager Miss Mather would have been surrounded by a cheap company and "played" through the small towns for rehearsal performances. After falling into the hands of a dozen other managers she would perhaps—say in 1885—have made a great success, but at the expense of her health and strength, to say nothing of her youth and freshness. Mr. Hill's way is the more manly and managerial. He gave his star a year in which to study Juliet, a longer time by some months than any other actress of to-day has devoted to the part before a first performance. He spent his money freely that neither he nor she should loose any time in making her name and qualities well known throughout the country. Had Miss Mather broken down physically Mr. Hill would have lost many thousands of dollars, and many "experienced" managers would have rolled "I told you so" like a sweet morsel between their lips. They have still the consolation of predicting an eventual break in the boom. But in the meantime Mr. Hill is so happy. His star has made a financial and artis ic success. He would have been disappointed were it otherwise, but as it is he is happy.

We doubt if any journalist would have the courage to attempt to teach Mr. Hill his business. We may be disposed to criticise his methods, and what we object to altogether is his way of making a star out of a protegee. Mr. Hill has no right to crowd three years' work into one and to bring forward an immature and inexperienced girl not only as an accomplished actress, but as the one who was to occupy "the place left vacant by Miss Neilson." Even the Chicago *Herald* is compelled to admit that Miss Mather is only an actress of more possibility than any debutante we have had in this country for many years. This is not enough. When Mr. Hill crowded three years' work into one he was bound to give us as the result of it not an actress of possibility but an actress of downright achievement before which all other actresses would hide their diminished heads.

If we have read the critics aright he has not done it. He has simply brought forward a talented girl whom he caused to be taught a few *roles* and dubbed her a "great actress." In bringing her forward we freely admit that he discarded the experienced manager's ways, but he did what no man can justly claim he had a right to do—he advertised an assumption upon the hypothesis that the public would reimburse him for his outlay. The public will reimburse him, perhaps, but it will be upon a fictitious recognition of a fictitious claim.

That Miss Mather's self-possession, care and grace upon the stage prove nothing. She showed all these two years ago, when she went out to play Cordelia to George Edgar's Lear, and Desdemona to his Othello. Many school girls show self-possession and care and grace under circumstances quite as trying as Miss Mather's ordeal, and without having been taught for a year to do these very things. It would have been surprising if Miss Mather had not shown these qualities, for Mr. Hill had provided her with teachers whose business it was to impart them to her.

According to Mr. Hill's theory the "more manly and managerial way" is to pick up a girl on the streets and decree that she is the coming actress. Practically this is what Mr. Hill did. Miss Mather was a waif, born in New York, and sent West by the Children's Aid Society. At best Western culture is not great, and it is not imparted to the servant girls imported from the slums of the metropolis. The consequence was that Margaret Mather came back to New York an ignorant and uncouth young woman, and the first instructor Mr. Edgar provided her with was a school teacher, not a teacher for the stage. He saw talent in her and determined to develop it—was developing it in fact when Mr. Hill stepped in and carried off his prize. All this does not militate against Miss Mather—it is to her credit rather, except as it shows a want of loyalty to her first manager because of the superior "booming" advantages offered by the second.

As to the "booming" process we object to it as utterly unworthy of Mr. Hill or anybody else. Judged by a high artistic standard Miss Mather is a failure. She is a promising pupil only, and her place is in the ranks, not at the head of the profession she has chosen. Neither the

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jewels which tempted her to turn away from Edgar nor the money which commanded printer's ink should have been able to afford an untried woman such an opportunity. It is unfair to the future Cushmans of the profession who are trying to make reputation as Charlotte Cushman made it that "recognitions" should be gained as Miss Mather's was. Mr. Hill simply made up his mind that he would make this girl a star, and he made her one. It was impossible that he should fail in this if his methods were accepted by the press and the public. What he did with Miss Mather he might have done with any other girl of average capability. It is against the doing of these things at all that we protest, and we protest because people who come into the profession regularly and seek to work their way up legitimately will be deprived of all chance of success if Mr. Hill's methods obtain recognition.

A Grand Opera House Series.

As the combination system has become a fixed fact, nothing is more important than that combinations and combination houses should give strength and credit to each other. When the system was still in its infancy, Mr. John F. Poole put this theory into practice at the Grand Opera House, and the result was years of successful management in a theatre which had never been successful before. That Mr. Poole's system is to be continued under Mr. Abbey's management is apparent from what has been done and what it is proposed to do, while Mr. Poole himself brings success to Niblo's Garden by pursuing his old policy of presenting first class attractions in rapid succession.

In Brooklyn a like course has been adopted, notably by the Grand Opera House, which begins the season with a masterly performance of "The Banker's Daughter," with Mr. Charles R. Thorn, Jr., in the cast. As it was Mr. Lester Wallack who helped to give character and stability to the combination system at the Grand Opera House in New York, so it is Mr, Charles R. Thorn, Jr., who gives character and stability to the system at the Grand Opera House in Brooklyn. Like its namesake in New York, the Grand Opera House in Brooklyn is admirably adapted to combinations of the first class in newness and in seating capacity, and the theatre-going public of the City of Churches is to be congratulated upon a house adapted in every way to compete successfully with the older theatres of that city.

We have singled out the Brooklyn Grand Opera House for this particular mention because it is a valuable addition to the theatres of that city, and by pursuing the policy the management has marked out it will help to build up the new system. In theatricals, as in every other business, competition is the life of trade. With three combination theatres in Brooklyn all are more likely to be successful, than if there was only one. For the same reason, Brooklyn (E. D.) may rejoice in its new Grand Opera House, and Mr. Poole is to be congratulated because all these are the offspring of the admirable management which he and his partner, the late Thomas L. Donnelly, were the first to carry into successful operation.

An Enthusiastic Critic.

In another part of this paper will be found two enthusiastic criticisms of Mlle. Rhea from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, one relating to her acting as Adrienne Lecouvreur, and the other as Beatrice in Shakspere's "Much Ado About Nothing." It is just such articles as these which bring American theatrical criticism into disrepute. Mlle. Rhea is an actress of moderate abilities, but she is not great, and her broken English makes it almost painful to sit under her assaults upon the language.

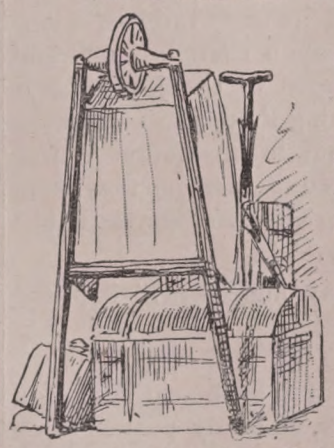
But it is not only because the *Eagle's* praise is not deserved that we object to this critic's enthusiasm—it is unfair to American actresses. We have many ladies on our stage who are in every way better actresses than Mlle. Rhea. The foreign artist is not to be compared to Rose Eytinge for instance. So far as our recollection goes the Brooklyn critic is not in the habit of going into ecstacies over Miss Eytinge's acting, although a little enthusiasm in her case would do no harm.

We like an enthusiastic critic, but this one is a little too enthusiastic.

Out of an Engagement.

CHAPTER II.

MISS MARTHA GIBBS AT HOME.



LAST, after a good many vicissitudes, Miss Martha Gibbs had settled down in a suite of apartments she could call her own.

Miss Gibbs was an actress of worth as well as merit, but she lacked the quality the New England woman calls "faculty." Her means were barely sufficient for her wants, even with the most rigid economy, and she was not economical. All the habits she had contracted in her childhood militated against the genteel poverty of an American city, and she would not have been pleased with our modes of living, even if she had been able to command all the things we call luxuries.

"I am English," she would argue, "and can't help my tastes and feelings."

Although usually exhibiting a great deal of fortitude, she would sometimes weep long and bitterly over her altered circumstances.

"The days of my youth," she would sometimes say in an oracular kind of way as if she was an old, old woman, and had been long forgotten by the world, "were the days of my glory."

Miss Gibbs had been the pet in London of a family of wealth and position, and the very culture she acquired in this refined household was in the way of her progress in the younger country in which her lot was subsequently cast. Why she came to America it is needless now to relate, for one romance in the body of another would only confuse the reader. Suffice it to say that here she was, in her own apartments in Lexington avenue, in the city of New York, and that the Scotch blood which run in her veins would not permit her to go away until the victory had been gained.

Miss Martha Gibbs was out of an engagement; that was plain enough from the application of Mr. John Mildmay in her behalf. She was not likely to get one, as was apparent from the curt answer of Mr. Jasper Carew.

As critic of the *Jackdaw* Mildmay knew a good deal of Miss Gibbs as an actress, and he sincerely believed in her abilities. This preference, strange as it may seem, armed the profession against her, and it was tacitly agreed that she should never have an opportunity in the metropolis. Her own proud spirit and her very virtues strengthened this determination, and it was well perhaps that they did, for otherwise there would not have been any foundation for this story.

Miss Gibbs led almost a nomadic life in New York. Like the Arab, whose tent is most remarkable for its folding propensities, she was constantly packing her trunks and going from one boarding house to another. For a long time she resided in Madame Ossoli's celebrated establishment, but one day a thief—Madame Ossoli's scapegrace son—entered her room and robbed her of her jewels and the little money she had by her. Up to this time Madame Ossoli had pretended to be a mother to Miss Gibbs, but blood is thicker than water, and the robbery wrought a complete revolution in her feelings. From that moment she began to practice a series of petty, but under the circumstances almost fiendish persecutions upon the poor girl, and the result was the street was preferable to Madame Ossoli's protection. Mrs. Hendrick's fashionable boarding house in Twenty-third street was the next resort, but an elderly maiden lady in the household made the frightful discovery that Miss Gibbs was an actress, and so there was no help for it but the street again. Next, in despair, she tried a "family hotel," frequented by professional people—lawyers, journalists and acters—but Miss Patty Calvert, the leading lady of Mr. Orifice Square's travelling company, who happened to be in the house at the time, objected to her complexion, and so she found herself on the wing again. At last, however, she found apartments from which no jealousy could eject her so long as

she paid the rent, and in these she was at home on the evening after the morning when Mr. John Mildmay conferred with Mr. Jasper Carew touching the engagement which she so much needed and which she was so earnestly seeking.

The apartments in which Miss Gibbs had found a resting place were a bijou parlor and bedroom, simple in their appointments but exceedingly elegant in their simplicity. They were very homelike, not because they were well ordered and expensive, for they were not, but simply for the reason that there was an air about them of aristocratic negligee that was charming. Nothing was in its place, and yet nothing could have been placed to better advantage. On the mantel there were two bits of worsted work in rustic frames—presents from little girls with whom she came in contact in her sojourns—one of these announcing:—

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD,"

and the other bearing the inscription:—

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

The dressing table, over which was hung an ordinary mirror, was made of common deal boards, but both were covered with lace and illusion until no suspicion was left of the real character of either, and the toilet articles—relics of a more prosperous time and of kind friends already in a happier sphere—were something which inevitably excited both envy and admiration. The bed in which this young girl reposed was a vision of snowy whiteness, and it was almost enshrouded in lace and a regalia which must have been the work of fairy fingers. The very trunks which had made so many uncomfortable journeys on rude furniture carts looked ornamental in their new cases, and even the chairs seemed animated with a common purpose of keeping all this disorder in order and making the welcome visitor welcome indeed.

Miss Martha Gibbs was at home and looking her very best in spite of all her trials and disappointments. A simple silk dress, close fitting and without either ornaments or appendages, made up her costume. Her hair, which in color was Scotch auburn or a deep golden yellow, was gathered in thick masses about her head and was devoid of any decoration except its own resplendent wealth. Even Mr. Jasper Carew admitted that such hair was seen only once in a century. A plain brooch at her throat was the only article of jewelry that she wore, and as she stood a perfect woman among these unique surroundings, not beautiful in the summer-day sense of beauty which fills the American ideal, but enchanting in her physical perfections, a look of expectation lit up her face.

Miss Gibbs had a face that some men might call ugly, but such judgment would betray a want of æsthetic taste. She was not a splendid beauty it is true, but in muscle and in limb she was exquisite, and her face was the index to her soul. Her thoughts and feelings were all photographed from her countenance, and the flitting expression of her thoughts came and went like clouds across a summer sky. Her features were not regular, but they were womanly, and her skin was pure as alabaster. She was not pretty, but to those who were able to come enough to her to know her she was a type of rare and exotic beauty, so fascinating that the remembrance of her presence never passed away.

Presently Mr. John Mildmay entered. The smile with which the young girl greeted him showed for whom it was that the look of expectation lighted up his face. It was a singular smile, sad, joyous, earnest, quizzical. It told without either word or look the history of a lifetime—sorrow, happiness, expectation, despair. Could it be possible that one so young, so bright, so gifted, so admirably suited to grace not only the mimic world of which she might become an ornament, but the real world of which she was a still more perfect creation, had already tasted all the bitterness of disappointment, envy, hatred and ill-will? This was, alas, only too true of her, and she had nothing in all this great city, in all this expansive country, in all this round world, but these four walls to comfort her—these four walls and the cold, shy, awkward, sympathetic man who stood before her. They were a wonderful pair as they stood there looking sadly into each other's eyes—she all energy, and he calm, slow, desperate. They were lovers, these two, in the eyes of the world which judged them by the common standard of other people's lives, but in the eyes of heaven and their own they were brother and sister, father and daughter, and the tie which bound them was as pure as the tie which binds the angels together. They were lovers—mad, foolish, reckless lovers—but their passion was as unsullied as the vestal fires which light up the altars of the gods. They were lovers indeed—immortals in their love, but mortals in all things else. It would have been easy for them to have dreamed life away in blissful moments such as those when their lips met and their hands were clasped in the joy of their meeting. In this greeting there was something of the supernatural, but in an instant it was gone, and as they seated themselves they were only human beings after all—Miss Martha Gibbs and Mr. John Mildmay.

"Have you seen any managers?" inquired Miss Gibbs, after a pause.

"Only Mr. Carew."

"I am so glad you went to see him at last. You are so diffident, so slow, so easily pushed aside in your dealings with these people. Mr. Carew can help me if he will—if you put the case properly before him. What does he say—is there any encouragement, any hope?" And a big tear bright as the eye from which it came trickled down her pale face to her quivering lip.

"Not a particle."

"My God! will it be always thus? No hope! No hope! What have I done that I should be treated so—that I should be punished so? I have abilities—I know I have—and all I need is an opportunity, a chance to appeal to the public and win my place before the world. What can I do—what shall I be about next? I must have time to think. Leave me alone, Mr. Mildmay—alone in my wretchedness, and I don't care if you ever see me any more."

Mr. John Mildmay sat immovable, looking straight before him but uttering not a word.

Miss Martha Gibbs was in a frenzy, not of anger or passion, but of despair. She swayed her body to and fro. She moved about as if she would put the room to rights. She clasped her hands over her head and tried to weep but could not.

"The days of my youth—the land of my birth—the home I have left—the friends who loved me," she would exclaim, "all gone, and for such a country—such men. Friendless, forsaken—what shall I do—what shall I do?"

Her frenzy grew more and more intense with the grief it fed upon.

"If you loved me, Mr. Mildmay, you would not let me suffer so. You would not let this cur of a Carew put you off—insult—refuse—despise you."

She was mad—stark, staring, raving mad.

Mildmay, as calm and unmoved apparently as if he were going to greet the bride at a wedding, went toward her and put his arms affectionately round her.

She did not move.

He touched her cheeks with his fingers and kissed her hair.

Her lips parted but she did not speak.

Poor Mildmay, he too was in despair, but his manner concealed everything that he felt. He spoke to her kindly, soothingly, not words of encouragement, of hope, but of sympathy and affection. She repelled him with an angry gesture and gave herself up to another paroxysm of disappointment and despair. At last she wept long and bitterly as if her heart would break. Then she grew calmer, dried her tears smiling through them, and timidly crept up to him, kneeling at his feet.

"Do you suffer, too, darling?" she asked, looking in his face. "Forgive me—oh! forgive me."

Letters of a Print Collector.

VI.

THE POET IN PETTICOATS.

Among the visitors to Tyler's Garden and the frequenters of the Shakspere Tavern was Dr. Peter Irving, the elder brother of Washington Irving. Dr. Irving was the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and like William Coleman, of the *Evening Post*, he often indulged in severe strictures upon contemporary plays and players. Dramatic criticism in this country began in 1796, when John Wells, Elias Hicks, Samuel Jones, William Cutting and Charles Adams associated themselves with Dr. Irving as a company of critics. They are called by Dunlap Theatrical Sharpshooters, and they were not only called to account more than once in rival journals for their missayings and misdoings,

but some of them were even challenged to mortal combat by the offended a ctors. As Irving was the publisher of their effusions he was considered as the cause of their offending and he not only acquired the enmity of many of the actors of his time, but was made the hero of an alleged comedy by John Minshull, which was performed at the Park Theatre in the year 1805.

Minshull's play was called "The Merry Dames; or, the Poet in Petticoats." It was an exceedingly absurd performance and it was produced only as a joke upon the author who, although not an actor, was the Count Joannes of his day. Washington Irving was then a very young man and had only begun to write. He contributed to his brother's paper a series of papers containing playful strictures upon plays, managers, actors and audiences which purported to be written by Jonathan Oldstyle and Andrew Quoz. These papers were the foundation of Irving's celebrated Salmagundi series which still continue to be read with delight. They were at first attributed to Dr. Irving, and as Minshull had been ridiculed in the *Morning Chronicle*, he sought his revenge by making the doctor masquerade in grotesque attire in his "Merry Dames" under the name of Van Yonika Doggerelus Catharticus.

Minshull's plays are exceedingly scarce, and although worthless in themselves a copy commands a very high price whenever one happens to turn up. The last of them was the "Merry Dames," which he caused to be illustrated with a scene evidently designed by himself, a copy of which I use as the picture to accompany this paper.

Dr. Irving is described by Dunlap as a gentleman of the first talents, and of feelings as purely honorable as ever resided in the breast of man. Minshull's character is that of "a weak man who can't draw a distinction between a cheerful sally of humor and a reserved mode of behavior." Van Yonika Doggerelus Catharticus if he is anything is a roue, quack and a pedant. That Minshull meant Dr. Irving there can be no doubt, because he repeatedly refers to Catharticus as the author of the Solomon-Gundiad at the time the doctor was popularly supposed to be the writer of the Salmagundi papers. On one occasion in the play Catharticus is even made to present a copy of the "pamphlet hot from the press" to Mrs Lively as a cure for e toothache.

The plot of the "Merry Dames" is an elopement with a married woman, to accomplish which Catharticus agrees to assume female attire. They are to meet in the Park, and the password by which they will recognize each other when disguised is "Washington." While Catharticus is arraying himself in the dress of a woman he is watched by his intended victim, Mrs. Lively, her friend, Mrs. Friendly, her husband, Mr. Lively and her brother, Mr. Lovegood. The exposure comes at the moment of giving the password as indicated in the little picture on the wall.

Minshull's treatment of his subject can be judged from the opening lines of his prologue:

> Whilst our conduct inspires the man we choose,
> Shall Columbians' wives from their duty swerve? No!
> We'll resent an insult and scorn all fear,
> And defend our honor which to us is dear.

There is an underplot in the "Merry Dames" which concerns an adventure of a noted New York barber with the commander of a French frigate in the harbor, but the underplot has no relation whatever to the real purpose of the comedy. The play was written and intended as a master-stroke of satire upon the critics, the supposed chief of whom had mortally offended Minshull. Strange to say there was no mention of its performance either in Dunlap's "History" or Ireland's "Records." That it was performed there is no doubt for it is printed "as performed at the New York Theatre." The comedy will not bear quota tion forreasons which will appear from the Prelude in which Minshull describes the character of his hero. He says:

Once on a time a celebrated physician, known more by his extraordinary flow of words than by his gentlemanly behavior, which at all times permits a fair chance in argument, of course renders society pleasing to the penetrating mind, when good sense and polite conversation reigns predominant. Sorry—sorry I am to say the want of politeness in Van Yonika Doggerelus Catharticus has been often confirmed by the frequent specimens of his disposition, which appear to be connected with selfish motives, nor need there a greater proof than the inattention he pays to the conversation of others. The only way I can account for his rude manners is the neglect of his monitors in their duty at his dawn of life, when he ought to have received a polite domestic education proportioned to his other advantages, so as to have formed a firm base on which the branch of a respectable family should have rested their standard of fame. I lament that I am forced, owing to his trifling manners toward me, to be candid in my declaration, that I have no personal animosity against a gentleman that I have professed a friendship for, no further than becomes the duty I owe myself and the cause I have taken in hand. It is not to be doubted by any one regarding truth but that the foundation I rest my judgment on is a firm one; and I again declare that I am very sorry the man I have wished to look on with respect exposes himself to frequent insults that might be avoided did he content himself in presenting a well digested essence of his knowledge in a refined systematical mode. If this was the case, I'll venture to say that he would be honored with universal esteem, and in his decline would be compared to the grand luminary whose rays cheer the mind, whilst the language of a refined genius would delight the ear.

Alas! alas! What is to be said when a veteran in his learned and useful profession misapplies his talents and appears ridiculous in his amours, as well as in his prolix and crude idea of the governing powers, which reduces him to the standard of an ariel machine, resembling a weathercock politician.

A philosopher will naturally reflect in our exchange of wealth and trade, and pointing, say—you may remember

> It's there hung a picture, we may compare,
> How far beauty was powerfully rare,
> As to tempt a wife to leave her fond spouse,
> Spirited husband and brother to rouse;
> To dress him as a Miss they were inclin'd,
> That changing his garb would padlock his mind.

Alas! is the time come to prove the folly of thy bombastical events. Then be convinced

> "That politeness and good sense makes the man,
> The want of it the fellow;
> The truth deny let him who daring can,
> He'll prove himself but mellow."

Van Yonika Doggerelus Catharticus certainly must be tainted with the prevailing malady or he never would have attempted to seduce or countenance a young and married lady to have risked her reputation in the absurd scheme of leaving her jolly swain for to be dry rubbed by a youth of his complexion.

> At this great truth the doctor swell and puff,
> Declares it's all a joke,
> Nor did he ever snuff her sable muff,
> To keep from moth's destroying;
> Inoffensive declaring,
> O, my tippet did not suit her sable,
> Believe me is the case,
> No man can do more than he is able,
> Who's not of Zebra race.

All those that doubt the great Van Yonika Doggerelus Catharticus' honor must him fight, with pistols—dare they to doubt his superior talents in the art of quizzing, for

> He can quiz all quizzers, on his honor declare,
> Hah! ha! ha! he knew of the trap laid as a snare.

A circumstance of such an extraordinary nature cannot fail to be riveted to the mind when in the presence of men of sense. His answer to them respecting a recent scene of humor has been, you are all blockheads, and then he endeavored to establish himself as a paragon of wit by saying, had they his understanding they would not want for a keen sensibility, and then he sent forth an explosion of Hah! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—ho! ho! ho!—ha! ha! ha! I shall die with laughing at the rare fun I have had. What, are you silent? It's a proof you have heads and no brains. Why don't you do as I do? Ha! ha! ha! In his feigned exultation made his exit laughing. I appeal to my sex, who I hope will vindicate the propriety of protecting the fair sex against those of a different opinion. Heaven forbid that it should be construed into a crime that the lady's display of mirth and good sense to get rid of an impertinent man should be considered improper

when countenanced and protected by an affectionate husband and kind brother. Certainly not.

The author of the comedy entitled the "Merry Dames" has no other view but protecting the character of the daughter of a lady that once lived under his roof.

It is not very easy to understand how a man capable only of writing such trash as this should come to regard himself as a playwright, but it is no wonder that Minshull was the butt of the critics of his day. As he was sung by Halleck and Drake in the "Croakers" and as I have his portrait by me, I will give him the benefit of another chapter. This one is intended exclusively for Dr. Irving, who is presented to us by Minshull as "The Poet in Petticoats."

STANDARD THEATRE—"A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE."

Angus Somerdyke	Henry Lee
Colonel Blueberry Bellows	E. M. Holland
Drexel Grewges	Lindsey Harris
Sir Charles Dangle	Edwin Cleary
Uncle Pius Allyn	Sol. Smith
Katrina Allyn	Helen Tracy
Toto Turfiana	Lillian Edgington
Aunt Penelope Allyn	Mrs. Sol. Smith
Angelique	Henrie Louise Bascom
Mother Drury	Mrs. L. E. Barker
Egypt	Laura Don

Miss Laura Don's much vaunted play, "A Daughter of the Nile," produced at the Standard Theatre on Wednesday evening after careful and elaborate preparation, proved to be only the work of a novice at stage writing. It requires all night and part of the next day to act it, and what it is all about is more than good natured audiences can discover. Miss Don plays Egypt, a daughter of the Nile, but why the young Egyptian should be introduced as the drudge of a farmer's family on the Hudson, is one of those conundrums which no fellow ever can find out. Another remarkable thing is that this drudge should be loved by an English lord, for somehow English lords are not in the habit of falling in love with Hudson River servant girls. Under such circumstances it is impossible the course of true love should run smooth, and so Egypt runs away and goes where all good Americans go when they die—to Paris. There she is found dressed in the garb of an Eastern princess, beautifully designed by Miss Laura Don out of her own head. All the Yankee characters follow her to the Parisian capital, and there the Hudson River farmer's daughter, who was Egypt's cousin, and who married the English lord after Egypt eloped with herself, attends the Princess Tedda's receptions with her husband. Taffy was a Welshman and Teddy was a Jew boy, but the Princess Tedda was very rich and talented—how Egypt got the money we dare not stop to inquire—and she looked very charming in clothes that were not store clothes, but were designed by Miss Laura Don out of her own head. Of course the English lord and his American wife quarrelled, and Egypt as the Princess Tedda resolves herself into a statue that she may hear them quarreling without being recognized as an inconvenient third person. The Princess Tedda impelled to crime by her Egyptian blood, is determined to ruin her American cousin and lures the English lord's wife into extravagance which not even an American purse could stand. In order to escape her creditors the American lady, who married a lord, jumps into a well. Her husband jumps down after her and rescues her. Egypt believing herself her cousin's murderer, is not obliging enough to jump into the well, but goes mad. The wife, however, becomes considerate and dies, Egypt recovers and comes back to the old farm where the English lord turns up also and is prepared to marry her.

It is impossible that such work should be really good work. The plot is one that might be admissible in burlesque, but is entirely too improbable for serious drama. The dialogue is often bright and the situations are sometimes clever, but there is so much that is uninteresting in the piece and so much that is crude and ineffective that even the novelty and originality which Miss Don sought to give her work failed to give genuine pleasure. There is verbiage where there should be strength, and insignificance where there should be power. The pruning knife may improve the play and make it acceptable, but the pruning should have been done at rehearsal, not at this late day.

Miss Don appeared as Egypt, and as an actress acquitted herself very well indeed. In the comedy lines she was exceedingly effective, but in the emotional scenes she evoked smiles instead of tears. Mr. Henry Lee as the English lord was in every way good enough for a lord who falls in love with a Hudson River drudge, but even such a lord was not likely to marry such a rich cousin as Miss Helen Tracy makes. Mr. E. M. Holland and Mr. Edwin Cleary are worthy of mention, as are also Mr. and Mrs. Sol. Smith.

"MANKIND" AT DALY'S THEATRE.

Daniel Groodge	Charles Leclercq
Peter Sharpley	W. J. Lemoyne
Edmund Sharpley, alias Maitland	George Parkes
Richard Pinpool	William Morris
Philip Warren	Yorke Stephens
George Melton	Dan Leeson
Barnaby Bright	William Gilbert
Joshua Monkeytrick	Edward Coleman
James Possett	H. Macdonough
John Blowhard	V. Harmon
Albert Ernest Fitzallan	Master Collier
Thomas Barrow	T. Drake
Alice Maitland	Florence Elmore
Jessie	Ida Aubrey
Arabella Bright	Hattie Russell
Kesiah Bickerton	Laura Leclair
Constance Melton	Helen Leyton
Jane Agnes Frisby	E. Hinkley

It is scarcely necessary to go into any elaborate criticism of "Mankind," which was produced at Daly's Theatre on Tuesday evening, because, in the slang of the day, it failed to "catch on." "Mankind" is a melodrama of the prevailing English type, and while it is neither better nor worse than the other English melodramas of the same class, it comes at a time when the public appetite for such food is filled. The story turns upon the loss of a will and its recovery. There is of course the usual search for a missing heiress, the usual abduction and rescue, the vindication of the hero from a false charge of robbery, an attempted murder at sea by throwing a woman overboard, and other crimes and adventures too numerous to mention until in the end the villain is brought to bay and disposed of in the customary stage manner.

"Mankind" is in five acts. The first and second give promise of an interesting play, but this promise is not kept, and in the last three acts there is even scenic poverty. The piece was mounted in Mr. Daly's usual style, a view of the Thames Embankment being very prettily presented, and a scene on the sands of Ramsgate was also very effective. The hit of the piece however is an open sea view in which the effect is almost as startling as the famous raft scene in "The World."

It is a pity that "Mankind" is not acceptable as a drama because the acting is more than usually commendable. Mr. Leclercq as Groodge gives a masterly portrait of the grasping, miserly old money lender. We have not witnessed a more finished piece of acting in New York in a long while. Mr. Lemoyne was excellent as Peter Sharpley. Mr. William Gilbert was funny as Barnaby, and Mr. George Parkes was up to his usual standard of stage villany as the villain. In the cast were a number of new faces, notably Mr. Yorke Stephens, who was earnest and satisfactory; Miss Florence Elmore, who made a good impression in a poor part, and Miss Helen Leyton who gives promise of excellence in the future. Miss Hattie Russell was very good as Arabella Bright, and little Ida Aubrey won the affections of the house as the child Jessie.

"ELSA" AT THE PARK THEATRE.

Elsa	Maggie Mitchell
Joseph	R. Fulton Russell
Stromminger	Welsh Edwards
Klettenmeier	Russell Bassett
Benedict	W. H. Burton
Dr. Pfeiffer	J. N. Galloway
Murzoll	D. Barclay
Vincenz	C. N. Barbour
Mrs. Benedict	Mrs. J. J. Prior
Afra	Carrie Wyatt
Gretchen	J. Galloway
Luckard	Mrs. D. B. Van Deeren

Miss Maggie Mitchell's new play, with which she began the season at the Park Theatre last Saturday night, turned out to be only a dramatization of Wilhelmine von Hillern's novel "Grier-Wally." By the aid of Mr. C. T. Dazey, Miss Mitchell adopted the story to her peculiar dramatic talents, taking all manner of liberties with the novel to make Elsa fit the requirements of the actress. The result is not a good play, but simply a good Maggie Mitchell play. In "Elsa" she merely repeats herself in her familiar parts, and we catch glimpses of "Fanchon" and the "Pearl of Savoy" at almost every step. "Elsa" will answer Miss Mitchell's requirements on the stage as well as any of her old pieces, and it is refreshing to find the actress surrounded by new furniture.

Opening Season in Philadelphia.

A week ago a large majority of the theatres of Philadelphia were closed. Now a large majority are open; all, in fact, except the Chestnut Street Opera House and the Lyceum, and

these will open next week. On Monday night Haverly's, the Arch Street Theatre, the Arch Street Opera House, and Carncross' Eleventh Street Opera House opened. Haverly's opened with Laurence Barrett's "Richelieu," followed in succession by his appearance in "Hamlet," "Yorick's Love," "Merchant of Venice," "David Garrick," "Marble Heart," and "Julius Cæsar." The Arch opened with the Hess Acme Opera Company, presenting successively "Chimes of Normandy," "Fra Diavolo," "Bohemian Girl," "Olivette," "Maritana," "Martha," and the "Mascot."

Both of the minstrel troupes, Carncross' and the Arch Street Opera House, drew immense crowds for their opening performances. The former is under the personal supervision of Mr. Carncross himself, as it was last season. The latter is run by Messrs. Courtright and Hawkins. Its patrons missed Hughey Dougherty, the talented end man, and concluded it wasn't Hughey's fault, either. As the oldest and best known burnt cork artist in the city, he was entitled under the civil service reform idea of promotion, to a share in the management, but Courtright and Hawkins were put forward over his head, and accordingly Hughey still popularizes Thatcher, Primrose and West's troupe as it travels. Courtright and Hawkins, however, proved what Carncross has proved for a whole year—that Hughey is not indispensable to an uproariously funny minstrel performance.

"Squatter Sovereignty" was thoroughly enjoyed at the Walnut, but the newspapers treated it either with charitable and good natured forbearance, or with unmerciful disdain, with the exception of the *Record*.

J. Fred. Zimmerman, who manages Haverly's and the Chestnut Street Opera House, is becoming known as the Jay Gould of Philadelphia management. He and Mr. Nixon are certainly to be congratulated on the prospect of Haverly's, and the Chestnut Street Opera House promises an equally auspicious opening next week, with Minnie Palmer and R. E. Graham in Gill's "My Sweetheart." The Lyceum will also open next week, with the Miniature Opera Troupe, in "Patience. T. A. Hall, who managed the Lyceum last season, will run the Walnut Street Theatre for Israel Fleischman, who is reported to have bought the late George K. Goodwin's lease for $6,000, and to have the approval of Mr. John S. Clark, the owner, as lessee. Fleischman is a well-heeled furnishing goods retailer, of the historic race objected to by Judge Hilton and the Czar.

John Jack and Miss Annie Firmin have been reviving "The New Magdalen," this week at Wood's Museum. Annie Firmin invented Mercy Merrick, so to speak, and is certainly unequalled in it so far. She was lucky enough to find in Miss Hattie Armstrong, of the stock company at Wood's, a Grace Roseberry who carried out Wilkie Collins' idea of that really important character, and made her an imperious and quick-tempered country girl, without a refined sense of gratitude for what Lady Janet Roy is willing to do for her. Miss Armstrong is rising rapidly in the estimation of Mr. Wood's patrons.

Miss Lillie Hinton wants to play Lady Macbeth, but her best friends advise her to stick to light business. WACK.

Ever since I became a Prompter I have watched the growth of theatrical advertising with a curious interest. Years ago I used to write the ads myself. Our contract with the *Herald* then always was for a year—a year's advertising for $50. Our ads were only ten liles—the name of th etheatre, the titles of the plays, and the announcement of the appearance of the stars. Now many theatres spend $50 and some of them $100 for a single Sunday's advertisement.

* * *

And the ingenuity that is shown in them—it amazes me. Here is Daly's ad of "Mankind." The piece is not "written by Paul Merritt and George Conquest" but "constructed" by those worthy dramatists and the cast is modelled after a census report. Just think of a cast presented like this and called not a cast but a

SCHEDULE OF CHARACTERS:

Surnames.	Christian Names.	Age.	Occupation or Condition.	Place of Abode.	What kind of Disposition.	By whom represented.
GROODGE	Daniel.	101	Money lender	The cheapest.	Grasping.	Mr. Charles Leclercq.
SHARPLEY	Peter.	73	Money lender.	Russell square and Ramsgate.	Bumptious.	Mr. W. J. Lemoyne.
SHARPLEY (alias Maitland	Edmund.	32	Man about town	Cue and Card Club.	Remorseless.	Mr. George Parkes.
PINPOOL	Richard.	Ayy.	Citizen of the world.	London, Genoa, Jerusalem.	Cool.	Mr. William Morris.
WARREN	Philip.	30	Out of employment.	Anywhere.	Loyal.	Mr. Yorke Stephens.
MELTON	George.	60	Contractor.	Kensington.	Respectable	Mr. Dan Leeson.
BRIGHT	Barnaby.	28	Costermonger.	Paradise place.	Pugnacious.	Mr. Wm. Gilbert.
MONKEYTRICK	Joshua.	30	Showman.	Doubtful.	Cruel.	Mr. Edward Coleman.
POSSETT	James.	21	Coffee stand.	Leicester square.	Cheeky.	Mr. H. Macdonough.
BLOWHARD	John	40	Sea captain.	Maid of Kent steamer.	Breezy.	Mr. V. Harman.
FITZALLAN	Albert Earnest.	11	Managing clerk.	Fourth floor, back, Bermondsey.	Meek.	Master Collier.
BARROW	Thomas.	19	Porter.	Further Back street, Ramsgate.	Busy.	Mr. T. Drake.
MAITLAND	Alice.	27	Married and deserted.	Unsettled.	Trustful.	Miss Florence Elmore.
(Not known)	Jessie.	8	Showman's assistant	Homeless.	Simple.	Miss Ida Aubrey.
BRIGHT	Arabella	25	Costermonger's wife.	Paradise place.	Bouncing.	Miss Hattie Russell.
BICKERTON	Kesiah.	55	Lodging house keeper	Paradise place.	Humbugging.	Mrs. Laura Leclaire.
MELTON	Constance.	20	Unmarried.	Kensington.	Loving.	Miss Helen Leyton.
FRISBY	Jane Agnes.	18	Parlor maid.	Kensington.	Reliable.	Miss E. Hinkley.
VARIOUS	Numerous.	two62	Anything and everything.	Everywhere.	Usual.	The extras.

Charlie, we'll have one on that. There isn't anything interesting in this arrangement that I can see—nothing to prove that "Mankind" is a good play. It is simply straining after newness of form, and the newness will answer every purpose if it is sufficiently attractive to strike the eye.

* * *

And the *Herald*, grateful for such advertising and plenty of it, perpetrates an announcement in its news column that "An American King" having captured a "Galley Slave" can invite "Esmeralda" to have a "Blackbird" lunch with "Billee Taylor," and then, if "Patience" is not exhausted, they can by the "Lights o' London" wave the "Black Flag" in "Olivette's" eyes, snap their fingers in "Mankind's" face, hurrah for "Youth," and ere they are "Taken From Life" may listen to "Theo," flirt with "Elsa" and wind up in a "Variety" in "Harry Hill's" or seek consolation in the "Casino."

* * *

There's softening of the brain. Are these cigars the old brand? They do not seem as good as usual—probably its my disgust with this new system of advertising.

* * *

Then take the ad of "Chispa." People are asked to pay their money to see the new star, among other reasons because the scene painter who painted the scenery for this "Redwood Idyll" once lived on the Pacific Coast. Pshaw!

* * *

This ad reads as if the great general resident and travelling public was very much of a booby:—

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!!!
NOW READY, NOW READY,
ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS.

Please remember, "only acknowledged successes and short runs" the cardinal rule of

THIS MOST POPULAR THEATRE.

"THE PROPER VALUE FOR THE PROPER AMOUNT," in a commercial view, is the very successful and highly satisfactory basis of "this favorite theatre," in its direct dealing with the great general resident and travelling public.

EVERY EFFORT MADE TO INSURE ALL PATRONS THE FULL VALUE OF WHAT THEY PAY FOR. IN THIS GUARANTEE EVERY ONE HIS OWN JUDGE.

As I'm a Prompter this is rot. If theatrical speculation is to be confined to "acknowledged successes," where are the acknowledged successes to come from after awhile? The best evidence that not even Mr. Haverly adheres to any such absurd rule is the fact that in this case the "another great success" had never been tried at all. By Jove! if I am to judge from what I hear people say, neither "Chispa" nor Marion Elmore was a great success when they were tried.

* * *

Just here allow me to urge a word in Marion Elmore's behalf. From all I hear of her she is a very attractive little actress, but she's no more a star than I'm a full moon. It is well enough, perhaps, in a commercial sense, to make her greater than she is, but the wisdom of this policy remains to be seen. People may resent being presented with only a talented little lady in a very bad play after having had the names of both dinned in their ears constantly for months.

* * *

The point I make is that it is not and never was necessary that actresses like Marion Elmore should be rated as stars. They are not even what in my day in a stock company would have been allowed to rank as leading ladies. The fact is they are simply specialty artists, and there is no reason for making such a fuss over them because they have the worst part in a bad play—the worst because there is the most of it.

* * *

I have been turning this combination system over in my mind a great deal lately, probably because I have become part of it myself lately. This is my last week under the stoop here at the Criterion. I am in for forty weeks' toil and travel. In our company there is no star. As a whole

the combination would rank with any of the old stock companies at the time when there were only stock companies. We have a play that people want to see and they come and see it. That is the proper way. It is impossible for every company to have a star, and it is not desirable. That is what I think.

* * *

Here, Charlie, fill 'em up all round. I'm off on Sunday. Here we go, and goodby.

—The impending event is the production of the "Romany Rye" at Booth's Theatre this evening. So much has been written about this piece that a widespread interest has been excited in it apart from its merits, and it only remains to be seen whether its merits will sustain the expectation which has been excited.

—Is it Doosey or Duzey or Daisy or Dazey? Western dramatists with names likely to fall foul of compositors and proof readers ought to send them round to the press in printed form for reference.

—Laurence Barrett is wise in choosing Philadelphia for the first production of George H. Boker's poetic play "Francesca de Rimini." Philadelphia is sure to give it a pleasant "send off" for Mr. Boker's sake.

—Mr. Jefferson's visits to New York are always pleasant, although he is sure to come to us either as Bob Acres or as Rip. It is too much to expect that he will ever give us anything else, and so we accept the refinements of his art as we would a good picture—as something to be looked at again and again.

—It was hardly necessary to announce so persistently that Miss Rose Coghlan would not appear in "Taken From Life" at Wallack's. Miss Coghlan is not great enough to warrant the injury of a new play by the imputation which such an announcement carries, especially as it was certain from the beginning that she would play in the piece.

—William Warren will celebrate in a few weeks a singularly interesting event—the fiftieth anniversary of his appearance upon the stage. Although like John Gilbert, who is his only rival either in skill or endurance, his years begin to tell upon him, there is no diminution in the charm of his acting.

—Miss Clara Morris comes before the public for a week at the Grand Opera House as Miss Multon in one of those fitful appearances for which she is famous. If Miss Morris played parts which could be considered equal to her ability she would make a great reputation, but there is not enough in "Miss Multon" or "Camille" to establish the fame of an actress.

—Among the gossip of the moment is a line to the effect that Mr. Leonard Grover's royalties this season will be $1,000 a week. Why not make it $1,000 a minute?

—Mr. Gustave Frohman contemplates going to Australia to arrange for the production there of "Hazel Kirke" and "Esmeralda." We are pleased to hear that the antipodes are to have some of the good things too.

—Mr. George K. Fortesque, well known on the local stage for his admirable impersonation of female *roles* in burlesque is going to Baltimore to create the leading part in a new play by Mr. George Fawcett Rowe. This will be the first time in many years that Mr. Fortesque has ventured to act in trousers. What induced the change we don't know, but it is probably because he finds it next to impossible to obtain female attire to fit him. His part in Mr. Rowe's play will be something after the Jo. Sedley order of fop.

—Miss Annie Wakeman, in her letters to a Chicago newspaper, delights in stage gossip of the time when she was young. In one of these she says:—

As a school girl I remember going to Dan Bryant's minstrels to see, among other novelties, two clog dancers, Hart and Harrigan. They were mere boys, but with comic faces, musical ear and graceful poise. They danced exquisitely. One evening a distinguished lawyer, behind the scenes, heard them chaffing one another. "Dan Bryant, my boy," he said, soon after, "these youths are incipient character actors; try them some time in that line." Dan put them in some of his sketches and they made hits. Then they were taken up by Josh Hart, the present proprietor of *Truth*, who had a down town Broadway theatre, that they took off his hands when he moved up to a new theatre. From thence onward their rise has been rapid. I hope their new play may not prove to be "four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie," but rather one glorious blackbird to sing the winter through.

To hear Miss Annie talk one would imagine that it was ever so long ago that she was a school girl.

—A correspondent writes to a Chicago paper:—

I do not think Miss Mather will ever be a great actress; certainly not in large commanding *roles*. She has not the physique nor voice nor presence; neither do I think, though in this I speak diffidently, has she sufficient dramatic sympathy or self-forgetfulness and subordination. Her most labored efforts never suggest the existence of a reserve force behind; and no acting is ever of the highest excellence which obtrusively conveys the impression that it marks the utmost possible limit of the actor's genius. But Miss Mather has so many qualifications, such as quickness of apprehension, moderation of action, self-restraint, judgment and artistic sense of effect, that she is certain, with proper training, to take a respected place in the foremost ranks of histrionic artists, as histrionic art goes nowadays.

This estimate of Miss Mather, it will be observed, corresponds with our own, and shows that the mere puffery will not make a great actress, even in Chicago.

—We have received the following over which we are disposed to grow very funny:

The most brilliant dramatic idea and project of the period is that of Mr. Joseph J. Levy, the wide-awake agent of Mr. Laurence Barrett, in seeking out and making an offer of a professional engagement to the young lady whose "face divine" adorns every bright silver dollar that has been turned out of the mints since 1879. Levy thinks he has a match for the Langtry craze in his newly found treasure, and he is now the target for the shafts of envy cast by the grand army of theatrical advance agents.

Our difficulty is, that we don't know where the fun comes in Mr. Levy ought to furnish a key to his jokes.

—Mr. A. M. Palmer since his return from abroad has been interviewed by everybody. Mr. Palmer said nothing new to anybody except it was to declare his own faith in "Le Rantzau," with which he opens his regular season in November.

—Among the gentlemen who were subjected to the interviewing process during the week was Mr. Edward Solomon, the composer of "Billee Taylor" and the "Vicar of Bray." After Mr. Solomon was in the country a month and a half he became enthusiastic. To hear him talk is to feel proud of ourselves because we please so eminent a person. Hear him.

"This is a glorious country," he said. "Why, I've been surrounded by managers already making me offers for new operas. Yes, and isn't the elevated road splendid. I tell you they do things big in America. And isn't New York a glorious place. Why, I feel as if I would like to stay here all my life."

Mr. Solomon can stay if he wants to, but he must not giveu s too many new operas. Last week THE THEATRE printed a critical opinion of his new opera, the "Vicar of Bray," from an English journal. This is what Mr. Solomon says of it:

Oh, it runs on the old song of the "Vicar of Bray," and forms a kind of sequel to the story of Sandford and Merton. It would take some time to tell you all about it; but here it is in brief:—The Vicar of Bray has obtained the benefice of Bray from Mrs. Merton, the widowed mother of Tommy Merton, one of his old pupils. The Vicar wants to marry his daughter Dorothy to Tommy, but she loves Sandford, another of the vicar's old pupils, who has come to be his curate. Sandford is bound to him on a lease, but the vicar, to rid himself of him, turns High Church on the advice of Mr. Bedford Row, the family confidential solicitor, who, by the way, is also confidential solicitor to every one else in the piece. Sandford is a conscientious Low Churchman and leaves as a missionary to the Cannibal Isles. The vicar makes up to Mrs. Merton, but is horrified at being told by his solicitor that by becoming High Church he cannot marry—"that now his fate must be forever celibate." After awhile Sandford returns from the Cannibal Isles, and is by no means so straitlaced as when he left the vicarage. He finds Dorothy about to marry Tommy Merton, but is not long in regaining her affections. Merton is thus free to marry Nellie Bly, a ballet girl, with whom he has all along been infatuated. The vicar subsequently return his to Low Church views and marries Mrs. Merton.

When it is produced we shall give our opinion.

—The father of Alexander Caufman, the actor, was at one time Lieutenant Governor of this State. He is still one of the more prominent members of the New York Bar and a man of reputed great wealth. Young Caufman was educated in Germany and made his professional debut in Berlin. It may be stated as an interesting fact that he paid Marsden for his new five-act piece, "Called to account," $5,000 cash. The play is a fair success and was favorably criticised by the Philadelphia papers. The excellence of the Caufman company contributed to the popular acceptance of the piece. It is to be played in this city.

—It is now said that Selino Delaro will create the leading *role* in Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera when it is produced at the Standard Theatre. Elma Delaro will be very jealous when she hears this, but between them there is really very little choice.

—Wallack's Theatre will open to-night with "Taken From Life."

—Miss Minnie Palmer's forthcoming engagement at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre will be the first she has played in this city in two years.

—Miss Lillian Russell has also taken to painting, and at the opening of the Bijou Opera House to-night a souvenir programme with a sketch by the young artist will be given to the audience.

—Even his familiars would hardly recognize the inscription, "Henry David Palmer," on an obelisk in Greenwood Cemetery as referring to the genial Harry Palmer, whose remains are within a handsomely enclosed plot in that famed "City of the Dead." The spot is by the new entrance to the cemetery and quite near the pretentious granite cross that adorns the circular lot belonging to W. J. Florence. In this vicinity are also the graves of Placide and the rotund Blake, and the lot generously purchased by Florence for the purpose of giving poor Belmore, the English comedian, a last resting place. The graves of Barney Williams, Montague, Lola Montez and "the beautiful Cubas," which are not infrequently sought out by visitors, are nearer the old or Fifth avenue entrance. It is not a bad idea, suggested by a correspondent, that the dramatic profession have a day for the decoration of the graves of their departed worth.

—The imperial photographs marked "Charity," and which have been sold by the hundreds of thousands and are to be found in every village, town and city in the United States and Canadas, are a portrait of a daughter of Commodore Tooker. The "make up" is that of a Sister of Charity, and was the result of a sudden whim. The countenance is strikingly sad and appealing, and the features of the young face clear cut and regular. The publication was without permission, but was not discovered until quite too late to enforce an injunction.

—One of the mammoth pictorial stands of posters gotten up by the Metropolitan Job Printing office, representing the big excursion steamers Grand Republic and

Columbia, of White's line, off Rockaway Inlet, and which are so familiar to New Yorkers, was put up in a prominent place in London by Henry C. Jarrett as an advertisement for "Fun on the Bristol," and attracted unusual attention. The American style of steamboat architecture is unfamiliar to the untravelled Briton, and his curiosity was stretched to the utmost tension when Jarrett made his novel pictorial display.

THE LONDON ERA'S OPINION OF BOOTH'S BERTUCCIO.

Among those impersonations for which Mr. Edwin Booth asked attention during his Princess engagement, under the direction of Mr. Walter Gooch, undoubtedly those most obtaining it and most deserving of recognition were his Richelieu, in Lord Lytton's famous play, and his Bertuccio, in Mr. Tom Taylor's romantic drama adapted from Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'Amuse," and entitled "The Fool's Revenge." Very judiciously, then, these have been given first place in the eminent actor's repertory as arranged for his stay at the Adelphi. How grandly he represents the wily Cardinal we have recently told. On Monday, with a tolerably large, and certainly keenly appreciative audience, we once more had the pleasure of witnessing his masterly portrayal of the Court Jester to Manfredi, the dissolute Duke of Faenza. This "fool," as we have already shown, is a deformed creature, who laughs and jests even while his heart is wrung with anguish. He is a court mountebank who is outwardly merry and inwardly miserable. He is a fool who utters quaint conceits even while his thoughts are occupied with the completion of a great revenge. He is a being with broad grins on his face and bitter sorrow at his heart. He is a hater of mankind because of the great wrong that has been done him. It is the revenge he contemplates that gives to the play its principal action. He has been a happy husband, loved with a love that was born of sympathy, by a beautiful girl. Her "fatal gift of beauty" has excited the unholy passion of Guido Malatesta, the libertine, who at the commencement of the play is supposed to have turned virtuous and to have settled down as the faithful husband of a charming wife. Malatesta had carried off Bertuccio's loved one for his own vile purposes, and she is dead. Here is the wrong that gnaws at Bertuccio's heart, and prompts him to revenge. His great purpose in life is to keep his daughter from that publicity which might lead also to her ruin, for she too is beautiful, and to wreak vengeance upon the destroyer of his happiness. He takes service with the dissolute duke as court jester, and awaits patiently the opportunity of carrying his purpose into execution. In the first act we see this deformed creature skipping about the gardens of Manfredi's palace, making sport for his master, and directing the shafts of his wit against his master's friends. The duke's profligacy is notorious, and the jester determines to make use of him for the carrying out of his great purpose, which is none other than the carrying off of the wife of the man who has so grievously wronged him. A hint to the duke is enough, and he resolves to act upon it, but soon afterwards learns that the suspicious Malatesta has hurried his wife away to a place of safety. The duke ascertains too that Bertuccio has been using him as a tool and he turns his attention to the jester's dwelling, where he is informed there is concealed a lovely creature, whom of course he can regard only as the jester's mistress. In the second act, then, we find the duke framing a scheme for the abduction of the fair Fiordelisa. With his companion, the frivolous Torelli he overhears a conversation between Bertuccio and the girl, and so learns that she is his daughter; this knowledge but lending strength to his determination to carry her off. After Bertuccio's departure he would put his resolve into execution, but a young poet, who secretly loves her, comes to warn her, and to lead her to what he thinks will be a place of safety, that place being none other than the house of Guido Malatesta. And now we see Bertuccio exulting in the near approach of his revenge, and actually holding the ladder which the profligate mounts in order, as he thinks, to carry off Malatesta's wife. Little does he imagine that the swooning lady, whose face is concealed as she is brought down and hurried off, is his own daughter. In the third act the pretty captive bird is beating its wings against the gilded bars which in Manfredi's palace stand between it and liberty. Here, to put it plainly, is poor Fiordelisa in the power of the profligate duke. To make his revenge the more complete, the jester has so contrived that Manfredi's wife shall suddenly come upon the scene, and so secure proofs of her husband's infidelity. Hers shall be the hand to strike the blow that shall kill the duke and Maltesta's wife. The "fool" is filled with joy at the prospect of the accomplishment of his scheme, and when the wronged wife—convinced against her will—puts into the wine the poison that shall destroy her husband and the woman who, as she imagines, is her rival, Bertuccio's gratification knows no bounds. The revulsion of feeling comes of course when he sees Malatesta enter, leading his wife by the hand. Horror succeeds to joy when he learns the terrible fact that he has assisted in the seduction of his own child. His mental anguish at the thought that she has been dishonored is increased by the reflection that probably also she has been poisoned. We have before painted the picture. He beats the door in his wild despair. He tries cajolery in order to secure admission to the ducal chamber where revelry is going on. Assisted by the young poet referred to he presently breaks down the barrier that keeps him from his daughter. He leaps upon the table and scatters the wine cups. He receives his death wound; he gives his child into the protecting arms of her poet lover, and he dies with the words "Pray for me" upon his lips. Of Mr. Booth's acting in the character of Bertuccio we can again speak only in terms of the highest commendation. As we have pointed out the part is a very arduous one, and its requirements are to be fully met only by an artist of great and uncommon powers. To say that Mr. Booth is quite equal to all the demands made upon him is but to do him justice. The part, it may be repeated, makes exactions upon both comedy and tragedy power. The "fool" has to grin and grimace, to play the antics of his profession, and gibe, and jest and scoff and air his wit. He has too to show that, while he hates his fellow men, he is capable of an absorbing love for his child, while further his character brings out scorn and rage and horror and great despair. Mr. Booth fails at no point of the play, and in no feature of the character he undertakes. The shafts of Bertuccio's wit in the opening act were sharpened upon his tongue, and once more at the close of this division of the play there was a fine contrast where the fool is seen gloating over the prospect of his long hoped for revenge, and is heard crying "Come sweet to-morrow; put my enemy's heart into my hand that I may gnaw at it." Once more Bertuccio's deep affection for his child was splendidly expressed, and there was called forth abundant sympathy as the remembrances of a bitter past were called up. The third act, as we have shown, makes the greatest demand on the artist's power. "My she leopard is loosed at last," says Bertuccio, as he hears of the duchess' revengeful purpose. There is fiendish glee with every sentence that he utters. And then comes the horror with which the poor fool learns the terrible truth, and after the horror, the despair, and the helplessness, and the heart agony. Our hearts go out toward this Bertuccio. He wrings from us our pity and our warmest sympathies, and we recognize in Mr. Booth's embodiment the effort of genius. On Monday he was rewarded by enthusiastic plaudits, and surely a compliment conveyed by acclamation was never better deserved. The good impression made by Mr. Eben Plympton as De Mauprat, in "Richelieu," was strengthened by his really admirable impersonation of the poet lover, Serafino Dell'Aquila. His appearance, to begin with, was in his favor, and with the first act it was made manifest that he had exactly caught the spirit of the part. His delivery of the lines which set forth the beauty and the grace and the purity of Fiordelisa arrested the sympathetic attention of the audience, and won for him a hearty round of applause, the recognition of his ability being repeated in the second act, where the poet implores the heroine to put trust in him, and seek shelter from those who seek her destruction; and in the third, where with drawn sword he batters at Manfredi's door and calls upon him to come forth. In Mr. Plympton we fancy America has sent us an actor of more than ordinary ability, and we think we may predict for him a rapidly growing popularity while he remains among us. Mr. Samuel Fisher may be commended for his rendering of the part of the profligate duke, Manfredi; as too may Mr. Edward Price for his portraiture of the suspicious Malatesta, and Mr. Robert Pateman for his Torelli, the latter's scene with Brigita—a part capitally played by Miss Belle Cuthbert—proving exceedingly amusing. Miss Bella Pateman exhibited her usual skill in the character of Fiordelisa. The maidenly grace and timidity of the young girl and her affection for her father were beautifully set forth in the second act; while in the third, in the fear, the horror, the scorn, the tearful supplication that come in rapid alternation in the encounter with Manfredi, the demands made upon the actress' powers were readily met, and for Miss Pateman there was hearty and general approval. Miss Ellen Meyrick played with skill and intelligence as the wronged and revengeful wife of Manfredi, but it cannot be said that Miss Leslie Bell was well suited to the part of the wife to Malatesta. The play, which was carefully staged, was preceded by "Delicate Ground," in which Mr. Walter Joice, in the absence of Mr. E. H. Brooke through indisposition, undertook at a moment's notice the part of the imperturbable Citizen Sangfroid, and interpreted it in a very able and diverting manner, the fun being capitally sustained by Mr. Robert Pateman as Alphonse and Miss Ellen Meyrick as Pauline, the wife who is credited with an occasional desire for a pound of green cheese from the moon.

A scandalous disturbance occurred on Tuesday night at the Odeon Theatre, Paris, during the performance of the new play "Le Mariage d'Andre." In the interval between the third and fourth acts M. Paul Deroulede, the well known poet and Prussian hater, ran up against M. Mayer, director of the *Lanterne*, in the lobby, and, accosting him as a German whose paper is inspired at Berlin, without further parley struck him in the face. M. Mayer returned the blow with interest, and for some minutes the delighted gallery gods, who had rushed to the scene of the affray at the first sound of strife, were treated to a hand-to-hand encounter worthy of the most palmy days of the prize ring. Both combatants were at length removed to the police station. The quarrel will no doubt be finally settled without a duel, though M. Mayer talks of prosecuting his assailant. M. Deroulede is the author of the "Chants du Soldat." and has been conspicuous in several recent anti-German manifestations which have given rise to an interchange of diplomatic views between Prince Hohenlohe and M. Duclerc.

A fire occurred in the Philharmonic Theatre at Islington on Wednesday morning. The roof of the building fell in and the interior of the house is completely burned out. The Philharmonic Theatre is a house of

small dimensions, situated far out of the way of ordinary playgoers. It was originally a music hall and saw various fortunes. Its period of greatest prosperity was when a series of French opera bouffes was performed on its boards, the leading actress being Miss Emily Soldene, and its principal play "Genevieve de Brabant," which, in a version by Mr. Farine, furnished London with the popular song of the "Two Gensdarmes." In later days it has had merely the local reputation with which it began.

Miss Jennie Wilmore, who was at Niblo's Garden in the old "Black Crook" days, is now playing in burlesque in Ireland. She was lately at Belfast.

Mr. Dion Boucicault is managing a company which plays "Far from the Madding Crowd" at Brighton.

A correspondent writing from Glasgow says: This week the boards are occupied by the company selected by the Court Theatre management for the adequate representation of the new comedy "The Parvenu." Of the literary merits of the piece we cannot but speak in terms of the highest praise. The dialogue is concise and incisive, the wit is bright and sparkling, the situations are good, and above all, it is not suggestive; so that, with all these qualities, we can well understand that it will prove immensely refreshing to provincial audiences, who have of late suffered from a surfeit of the bombastic and frivolous and *double entendre* comedies for which the present day is so famous.

A partnership has been effected between Mr. J. Hollingshead, Mr. D'Oyly Carte, Mr. Michael Gunn and Captain Bainbridge, of Manchester, by which the Savoy and the Gaiety (London), the Royal and Prince's, of Manchester, and the Gaiety, of Dublin, are united for business purposes. Captain Bainbridge will retain the direction of the Royal, Manchester, and Mr. Jno. Hollingshead will be responsible for the Prince's, of which he has already taken possession.

Mr. Hermann Vezin, an American born actor who has occupied an enviable position on the London stage for several years, contemplates making a brief professional tour in this country, playing in Merivale's "Cynic" and several Shaksperian *roles*.

JAMES O'NEIL AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE, BROOKLYN.

[From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, Sept. 5.]

The fifth season of this popular Eastern District resort was fittingly inaugurated last evening in the presence of a respectable and most enthusiastic audience, by the presentation of Mr. C. T. Dazey's American drama "An American King," with the popular tragedian, Mr. James O'Neil, in the leading part of Nat Ruggles. "An American King" is in many respects entitled to rank among the most popular of our American dramas. It deals with modern American life, and that, too, of a typical sort, and yet, while some of the types presented are of a kind that have already been made familiar on the stage, the phases of life it presents are as distinct from the rude Western frontier developments of humanity on the one side, as they are from the antiquated New Englandism of the dramas of the "Josh Whitcomb" stripe, or from the polished Eastern life portrayed in "The Banker's Daughter." Nat Ruggles, the hero, is essentially one of our *nouveaux riches*, a shrewd Western miner, of Virginia origin, who has "struck it rich" in the silver regions and found himself suddenly elevated from poverty and obscurity to the prominence that belongs to the fortunate possessor of ten million dollars. In his prosperity he does not forget his old friends, but hunts up at once Neil and Agnes Foster, the son and daughter of a man who had once befriended him in his dire extremity; he finds them reduced to poverty and gives them a home in his New York mansion, engaging Neil as his private secretary at an annual salary of $5,000. Neil is, however, in love with Helen Overton, a young lady with a sentimental tenderness for him, modified however by the resolute determination to marry no one who does not possess an assured fortune. Nat, who knows nothing of Neil's love affairs, becomes himself attached to Miss Overton, who has been shrewd enough to nip in the bud the millionnaire's growing affection for his young ward by assuring him that her affections are already engaged. Nat, believing that Agnes is already engaged, bestows his attentions upon Helen, by whom he is accepted, that prudent damsel having already, however, privately assured Neil that she would marry him instead if, within three months he came before her as the possessor of one million dollars. To secure this result Neil goes into partnership with a clique of Wall street sharks who have conspired to fleece the millionaire being tempted to betray his benefactor by the bribe of one million dollars as his share of the plunder. The success of the plot and the revelation of the perfidy of his betrothed wife and his adopted son have the effect of temporarily unhinging the reason of the luckless ex-miner, but by a chain of events which come in the most natural sequence in the world, the villains are baffled, the erring are forgiven, and virtue, as incarnated in Nat and Agnes, meets its legitimate reward. As may be seen from this hasty *resume* of the plot, "An American King" is a cleverly constructed story, and it has many fine dramatic situations. Mr. O'Neil as Nat, takes of course the central share of attention. It is a well conceived character, the honest miner in broadcloth trying to adapt himself to the environments of Fifth avenue, and succeeding fairly, although liable from the simplicity and childlike faith in human nature which distinguishes the stage frontiersman, to fall an easy prey to the wiles of the swindlers of Wall street. Mr. O'Neil fills out the character admirably, especially in the third act where his fierce outburst of insane wrath against his betrayers rises to the highest tragic level. Mr. O'Neil was received with enthusiasm and repeatedly called before the curtain, three times at the close of the third act. The support was more than fairly good. Mr. Fred. G. Ross, as Adolphus Overton, was less strained and, therefore, considerably better than the average Anglified American snob of the stage; John T. Malone, as Neil, gave promise of a creditable place in his profession; J. M. Frankan, as Lemuel Long, gave one of the most satisfactory of the minor characterizations, and J. B. Everham, as Jeremiah Dee, a discarded political boss, was a comedy politician of the conventional type, and never failed to bring down the house. Miss Rillie Deaves, as Agnes, was fortunate in a fascinating manner; Miss Clara Barker, as Helen Overton, was an excellent type of the unscrupulous and selfish society belle, and Miss Raymond, as Prudence Holdfast, was an admirable burlesque of Boston æstheticism. Taken as a whole, the drama was excellently rendered and cannot fail to have a successful run.

From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 5.]

The season was opened at the Novelty Theatre, Eastern District, last evening, by the presentation of "An American King," by Mr. James O'Neil, assisted by E. M. Gardiner's company. The play is a comedy-drama, in four acts, written by Mr. T. C. Dazey, a journalist, and deals with the adventures of a young man who had made a fortune in Colorado mining and had come to New York to spend it. As usual with honest toilers he falls into the hands of sharpers in Gotham who run him for Congress, induce him to start a newspaper, and finally, when his millions are gone, desert him. Even his sweetheart, on whom in the heyday of his prosperity he had settled a large sum, gives him the cold shoulder, but it finally transpires that the money was settled upon her as "his wife," and so he regains possession of it and marries a girl who has been true to him in his adversity. Mr. O'Neil as Nat Ruggles admirably portrayed the open handed, warm hearted, unsuspecting Western miner, and his honesty and intensity of passion in the love scenes were fine. The applause extended the actor was generous and his funny Western sayings did not fail to excite the risibilities of his audience. The support was fair and the play as a whole is well worth seeing. The scenery and stage trappings were appropriate. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

MLLE. RHEA AS ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 5.]

Mlle. Rhea made her reappearance at the Park Theatre last night before a refined and critical audience. The play chosen to inaugurate the second American season of the distinguished tragedienne was Legouve's beautiful romantic tragedy, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," in the title *role* of which Mlle. Rhea achieved a genuine triumph. The reception accorded the lovely heroine upon her entrance in the second act may be truly said to have been an ovation, so cordial were the expressions of delight and approbation, so loud and long the applause, interrupting the progress of the piece for many minutes, and when two superb floral offerings were handed up to Mlle. Rhea, the enthusiasm broke out afresh. So cordial a greeting could hardly have been otherwise than a proof to the recipient that she was indeed among friends; and that Mlle. Rhea drew inspiration therefrom was plainly apparent as the action of the play proceeded. Last night's performance of "Adrienne" will linger long in the recollection of those who were privileged to witness it. Since her former appearance here Mlle. Rhea has, if such were possible, grown more lovely and beautiful in form and feature. She has made an evident advance in her art; and if any doubt before obtained as to her right to a place among the foremost actresses of the day, that doubt must now be held to be entirely dispelled. Words fail to convey an adequate impression of the grandeur and sublimity, the tenderness and *finesse* of her impersonation of Adrienne. The light of genius shone in every spoken line, the perfection of art was visible in every look and action. The scene in the green room of the Comedie Francaise with the faithful Michonnet, when she divulges her love for Maurice, and her thrilling and magnetic description of the rescue which bound her heart in the fetters of love, was but the prelude to greater triumphs to come. Nothing could be more deliciously tender than her reading of La Fontaine's fable of "The Two Doves," in which the full fervor of her passion and depth of her woman's love was disclosed to Maurice. Exquisitely lovely in this and subsequent scenes, one could readily picture Mlle. Rhea as the coming Juliet—a character which she proposes shortly to essay. But it was in the interview with the Princess in the third act, and the intensely trying scenes in the fourth, when Adrienne hurls scorn upon her rival, that Mlle. Rhea rose to the fullest grandeur, her recitation from "Phedre" (spoken in French) being magnificently delivered, and arousing the audience to the wildest enthusiasm. Yet through all, and in all the varied scenes, she was the true woman—and it is this rare virtue of womanliness which constitutes the underlying charm of Mlle. Rhea as an actress. In the final act her interview with Michonnet, her apostrophe to the fatal flower, her joy over the restoration of Maurice and her subsequent loss of reason were portrayed with an emotional effect indescribably touching and grandly instinct with tragic power, while her death scene was a revelation of artistic idealization. Mlle. Rhea was called before the curtain at the close of each act, and in addition to receiving the unusual honor of twice being recalled during the course of the play, the audience paid her the exceptional tribute of remaining in their seats at

its conclusion to pay her a final tribute after the lowering of the drop curtain.

Mlle. Rhea was admirably supported by Mr. William Harris as Maurice de Saxe, Mr. C. A. McManus as Michonnet, and Miss Sarah von Leer as the Princess. Mr. McManus may be said to have fairly shared the honors of the production with his principal. His impersonation of the faithful old prompter was thoroughly artistic, intelligently conceived, well balanced, manly and dignified and discreetly flavored with wholesome comedy touches. Mr. Harris commended himself as a conscientious and painstaking artist. Miss Von Leer, who made her first appearance on this occasion, disclosed evidences of dramatic ability which augur favorably for her future. She has yet much to learn, particularly in elocution, her manner of turning the end of her sentences frequently being faulty and unpleasant to the ear. Her Princess, however, was generally well sustained, and is entitled to be regarded as a praiseworthy effort.

MLLE. RHEA AS "BEATRICE."

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept 7.]

Last night was a gala night at the Park Theatre, the largest and most fashionable and brilliant audience of the season being present to witness the first appearance in this city of Mlle. Rhea in the character of Beatrice, the charming heroine of "Much Ado About Nothing." The enthusiasm attending the presentation of "Adrienne" and 'Camille" was, if such were possible, even greater than on either of the previous evenings, the applause which was showered on the distinguished actress being at times fairly overwhelming in its intensity. The play was admirably presented throughout, the various performers being well up in their respective parts, and the entire performance giving evidence of careful preparation under the direction of a masterhand—an actor thoroughly versed in the details and requirements of Shaksperean production. We hardly know which to compliment the more highly—Mr. McManus' artistic impersonation of Dogberry, or his skillful management of the stage. He is an actor of the "old school"—one of that class who are too seld m met with in these degenerate times, and it is a pleasant duty to record this slight tribute to his worth and ability as student, man and actor. Dogberry, in the hands of Mr. Manus, was the embodiment of the great dramatist's creation—stupid, stolid and with a tracery of cunning running through his composition which relieved the otherwise dull somberness of his nature. Mr. McManus lifted the character wholly out of the domain of burlesque, his impersonation being above all natural and lifelike. He shared generously in the plaudits of the audience, and was several times complimenned by a recall. Mlle. Rhea's Beatrice was everything that could be asked or desired; charmingly graceful and tender, and the ideal of the heroine of Shakspere's romantic play. The lovely foreigner achieved a new triumph in this latest of her creations, and the part is destined to become a popular favorite with the playgoing public.

[From the Brooklyn *Daily Times*, Sept. 7.]

"Much Ado About Nothing" was put upon the boards last evening with Mlle. Rhea in the role of Beatrice. This is the least successful of this actress' impersonations; it is in every way slighter and less interesting than her Adrienne. It lacks body and force, it has too much delicacy; it is beautiful, nay, charming; but it is unsubstantial and evanescent as a perfume or a cloud glow at sunset. On the whole it is unsafe for all but members of the Anglo-Saxon family to undertake the representation of Shakesperean character. It is true that the poet's genius was universal, but it found voice in English; and few but those to whom English is the mother tongue wholly understand and appreciate those subtle touches by which he developed and rounded characters whose outlines are strong enough to be seen by everybody. Beatrice, though she be set down as an Italian, is essentially English, as is Dogberry in the same play; but Rhea's Beatrice was a Frenchwoman, though a very delightful one to look upon and listen to, for her smile is a sunbeam, and her voice, speaking in the prettiest broken English, is music. The lady was nevertheless successful in the few scenes admitting of rapid movement and spirited declamation, and at the close of the fourth act she was honored with a double recall. William Harris was unexpectedly good as Benedick. He dropped his solemn, stagy manner, played with a laughing lightness, and moved about with an agility and ease quite gratifying. The Dogberry of C. A. NcManus, while overdrawn, was an amusing picture of ponderous dullness, and F. Whitney who, as Verges was at his heels most of the time, gave a clever portraiture of senility. Mr. T. J Sullivan's effort to represent Count Claudio was well directed and mainly successful, but the remainder of the cast, which frequently disclosed the need of rehearsal, did not excel in anything, unless exception be made of Miss Marjorie Bonner, whose Margaret was a sprightly and agreeable impersonation.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN.

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 3.]

The opening of the Grand Opera House last night was a brilliant affair. The house was crowded to its capacity, the audience being as notable for its brilliancy and character as its extent. Those who were familiar with the Elm Place Theatre previous to the advent of the new management of Messrs. Knowles and Morris would hardly have recognized the interior, so marked is the change effected by the embellishments and improvements introduced by the lessees. The stage has been lowered, with the result of materially enhancing the *mise en scene;* the proscenium arch has been beautified by the addition of a chaste bordering of handsomely painted flowers and laurel wreaths, while the boxes have been robbed of their woe begone appearance by the introduction of a handsome hand rail and curtains of rich and heavy material. The gas fittings claimed especial attention, elegant chandeliers lighting up every part of the house and adding materially to the cheerfulness and brightness of the scene. Outside the auditorium the improvements in the lobby and box office arrangements add greatly to the comfort and convenience of the patrons of the theatre. So hurried a description of what has been accomplished by Colonel Morris in perfecting the Opera House as we are compelled to give at this writing necessarily does scant justice to the liberality and enterprise shown by the management in providing a people's playhouse where the best that the theatrical market affords, whether dramatic or musical, may be enjoyed at popular prices.

It was early evident last evening that the amusement seeking public was in full accord with the management of the new theatre. With the opening of the doors the stream of humanity poured into the Opera House, so that by the time of the rising of the curtain upon the first act of "The Banker's Daughter" every seat was occupied, and "standing room only" was the announcement at the box office window. With so strong an attraction this could hardly have been otherwise, Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., being a tower of strength in himself. With the opening of the play it was evident that the seal of popular approval would be placed upon the undertaking of the management, a hearty burst of applause greeting the really elegant stage setting. The play from this point out went with a "go" which carried all before it. Mr. Thorne's entrance was the occasion of a furore of hand clappings, which continued for several minutes, and obliged that popular artist to again and again bow his acknowledgments. As John Strebelow, Mr. Thorne was last night at his best, and having said this nothing further remains to be stated. His stage presence was commanding, his equipoise beyond praise; self contained, manly and dignified, there was yet not wanting the forcefulness and intensity requisite to the character. Mr. Thorne has done many a good bit of dramatic work, but none which surpassed that of last night s performance. The support, too, was excellent to a degree. Miss Adele Belgarde, as Lillian, with Mr. Ed. Lamb, the George Washington Phipps of the play, fairly shared the honors of the evening with their principal. Mr. Lamb's popularity has not diminished with his long absence from Brooklyn. The gallery, especially greeted that oldtime favorite with vociferous cheers, loud and long applause following upon his every entrance and sally of wit and humor. The subsidiary characters were one and all in competent hands, especial mention being due the Florence of Miss Margaret Cone, the Babbage of Mr. J. A. Wilks, the Mrs. Holcomb of Mrs. Louisa Watson, and the Harold of Mr. W. C. Cowper. Further allusion to the action of the play must be deferred for the present. It would be unjust, however, to pass over the admirable stage setting of the famous "duel scene," which was a perfect picture of scenic art. Taken for all in all, the inaugural performance of the season was all that could be asked or desired; and the Grand Opera House may be regarded from this time out as having taken its place among the first class theatres of Brooklyn. "The Banker's Daughter" will be presented every evening during the present week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

MISS MATHER AS "LEAH."

[From the Chicago *Tribune*, Sept. 6.]

A very large and very enthusiastic audience greeted the new star last night at McVicker's. The wonderful degree of success achieved by Miss Mather as Juliet, and the decided talent which she displayed in the interpretation of that character, served to whet the curiosity of theatregoers as to her capabilities in other lines. Of those who last night applauded so freely every point made by Leah there were doubtless hundreds who had seen and admired the Juliet of last week. They had come prepared to judge Miss Mather by the standard of excellence which she had herself established, and that their expectations were in nowise disappointed was evidenced by the spontaneity of the applause by which their gratification was from time to time displayed. The first night of "Leah" was more than a success, so far at any rate as may be judged from the demonstrative actions of the audience.

The story of the play is familiar, and its representation has enlisted the genius of a Janauschek and a Bateman. The task of comparison is proverbially an ungrateful one, nor would it be fair to contrast the maiden effort of Miss Mather with the finished work of either actress. That she showed herself possessed of a true appreciation of the character, and that her rendering of it was at least a pleasing one, cannot be gainsaid. If in the scenes of higher passion she failed to reach the topmost heights of dramatic force, in the more subdued portions of the play she acted with gracefulness, and throughout she was natural and unaffected. Specially was this true in the love scene in the second act. She looked prettier than she did as Juliet—it cannot be improper to compare a lady with herself—and her rendering of the trustful love and fearless faith of the Jewish girl in the lover for whom she was ready to sacrifice all was charming.

The test, however, by which the powers of Leah are judged is in the treatment of the more dramatic situations in the third and fourth acts. In the parting scene with Rudolph it seemed as if Miss Mather was perhaps wanting in force, and the famous "curse" hardly satisfied the critical mind, though here, too, the audience was thoroughly with the actress. She was honored with a recall after every act, and even this failed to satisfy the enthusiasm of the people. It must be remembered, too, that the part of Leah is a trying one, requiring for its

proper interpretation in the points referred to perhaps a more robust voice than that possessed by Miss Mather. But, taking it as a whole, the young actress scored a success; considering all things, a success which ought to satisfy both herself and her friends.

Mr. Salvini sustained creditably the part of Rudolph, and Mr. Levick won deserved applause by his strong and well-shaded rendition of the apostate Jew, Nathan. Mr. Jepson as Lorenz and Frank Wise as the village priest filled their parts acceptably. Mr. Davidge as Ludwig, gave a fair presentation of a pedantic village doctor, but rather spoiled the effect by his much too frequent use of his one gag, "For this are we doctors." Mrs. Jamieson made the most of the small chance afforded by the play to Mother Groschen, and Miss Isabella Morris made a very favorable impression as Madelina.

WHAT BOSTON THINKS OF MR. DALY'S COMPANY.

[From the Boston *Herald*, Sept. 5.]

The performance of "Odette," as a whole, was unworthy the play. Several of the members of Mr. Daly's company were, it is true, admirable exponents of the characters intrusted to them; but there were some exceedingly weak places in the cast. First in the former category should be placed Miss Ada Rehan. Her Odette was a genuine surprise to those of her auditors who had previously seen her only in light comedy *roles*. In several scenes, notably that at the close of the first act and that between husband and wife in the gambling saloon, she appeared to lack the physical force requisite for a perfect fulfilment of the author's design; but taken altogether, her performance was one of great excellence. Her highest success was attained in the final act, where she displayed a depth of feeling and true pathos which must have completely won over the harshest of her critics. It is to be regretted that she spoiled the effect of this beautiful scene by returning to the stage to acknowledge the applause that followed her exit. Why Mr. Charles Fisher should have been cast to play the Count is a mystery we are unable to solve. It is a part entirely out of his line, and he was manifestly as unhappy in it as the audience was to see him essay it. To add to his troubles, he was suffering from a severe attack of illness, and under such circumstances criticism would be unkind. Miss Helene Stoepel ("Bijou Heron") played Berengere very sweetly and prettily, and deserved all the applause that rewarded her efforts. Mr. John Drew did some capital work as Phillippe de la Hoche, the "friend of the family"; he is a young actor of great promise. Mr. James Lewis played Bechamel, a cynical but good-natured man of the world, with much dry humor. De Mervan, Berengere's lover, was impersonated in a frank, manly way by Mr. Clement Bainbridge. Miss May Fielding was admirable as Phillippe's young wife, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert's "character portrait" of the Baroness Conaro-Doria was a delightful bit of comedy. The representatives of the remaining characters—a long list by the way—do not call for particular mention; some were good and some were bad.

"KIT'S" RETURN TO THE BOSTON.

[From the Boston *Herald*, Sept. 5.

Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, better known to the theatregoing public as "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller," entered upon his 11th annual engagement at the Boston Theatre last evening before a large and enthusiastic audience. He has lost none of his old time popularity, and his appearance upon the stage was the signal for long protracted rounds of applause. Messrs. Maguinnis and Springer, cast as the Two Beats, were also cordially received, and provoked the usual amount of merriment by their clever acting. Mrs. Thomas Berry as Alice Redding, and Miss Rachel Noah as Mrs. Stubbs were, as usual, heartily welcomed, and played their parts with old-time success. It is hardly necessary to say that the cast was in every respect a fine one, and that the performance was fully equal to any former one of this very popular play. The levee scene was enlivened by "banjoisms" by Mr. William Cole, who for several seasons has thus officiated in the piece. "Kit" is handsomely mounted, and, judging from the size and enthusiasm of last night's audience, will crowd the house during the entire two weeks of its run.

THE UNION SQUARE COMPANY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[From the San Francisco *Post*, Aug. 22.]

A fashionable and crowded house greeted the first production here by the Union Square Company of Sardou's masterpiece, "Daniel Rochat." Perhaps somewhat contrary to the expectations of many, the piece, consummately acted throughout, proved a magnificent success. The audience received it with rapt attention, suppressed emotion and at times with great enthusiasm, recalling Miss Jewett and De Belleville several times. It is an extraordinary play, and one which to no small extent reflects the intellectual contest of the age between religion and infidelity, civil and religious marriages, and between "sealing" for life or for immortality, thus bringing in the question of the existence of a soul and a spiritual life after death. The power of love to break down all barriers of conscience, save that of deep religious faith, is also portrayed. We regret that space only permits us to say that, as the representatives of the two views, Miss Jewett as Lea, and Mr. De Belleville as Daniel Rochat, have thoroughly grasped the author's ideas and transformed his words into living personages. They are almost perfect actors. In depicting the struggles between the passionate emotions of love and stern conscience they are superb. Miss Maud Harrison well sustains the character of Esther. In fact throughout the company is wonderfully even. A close study of them would be of benefit to our young actors.

[From the *Alta California*, Aug. 29.]

The fourth week of the engagement of the Union Square Company opened last evening to an extremely fashionable and critical audience to witness the first production in this city of Edgar Fawcett's drama, in four acts and a prologue, entitled "The False Friend." The evening also served as the occasion for the reappearance—after an absence of two years—on our boards of Eleanor Carey, who met with a hearty reception and was the recipient of a number of handsome floral pieces. The action of the prologue is in Australia, and of the play in England. It deals with the villany of a man who, having promised a dying friend to visit his family, does so in the guise of the supposed dead one. While so counterfeiting another the villain falls in love with the sister of the man whom he pretends to be, and who is supposed by her to be her own brother. The play borders on the melodramatic, and has a vein of comedy running through it which naturally interests and pleases the audience. Eleanor Carey sustained the leading *role* of Edith Fielding with feeling, grace and dignity—never overacting her part. She had the sympathy of the audience from first to last. She has improved considerably since her departure from the Baldwin, two years ago. The Lady Ogden—a feeble and trembling old lady of eighty-two years—of Mrs. Phillips was really magnificent in its conception. In the second act, where in an interview she discovers and charges Lucien Gleyre (cleverly personated by De Belleville) as an imposter and not her nephew and heir to the Fielding manor, she won hearty applause. Maud Harrison as Rebecca Santley, haunted by the phantom of a stepmother, infused considerable of the humorous element into her character. Nellie Wetherill gave a very amusing interpretation of the character of Margaretta Maitland, a spinster, who eventually becomes the stepmother of Rebecca Santley. Miss Willis as Eugenia Maitland, and Miss Guion as Nina Chauncey, wife of Lucien Gleyre, were acceptably rendered. Whiting's Cuthbert Fielding, Ramsay's Cyril Garland and Fawcett's Aberesombic Courtwell were excellent. J. H. Stoddart, as the aged servant Andrew, gave a remarkable piece of character acting which gained for him several recalls. Parselle's General Santley, a susceptible widower, was, in make up and action, very good and by far the best piece of work he has done since the opening. There was a slight hitch during the first act, but after that everything ran smoothly. The drama is a strong one, and will run the whole week to large audiences.

"SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY" IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the Philadelphia *Press*, Sept. 5.]

The vein which Harrigan and Hart were the first to discover and so diligent to explore exists only on the east side of New York, and the dramatic product is of that peculiar pinchbeck which shines with brightest lustre at the lower end of Broadway and between there and the Bowery. Every New Yorker can appreciate the wild humor and extravagant fun of "Squatter Sovereignty," which was never played out of New York city until last week, but the squatters about Central Park are strangers to metropolitan visitors, and the scenes in the play present phases of life peculiarly local.

Nevertheless there was no special need of an interpreter at the Walnut Street last evening, and the campaign for the recovery of the goat was followed with close attention and constant laughter. The company is much better than we could have expected, but it has been chosen with special regard to the play, and can hardly be bettered outside of Harrigan and Hart's own company. Sam E. Ryan as an itinerant astronomer, and J. H. Ryan as the Widow Nolan, were wonderfully funny and kept the audience in a continuous roar of laughter while they were on the stage. Miss Mary Stuart as Josephine Jumble was thoroughly artistic in her humor, and her make-up was admirable. Max Arnold as Captain Ferdinand Kline spoke the best English-German dialect heard on the stage for a very long time. Every character was well represented and the constant succession of mirthful gags were sustained without any apparent effort. A very interesting goat and an intelligent donkey are included in the cast. The music is hardly up to Brahams best but it was very well sung.

OPENING OF HAVERLY'S, PHILADELPHIA.

From the Philadelphia *Times*, Aug. 5.

If it were intended to assist the elegant appearance of the house by presenting a handsome stage picture the opening with "Richelieu" was a peculiarly happy thought. Much has been done in the way of improving and perfecting the stage effects, and "Richelieu" certainly had all the material advantages that could well be expected. Nor was there much that could be called disappointing in any feature of the play. There are characters which Mr. Barrett does much better than he does Richelieu, but there are none which he does more conscientiously. There are few elements of originality about it, but it is always reminding one of careful and intelligent study in every detail. It is never anything but good, and if it does not rise to a work of greatness it must be regarded more as due to Mr. Barrett's lack of adaptability in this particular instance than to want of intelligent understanding of the requirements of the part. At every stage of the performance Mr. Barrett gives evidence of a thorough appreciation of the character of the crafty Cardinal, and his efforts were understood and cordially received by the audience.

Mr. Barrett's company is an exceptionally good one. The star is well supported by Mr. Louis James, who last night played de Mauprat; Miss Wainwright as Julie and Mr. Rogers as Joseph. There are some familiar people in the company and enough really good ones to enable Mr. Barrett to present exceedingly well any of his particu-

lar pieces. Haverly's has certainly had an auspicious opening.

ANNIE PIXLEY'S NEW PLAY.

Miss Annie Pixley's new play "Zara," by Fred. Marsden, was acted for the first time at Columbus, Ohio. The play is said to be too long, and needs judicious pruning, but the interest is well sustained, and the piece will probably prove successful. In the first act there was a plot to induce Sir Godfrey Moslyn to believe that Grace Vane is the daughter of his long-lost brother, and this is aided by Grace, pretending to recognize a portrait of her deceased parent. Sir Godfrey then receives her into his house and promises to make a will in her favor as soon as legal proof of her identity can be secured. This proof the villain of the play proposes to manufacture and produce. In the second act we learn that Essie Launceford, the younger of the two villains, has in his possession certain papers which will prove who is the real heir to Sir Godfrey's estates, and he promises Jasper Severn that at the proper time he will produce them. Essie soon after takes these papers from a desk, and, after examining them, lays them down again, and while he is pacing up and down the room, Zara enters unobserved and carries off the documents. In the last act Jasper, learning that Essie has lost the papers, accuses him of treachery. Grace enters and appeals to Zara to give them to her, but the gypsy declares that she will deliver them only to Sir Godfrey. Jasper denounces Essie to Sir Godfrey, and Zara produces the papers, when Essie asks Sir Godfrey what he is going to do about it, since the child his brother left is dead and has left no heir. Ross Drake then exclaims: "The child is not dead; but it is a boy. I am your brother's son." Zara has little to do with the main plot. She is unaccustomed to the ways of society, and it is in learning them that opportunity is given for the display of her abilities.

"CHISPA" AT HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.

CHARACTERS IN THE PROLOGUE.

Zeke Stevens	Frank Losee
James Downey	W. W. Griffiths
Fairfax	Randolph Murray
John Munro	Charles James
Mary Munro	Annie Leigh
Sarah Downey	Kate Fletcher
Chispa	Fanny Gonzales

CHARACTERS IN THE DRAMA.

Zeke Stevens	Frank Losee
James Downey, alias Harry Montcalm	W. N. Griffiths
Doc Jones	W. T. Melville
Indian Jack	George Osbourne
Frank Fairfax	Randolph Murray
Pike	James C. Dunn
Rodriguez	W. T. Sullivan
Florence	Lina Merville
Anastasia Mount Auburn	Annie Leigh
Sarah Downey	Kate Fletcher
Chispa	Marian Elmore

"Chispa," which has been seen at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre during the week, is not a successful play as a play, and the star, although pleasing in many way shas not scored a great success. She has elements which go far to make her a favorite with her audiences, but she lacks strength where anything approaching emotion is necessary. The plot of the piece has been giving in THE THEATRE and it is unnecessary to repeat it. The play is the work of Messrs. Greene and Thompson, and it is an exceeding poor specimen of stage work. Among the support Mr. Losee is deserving of mention for some spirited acting, and George Osbourne made a decided "hit" as the Piute.

As a specimen of the way dates are filled for this season, we give the following list of attractions for the Toledo Opera House for 1882 83:—W. J. Scanlan, in "Friend and Foe" September 4, 5, 6 and 7; S. B. Curtis, in "Sam'l of Posen," September 8 and 9; Haverly's Mastodons, September 12 and 13; Hess Acme Opera Co, September 14, 15 and 16; Christy's Minstrel's, September 25 and 26; Bertha Welby Combination, October 3 and 4; Powers Dramatic Co., October 5; Salisbury's Troubadours, October 6 and 7; Roland Reed, in "Cheek," October 9 and 10; Hanlon-Lees Combination, October 13 and 14; Lingard Combination, October 16; Karl Comedy Co., October 17; Baker & Farron, October 18; Calender Georgia Minstrels, October 19; Pearl Eytinge, October 20 and 21; Julia Hunt, "Florimel," October 23; "Judge Slasher" Comedy Co., October 26, 27 and 28; "Farmer's Daughter," November 3 and 4; Kiralfys, November 6, 7 and 8; Barlow and Wilson's Minstrels, November 9; Margaret Mather, Novenber 13, 14 and 15; Daly's "Passing Regiment," November 17 and 18; B. McAuly, in "Messenger from Jarvis Section," November 20 and 21; Mlle. Rhea, November 27, 28 and 29; O'Neil Comedy Co., December 1 and 2; "Jolly Batchelors," December 6; "Ranch 10," December 8 and 9; C. L. Graves Combination, December 11; Den Thompson, December 12; Joe. Murphy, December 15 and 16; Hill's Comedy Co., "Square Man," December 21; Hartz, magician, Chrisrmas week; Campbell's "Galley Slave," January 1, 2 and 3; Annie Pixley, "M'liss," January 11, 12 and 13; Geo. Knight, "Baron Rudolph," January 15; Hague British Minstrels, January 17; Milton Nobles, January 19 and 20; "Lights o' London," week beginning January 29; Haverly's Minstrels, February 9 and 10; Mapleson's Opera Co., February 12; "Rooms for Rent," February 15; Leavitt & Pastor's Minstrels, February 28; John T. Raymond, March 6 and 7; Sol Smith Russell, March 8; Aldrich & Parsloe, "My Partner," March 9 and 10; Hearnes' "Hearts of Oak," March 12 and 13; Robson and Crane, March 15; Lawrence Barrett, March 16 and 17; Professor Cromwell, beginning March 19, one week; Maggie Mitchell, March 26 and 27; "Esmeralda," March 3 and 31; "Squatter Sovereignty," April 3 and 3; "Hazel Kirke," April 13.

Edward Lamb and J. W. Shannon will star this season, in Mr. Harriman's play "Old Moneybags." They begin at the Grand Opera House Brooklyn, on the 18th inst.

Mr. R. G. Morris' play the "Irish American" which has been produced in the West, has failed to give satisfaction.

The "Just in Time" combination went to pieces at Pittsburgh, Pa. This is the second company to fail this season.

A very laughable programme greeted the patrons of Carncross' Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on the opening night. The entertainment was an excellent one. Mr. Carncross has got together a large and capable company. The songs were well rendered and the jokes new. The programme concluded with a burlesque entitled "The Sunday Barber Shop; or, A Five Cent Shave," a local hit which was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience.

"The Parvenu" is announced for production at the Boston Museum on Monday evening.

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE.

THE THEATRE is a sixteen page journal, printed in large, clear type and on heavy paper. In order to bring it within the reach of all the price for single numbers has been fixed at five cents.

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SIX MONTHS,	1.50

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THE THEATRE is published every Saturday morning at No. 38 Vesey street, New York, and is for sale by all newsdealers in the United States, Canada, and the principal cities of Europe.

In sending remittances, make checks and money orders payable to the

METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE,

38 Vesey street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1882.

The Theatre List.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO.—Park Theatre, New York, October 30, Boston, December 4, Philadelphia 18, Chicago, Ill., January 1, New Orleans, La., 29.

ADA GRAY.—Brantford, Can., Sept. 11; Hamilton, 12 12, Lockport, N. Y., 13, Rochester, 14.

ALEXNDER CAUMAN CO.—Montreal, Sept. 11; Governeus 19, Waterton 20, Utica 21, Troy 22, Hudson 25, Rondout 35, Bethlehem, Pa., 27, Allentown 28, Easton 29, Wilmington, Del., 30.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE, in "My Partner," Peoria, Ill., Sept. 11; Galesburg 12, Burlington, Iowa 13, Des Moines 14, Cedar Rapids 15, Dubuque 17, Chicago 18, Indianapolis 25.

ALICE OATES' CO.—Cortland, Pa., Sept. 11; Wilkesbarre 12, Pottstown 13, Scranton 14, Pottsville 15, Williamsport 16, Olean, N. Y. 18, Bradford 19, Jamestown, N. Y. 22, Warren, Pa. 23.

ANNIE PIXLEY.—Erie, Pa., Sept. 11, Rochester 12, Troy 14, Boston, 18.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—San Francisco, Aug. 7, six weeks.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE CO.—Booth's Theatre, New York, September 18.

BARRY AND FAY, Buffalo, Sept. 11.

BUFFALO BILL'S COMBINATION.—Rockford, Sept. 11; Clinton 12, Aurora 13, Ottowa 14, Joliet 15, Stretor 16.

BARNEY MCAULEY.—Lowell, Mass., Sept. 11.

BARLOW, WILSON & CO.'S MINSTREL'S.—Norfolk, Va., Sept. 11.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life."—Bay City, Sept. 11, St. Louis 13, Saginaw City 14, Flint 15, Lansing 16, Ionia 18, Big Rapids 19, Grand Haven 20, Muskegon 21, Grand Rapids 22.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 1, Brooklyn, Sept. 11.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 2, Poughkeepsie, September 11.

BOSTON MINIATTURE IDEAL CO.—Philadelphia, Sept. 11.

BROOKS AND DICKSON'S YOUTH COMB.—N. Y. city, Niblo's Garden.

CHICAGO CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Chicago, September 25. The company comprises Miss Herrick, Miss St. John, Messrs. Barnes, Wolff, Kyle, Mason, Dunn, and other principals.

COLVILLE'S WORLD, New York, September 18.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.—Brooklyn, Sept. 11; New Brenswick, N. J. 18, Trenton 19, Jersey City 20, Newark 22.

COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October forty nights.

CLAIRE SCOTT, Wilson, N. C., Sept. 11; Goldsboro 12, Newbern 13, Raleigh 18, Durham 20, Reedsville 25, Winston 26, Salisbury, 28, Charlotte 30.

C. B. BISHOP IN STRICTLY BUSINESS.—Petersburg, Sept. 11; Danville 13; Raleigh, N. C., 14; Goldsboro 15, Wilmington 16; Charleston, S. C., 18; Savannah, Ga., 21.

C. A. GARDENER'S KARL CO.—Sparta, Sept. 11; Lacrosse 12. Winona, 13, Hastings 14, Stillwater 16, Chippewa Falls 18, Eeau Claire 19, St. Paul 20.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE.—Louisville, Sept. 11; Detroit 25; Cleveland, Oct. 9; St. Louis 15, Cincinnati 23.

CLARA MORRIS.—New York city, Grand Opera House, Sept. 11.

DEAKIN'S LILIPUTIAN OPERA CO.—Lexington, Sept. 11, Chillicothe 12, Moberly 13, Macon 14; Ottumwa, Ia., 15; Grinnell 18 Marshalltown 19, Ames 20, Des Moines 21.

DAVENE'S COLOSSAL ALLIED ATTRACTIONS.—New York, London Theatre, Sept. 11.

DEFOSSEZ'S FRENCH OPERA CO.—New Orleans, Nov. 10.

DUFF'S "PASSING REGIMENT" CO.—Trenton, N. J., Sept. 11.

DUPREZ AND BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.—Holyoke, Sept. 11, Northampton 12, Springfield 13.

ENSIGN COMEDY CO, in "Rooms For Rent.—Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 11; Plattsmouth 12, Nebraska City 13, Atchison, 14, St. Joe 15, Topeka 18, Levenworth 20,

EMMA ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO.—Topeka, Kan., Sept. 11; Kansas City, Mo. 18.

FRANK I. FRAYNE COMPANY, J. J. Coleman, Manager.—Brooklyn, E. D., September 11; Philadelphia 18, Allentown 25, Pottsville 26, Reading 27, Scranton 29, Danville 30, Wilkesbarre October 2, Pittston 3, Pottstown 4, Lebanon 5, Columbia 6, Harrisburg 7, Lancaster 9, Wilmington, Del., 10; Trenton, N. J., 11; Newark 12, Brooklyn 16, Baltimore 23.

FRANK L. GOODWIN'S LA BELLE RUSSE CO.—Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 18.

FRED. B. WARDE.—Cleveland, Sept. 11; Pittsburg 18.

FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO.—Baltimore, Sept. 11; Washington 18, Brooklyn 25.

FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates."—Leadville, Sept. 11; Pueblo 14, Colorado Springs 15.

FRANK MAYO, San Francisco, Sept. 18.

F. S. CHANFRAU, Philadelphia, Sept. 11.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.—Topeka, Sept. 11; Atchison 18' Kansas City 25.

FORBES DRAMATIC CO.—Foudulac, Sept. 11.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT, "Baron Rudolph," Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 12; Olean 13, Richburg 14, Bolivar 15; Brrdford, Pa., 16; Buffalo 18, Rochester 21.

GUS WILLIAMS, in "One of the Finest," St. Louis, Sept. 11; Cincinnati 18, Cleveland 25.

GEORGE A. FAIR'S DRAMATIC CO., with Harry Webber in "Nip and Tuck," Plattsmouth, Neb., September 14.

GRACE CARTLAND.—Knoxville, Sept. 11; Oskaloose 12, Des Moines 14, Council Bluffs one week, Omaha to follow.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.—Toledo, O., Sept. 11.

HAVERLY'S OPERA CO.—Montreal, Sept. 11.

HANLONS.—Cincinnati, Sept. 11.; Milwaukie, 18; Bay City, Mich., 25; East Saginaw 27, Grand Rapids 29; Jackson, Oct. 2; Fort Wayne, Ind, 4.

HELEN COLEMAN'S WIDOW BEDOTT.—New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 11; Kingston, N. Y., 13.

HOWARD'S AUNT KEZIAH CO.—Albany, September 14.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—Oldtown, Sept. 11; Orono 12, Bangor 13, Rockport 14.

HARRIS COMEDY CO., Charles Fostelle.—Utica, Sept. 11; Ilion 12, Rome 13, Oneida 14, Syracuse 15.

HARRY G. RICHMOND.—Louisville, Sept. 11.

HERNE'S "HEARTS OF OAK."—Providence, R. I., Sept. 11

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS.—New York city, Sept. 25.

HOLMAN OPERA CO.—Point Henry, Sept. 11; Whitehall 12, Fort Edward 13, Glen Falls 14, Saratoga 15, Ballston 16, Troy 18, Kingston 20, Hudson 21, Albany 22.

JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION—Springfield, Ohio, Sept. 8

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION.—Minneapolis, Sept. 14r

JOHN T. RAYMOND.—Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 11; Boston, Mass. 18; New York city, Oct. 2.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.—Chillicothe, Sept. 11; Dayton 12, Xenia 13, Bellefontaine 14, Sandusky 15, Youngstown 16, New York city, Union Square Theatre, Sept. 18.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King," Troy, Sept. 11; Holyoke, Mass., 14; Worcester, 15; Fall River, 16; Providence, 18; Philadelphia, 25.

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO.—Topeka, Kas., Sept. 11; Lawrence 12, Leavenworth 13, Hannibal, Mo., 14; Peoria, Ill., 15; Springfield 16, St. Louis, 18.

JOSEPH F. WHEELOCK'S CO.—Whitney's Grand Opera House, Detroit, Mich., September 11, in Len Grover and Townsend Percy's "Wardour;" and Fred Marsden's "Root of all Evil."

J. H. WEBB'S UNITED STATES MINSTRELS.—Geneseo, Sept. 11; Davenport 12, Cambridge 13, Peoria 14, Pekin 15, Havana 16

JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—South Norwalk, Conn., September 11; Bridgeport 12, Waterbury 13, Hartford, New Haven 15.

JOHN DILLON.—Omaha, Sept. 11.

JEFFREYS LEWIS.—Philadelphia, Sept. 18.

KATE CLAXTON.—New Bedford, Sept. 11; Fall River 12, Newport, R. I., 13; Providence 14.

KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD.—New York city, Oct. 2.

KIRALFY'S BLACK CROOK.—Cincinnati, Sept. 18.

KENDALL COMBINATION.—Shenandoah, Ia., Sept. 25; Chariton 18, Hamburg 25, Brownville, Neb., Oct. 2; St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 6.

KITTIE RHOADES COMBINATION.—Garrettsville, O., Sept. 18; Chagrin Falls 25, Carrollton, Oct. 2; Orville 9.

LOTTA.—Rochester, Sept. 11.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMBINATION.—Pittsburg, Sept. 11.

LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.—Baltimore, Sept. 11,

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Boston, Sept. 11; Portland, Me. 18, New Bedford 20, Newport, R. I. 21, Providence 22.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Augusta, Sept. 11; Bangor 12, Lewiston 13, Manchester, N. H. 14, Salem, Mass. 15, Lynn 16, Norwich, Ct. 18.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Pittsfield, Mass., Sept. 11; South Adams 12, North Adams 13, Bennington, Vt. 14, Hoosaic Falls, N. Y. 15, Ballston Spa 16.

LYTELL'S YOUTH CO.—Brockwell, Sept. 11; Ottawa 13, Montreal 18.

MINNIE PALMER in "My Sweetheart," Philadelphia, Sept. 11; New York city 18.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 25; Buffalo Oct. 2.

"MODJESKA" begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2.

MLLE. RHEA.—Bradford, Pa., Sept. 11; Oil City 12, Titusuille 13, Jamestown, 14, Meadville 15, Syracuse, N. Y. 18.

MINNIE MADDERN.—Cincinnati, Sept. 11; Louisville 18, Nashville 22, New Orleans 25.

MLLE. THEO.—Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Sept. 11.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE.—Harlem, September 25, the "Lights o' London."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—"Esmeralda." Bronson Howard's new play, October 9.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House, New York, October 23.

MITCHELL'S PLEASUBE PARTY.—Danbury, Ct., September Waterbury 12.

MCKEE RANKIN.—Washington, Sept. 11.

MCINTYRE AND HEAT'S SPECIALTY CO.—Buffalo, Sept. 11; Albany 18, Philadelphia 25.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—New York, "Lights o' London," Sept. 11.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe), Prescott 13, Brockville 14, Belleville 15, Port Hope 16, Toronto 18, Brantford 22.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon), Jamestown, N. Y., Sept. 11 Erie, Pa. 12, Dunkirk, N. Y. 13, Buffalo 14, Syracuse 18, Auburn 20, Oswego 22, Rome 23.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Easton, Pa., September 15; Bethlehem, 16; Allentown, 18; Pottsville, 19; Reading, 20; Harrisburg, 21; Columbia, 22; Lancaster, 23.

PHILADELPHIA.—Haverly's, Laurance Barrett in "Richelieu," "Hamlet" and "Yorick's Love," September 11; "Francesra du Rimine."—Chestnut Street Opera House, September 11, Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart." Walnut, "Squatter Sovereignty" September 11, George H. Adams, "Humpty Dumpty." Arch, Hess Acme Opera Co., September 11, Alice Dunning Lingard, in "Divercons." Woods' Museum, John, Jack and Annie Firmin in the "New Magdalen," Central, Mr. B. Leavitt's Specialty Company.

PALMER AND ULMER'S DANITES.—Woonsocket, Sept. 12; Fall River 14.

PARK THEATRE.—New York, John T. Raymond, October 2; Mrs. Langtry, Oct. 30, the Florences, Robson and Crane.

PEARL EYTINGE.—St. Louis Mo., Sept. 17; Quincy, Ill, 25, Bloomington 26, Burlington, Ia. 27, Galesburg 28, Ottawa 29, Joliet 30, Detroit, Oct. 2; Ann Haabor 5, Jackson 6.

ROBSON & CRANE, in "D. A. M." Springfield, Mass., September 25, Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

ROLAND REED (Cheek).—Chicago (McVicker's) Sept. 18; Coldwater, Mich. 25, Grand Rapids 26, Albion 29.

RICE AND HOOLY'S MINSTRELS.—Chicago, Sept. 11.

ROSE EYTINGE.—Cumberland, Md., September 11; Wheeling, W. Va., 12; Zanesville, O., 13; Dayton 14; Richmond 15, Terre Haute 16, St. Louis 17, Cincinnati 25, Chicago, Oct.,

SMITH'S DOUBLE UNCLE TOM, Norwich, Sept. 11; Cortland 13, Watkins 14, Lyons 15.

STEVENS JOLLY BACHELORS.—Vincennes, Ind., Sept. 11; Evansville, 12; Cairo, Ill., 14; Little Rock, Ark., 15.

SOL SMTH RUSSELL.—Faribault, Minn., Sept. 11; Owatonna 12, Rochester 13, Winona 14; Dubuque, Ia., 15; Clinton 16, Cedar Rapids 18, Iowa City 19, Fairfield 20, Ottumwa 21, Oskaloosa, 22, Desmoines 23, Omaha, Neb. 25; Lincoln 26, St. Joe, Mo., 27; Kansas City 28.

SALISBURY'S TROUBADORS—New York city, Sept 11; Syracuse 18, Rochester 21.

THE HARRISONS, in "Viva, a Sister's Sacrifice."—Watertown, N. Y., Sept. 21.

TONY PASTOR'S CO., Lafayette, Ind., Sept 11; Indianopolis 12, Louisville 13, Columbus, O., 15; Zanesville 16.

THALIA THEATRE, New York, September 14.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, N. Y., "The Beautiful Galatia," Sept. 11.

THE METEORS.—Ann Harbor, Sept. 14; Jackson 15, Flint 16.

THATHER, PRIMROSE AND WEST'S MINSTRELS.—Louisville, Sept. 14.

TOM THUNB.—Lancaster, Sept. 11; Harrisburg 13.

WHITLY'S HIDDEN HAND CO.—Independence, Sept. 12; Waterloo 13, Cedar Falls 14.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS.—Chicago, Sep 11.

WALDRON'T MLISS CO. NO. 2.—Burlington, Vt., Sept. 12; Rutland 14, Ticonderoga, N. Y. 15, Sehenectady 16, Little Falls 18, Rome 19, Baldwinsville 21, Auburn 22.

WM. HARRIS, "MRS. PARTINGTON CO."—Amsterdam, N. Y., September 9; Utica, 11; Ilion, 12, Rome, 13; Oneida, 15; Syracuse, 15.

NEW PLAYS.

J. S. Dowling presented a new play, entitled "Nobody's Claim," at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, last Monday evening, before a large and well satisfied audience. The play is the work of E. A. Locke, who has written a number of successful dramas, and it affords opportunities for a mass of effective scenery and a great many hairbreadth escapes.

Our Welcome.

WELL INFORMED AND ABLE.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new dramatic paper just issued in New York city. It will be published every week. We do not know who the editor is, but its contents declare him to be a well informed gentleman and an able writer. THE THEATRE is the neatest addition to weekly dramatic literature we have had. Its contents are carefully and intelligently prepared, and the editor seems to have really a proper sense of the dignity of the work in which he is engaged. How few of the editors of dramatic weekly papers have. If THE THEATRE carries out the policy it has marked out it cannot fail to win success. Merit always succeeds.—*Chicago Herald*, August 13, 1882.

THE STANDARD PLACED HIGH.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new weekly journal of the stage. It purposes to teach intellectual actors and to be critically honest toward appreciative auditors, while having a policy which excludes scandal from its pages and does not intrude upon the private lives of actors and actresses. The standard is placed high as a matter both of business and of literature.—*N. Y. Herald*, August 7.

A BRIGHT APPEARANCE.

THE THEATRE is the title of another addition to the list of journals devoted to theatrical and musical interests. It is published by the Metropolitan Job Printing Company, contains sixteen pages of matter, and is to be published weekly at five cents per copy. The first number presents a bright appearance and is illustrated by portraits of Henry Irving and David Garrick. It is published at No. 38 Vesey Street.—*New York Dispatch*, August 6.

NO VULGARITY OR BLACKMAIL.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new weekly journal of the stage, published by the Metropolitan Job Print, No. 38 Vesey street, New York. It is a clean and honest publication, less ambitious than some of its rivals, but devoid of any suggestion of unfairness, showy vulgarity and blackmailing operations, such as one discovers in too many dramatic journals published in New York.—*Brooklyn Daily Times, August 16.*

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VOL. 1.—NO. 7. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

A Happy Pair.

It is a good many years since Mr. and Mrs. Florence united their fortunes both on and off the stage. Both have been stars throughout their long career, and although both have always blazed from the same sky, neither has ever outshone the other. Old playgoers will remember Mrs. Florence before she became an actress, when she was Miss Pray, and danced at Mitchell's Olympic, under the name of Miss Malvina. As to Mr. Florence we all remember him as a genial gentleman and excellent actor as far back as it is possible for most of us to remember anything. In private life this couple is famous the world over as a happy pair, and it is a singular good fortune that they should be equally happy in a sphere where each shone with particular lustre, but where the one never was known to eclipse the other.

When William J. Florence and Malvina Pray joined hearts and hands they had still to make both fame and fortune. Their beginning, like the beginning of most great actors, was under adverse circumstances, and it is doubly to their credit that hand in hand they won their way to the front rank. Few men can tell a more interesting story of struggle and disappointment leading up to success than Mr. Florence, and there is nothing in which Mrs. Florence takes greater delight than in helping him to rehearse their own comedy of "A Happy Pair." In the thirty years that this couple have been upon the stage, they have managed not only to keep always before the public eye, but to occupy an equal place in public estimation. It is a long time since their portraits first began to be seen in the illustrated papers, and if all the pictures of them which have been made could be gathered into a volume it would make a work in which any print collector might take delight. There is one which is exceptionally excellent, a double medallion, engraved for a sheet of music, which especially commends itself to illustrators because it is one of the earliest of their pictures, and has the additional charm of being scarce. It may sometimes be found in piles of old music in the second hand shops, and it is much sought after by persons in search of early likenesses of distinguished professionals. But there is another, a portrait of Mr. Florence, "The young Irish Comedian," which is even more interesting because it has a history which involves one of the pleasantest episodes in the career of the Florences. It is true it is only a wood-cut of a time when wood engraving had not attained its present excellence, but it is a good likeness, and it is the first of the Florence series. This was engraved for and printed in *Gleason's Pictorial*, and there is a little theatrical romance surrounding it. Mr. Florence, then a young man without fame but with well matured plans and plenty of ambition, called upon the proprietor of that journal to discuss his prospects with the journalist. "But have you money with which to do all this?" was the journalist's apparently cold question. "No, but I expect to make it," Mr. Florence replied. Without another word an artist was summoned and directed to make a sketch of the young actor. From this sketch the picture was engraved, and so it became not only the first of the Florence series, but the first newspaper contribution to the success of the Florences.

Although in the beginning of his career Mr. Florence was regarded as an Irish comedian, it is not upon his Irish parts that his fame as an actor will rest. His first great success was in the Dickens drama, once exceedingly popular, but now fortunately extinct. His Captain Cuttle is a well remembered part even now, and what was most remarkable about it was his make-up. On the stage he was Cuttle to the life, just as in later years he was Obenreiser. So wonderful is Mr. Florence's power in this respect that he would be able, if he chose, to look the Dickens creations, from Pickwick to the Dustman, so that they would be instantly recognized without opening his mouth. We have not, and we have not had, an actor on the

modern stage who could equal Mr. Florence in the ability to look the thing he assumed. In dress and expression he is perfection down to the minutest detail; but all this was a matter of growth, as we shall see by a glance at Mr. Florence's long career as an actor.

Just thirty years ago—to be precise, on the 30th of August, 1852—Mr. Florence's name first occurs in the bills of the old Broadway Theatre. He was Lord Tinsel in "The Hunchback," Julia Dean being the Julia, and F. B. Conway the Master Walter. One year later, namely, on the 13th of June, 1853, Mr. and Mrs. Florence made their first experiment in starring at Purdy's National Theatre, in Chatham street. Following the example of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, they combined the Yankee girl and the Irish boy in their pieces, and met with such success in the leading cities that it was not long until they had the courage to make their first campaign in England, where they were also very successful. They returned in 1857, and opened at Burton's Theatre, in Chambers street, with the "Irish Emigrant," the "Yankee Housekeeper," and "A Lesson for Husbands." The next season they were again at Burton's, with their favorite Irish and Yankee performances, and on the 16th of August they brought out an "original peculiarity" by Charles Gayler, called the "Robbers of the Rhin(e)oh! or, The Forty Thieves of New York," in which Mr. Florence played O'Whack, and Mrs. Florence Fairy Funnibun and Hasarac. This engagement was so successful that it lasted fifty nights, "which in those days was a wonderful thing."

It was when Mr. and Mrs. Florence appeared at Wallack's Theatre in the summer of 1860 that he first made an important departure in the style of his performances. They began their season with a local burlesque entitled "Lalla Rookh," and this was followed, in July, by "The Toodles" and "Dombey and Son." It was a bold thing in Mr. Florence to attempt the two characters of Timothy Toodle and Captain Cuttle at Wallack's Theatre after Mr. Burton's great success in these parts, but he carried his boldness to the verge of temerity by appearing in the identical costumes worn by that great comedian. Mr. Burton had died only a few months previously, and it is equally complimentary to Mr. Florence's ability and popularity that he was able to assume these *roles* with success so soon after that event.

The success which Mr. Florence had hoped for when his first portrait was sketched for *Gleason's Pictorial* had come, and in a period of only eight years the Florences had not only amassed a small fortune, but they had acquired world-wide celebrity. Since then their names have been household words on both continents. Almost annually they have reappeared in New York with unvarying success, and have added many new plays and parts to those with which they began their career. Among those the most noteworthy are "Eileen Oge," "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and "No Thoroughfare," in which they are to appear in their forthcoming engagement at the Grand Opera House in October, and Mr. B. E. Woolf's play, "The Mighty Dollar."

As the Hon. Bardwell Slote, and as Mrs. General Gilflory, the Florences achieved what can only be described as a phenomenal success. The play has no merit either as a literary production or a stage work, and its success was entirely owing to the superb acting of the Florences. Mrs. Florence had long been noted for the lavishness of her costuming on the stage. In the past she was more than a rival for Mrs. Hoey, and since then she has distanced all competitors in the lavishness of her costumes and the taste of her costuming. Mrs. General Gilflory, as the vulgar woman of fashion, afforded full scope to Mrs. Florence not only as a dresser but as a comedienne. The character was one with which she had often come in contact both at home and abroad, and it is not wonderful she made and still makes the representative of American shoddy a life picture. As Judge Slote, Mr. Florence's success is even greater than Mrs. Florence's as Mrs. General Gilflory. In appearance, Slote is entirely unlike Florence. His make-up is so well conceived and so true to the character, that his Judge is at once recognized as a familiar figure everywhere. Before the creation of this *role* many persons were inclined to regard Florence as only a successful actor—it stamped him as a great one. Other comedians have succeeded because they played themselves, but in the creation of Slote he gave us a part in which it is impossible to find any traces of Florence. We are inclined to the belief that his fame will mainly rest upon it, and that in dramatic history his name will be associated with that of Judge Slote as Hilson's is with Paul Pry, Sefton's with Jenny Twitcher, Mitchell's with Jem Baggs, and Burton's with Toodles and Aminidab Sleek. It may be that his Doctor in his new play of "A Million," to be produced at the Park Theatre later in the season, may become a companion portrait to his Judge, but to expect this is to expect a great deal, as his Judge Slote is not only a part in a play, but veritable flesh and blood.

In speaking of Mr. and Mrs. Florence as a happy pair, we must not overlook the fact that they have always been fortunate in being equals. They were always co-workers, never rivals, and this fact has gone a long way toward making their success. Had they not been equals in ability and in artistic sympathy their career would have been less fortunate, for it is only when husband and wife are equals, both on and off the stage, that they can hope to succeed by uniting their artistic endeavors.

The Standard of Criticism.

Most actors and managers profess to be in favor of impartial criticism, but a long experience with both classes convinces me that criticism s a thing they do not want any more than the famed Irishman wanted justice. Every actor, in his own opinion, is like everybody's baby in the eyes of its mother—just too sweet to live. In an experience of ten years I have been thanked iby actors for praising them only twice to the best of my recollection, but I could name a hundred cases of men who were ready to kill me on sight for denying that they played certain parts as well as they should be played.

While actors are bad enough in this respect managers are often worse. Nothing suits them when they produce a new piece except praise. They are always ready to have their productions vaunted whether they are meritorious or not. It has often struck me as peculiar that managers cannot see that praise of a bad play can only make the theatre and the newspaper alike ridiculous in the eyes of the public. I have seen many good plays denounced without effect and many bad plays praised in vain. As a rule New York criticism is reasonably independent. It is not always just or discriminating, but it is generally honest. The principal thing that is lacking is a standard of judgment, and there is too much praise of small people who are not absolute failures and too ready condemnation of plays because they belong to a class.

I have always been known as a severe critic. It has been my habit to accept no opinion but my own. This I know is contrary to the general usage, which professes to re echo only the judgment of the public. I do not believe this is fair either to players or playwrights. How is the public verdict to be ascertained on a first night unless success or failure is very pronounced? Even then it is often reversed upon the subsequent performances. The "School for Scandal" narrowly escaped condemnation when it was played for the first time. Many of the pieces which have kept the stage made little impression when they were first presented, and most of the plays which created a furor upon their presentation are forgotten. It is only merit which lives, and neither praise nor blame from the critics goes far toward making merit apparent or the contrary.

I have watched the criticisms of the popular melodramas of the last two seasons with interest because public approval of such pieces as "The World" was very pronounced, and the critics were in accordance with the public. As for my own part I was not enthusiastic, because I failed to see the dramatic merit of these productions.

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I acknowledged the raft scene in "The World" as very effective, but I found the dialogue tiresome. If I had dared to say so at the time this play was in its highest favor, my opinion would have been hooted as unworthy of me. "The World" succeeded because its scenic effects were for the time being a novelty, but "Taken from Life" is pronounced a failure although it is a better play than any of its predecessors.

I may be permitted to ask why this is and to put in the answer: It fails because it has no raft scene—because there has been a glut of melodrama. This is a good reason for the public, but it is not a good reason for the critics. The public accepts or rejects plays because it wants or does not want them. In this respect the public appetite is like the taste for food. What is toothsome to-day is refused to-morrow because of a surfeit. This is all right in a diner, but it would be all wrong in an inspector of provisions. In my opinion it is the duty of a critic to judge independently of the public verdict, and it is the rule I shall adopt.

As regards "Taken From Life," which suggested this line of thought, it is all right for me to condemn it, but it is all wrong for the critics who praised "The World." All that I say of the latest of Mr. Pettitt's melodramas is that it is better in every way than any of his previous works. Had it come first and "The World" last, "Taken From Life" would have been a success and "The World" a failure. Such a condition of things does not speak well for the public taste, but for the critics it is absolutely disgraceful. THE EDITOR.

Oscar Wilde to Laura Don.

We are in doubt whether the letter which Oscar Wilde is said to have written to Laura Don is genuine, but the thing is so exquisitely absurd, that we are scarcely prepared to give Mr. Wilde the benefit of the doubt. His pleasure in Miss Don's "brilliantly written play," in her "artistic and sensitive acting," and in the "joyousness and insouciance" of her comedy, were well enough, but when he comes to discuss the questions of costume and effect he gives expression to just such nonsense as we might expect from a presumptuous æsthetic ass.

"Your dress, as the Princess," he writes, "was quite delightful, and the silver bracelets you wore were very beautiful indeed."

If Mr. Wilde had told Miss Don why her dress as the Princess was "quite delightful," there might be some value to his compliment, but as it stands, his commendation is only of the too-too kind. It means nothing more than idiotic effusiveness over a thing Mr. Wilde professes to know all about, but about which we are inclined to think he knows nothing. As to the bracelets, tin on the stage would look quite as beautiful as silver, and he fails to communicate any reason to Miss Don for thinking her silver bracelets very beautiful indeed. But Mr. Wilde is nothing if not critical. He must find fault with something, and he seizes upon the "formal black and red horizontal stripes" in the lining of her cloak in the fifth act of "A Daughter of the Nile." In his opinion they destroy by their own definiteness the effect of her drapery and the long lines of her figure, and he suggests in their stead a plain dull red lining, which he thinks would give the same color effect without the distraction of a commonplace pattern.

Our civilization has come to a pretty pass indeed, when the apostle of the beautiful finds it necessary to discuss the horizontal stripes in the lining of an actress' cloak. If dramatic art is to concern itself primarily with considerations of this character, it will not be long until our actresses become mere dummies for the Wildes to hang drapery upon. There will be little of the joyousness and insouciance of comedy in this kind of thing, and the deeper chords of life and feeling which Mr. Wilde says Miss Don struck in the fifth act of her play, will disappear from the stage altogether. If people accept the nonsense of Mr. Wilde's letter to the "authoress of 'A Daughter of the Nile,'" what in itself is only nonsense may become positively hurtful.

There is only one reason why Mr. Wilde should write such a letter to Miss Don. That reason is based on the boundless impudence of the apostle of æstheticism. We are only sorry that Miss Don did not regard his letter, as she should have regarded it, as an impertinence. That she did not regard it as impertinent is apparent in the fact that she gave it publicity at the rate of forty cents a line, but the public all the same will look upon it as an impertinence.

Gilbert and Sullivan's New Opera.

Much interest is naturally felt in Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera because the plot, if plot it can be called, promises the peculiar satirical humor for which Mr. Gilbert's librettos are famous in full measure. The hero of the piece is named Strephon, and the part at the Standard will be sung by Mr. Carleton. Strephon is the son of a fairy mother, and Strephon's sweetheart becomes jealous of the fairy. The Fairy Mother is he prima donna's part. A noteworthy fact in connection with this *role* is immunity in the mother and prospective mother-in-law against the ravages of time. She always looks young and charming. Strephon's father was not so well favored, as he was only a fairy in his feet, legs and hips. The other principal characters are a Lord Chancellor of England, to be sung here by Mr. Ryley, and a Queen of the Fairies who, like Little Buttercup in "Pinafore" and Lady Jane in "Patience," is remarkable for bulk as well as sweetness. The gentlemen of the chorus are Peers of England who appear in their coronets, and we may assume that the ladies will be court beauties.

From all this it may be premised that the opera is another Gilbertian satire on high society. In the Fairy Mother we may expect a delicious caricature of one of those English dames who never grow old. The Lord Chancellor will probably be a take-off upon some eminent English statesman, whom it would be unsafe to predict. As to the make-up of the Peers we may also expect some grotesque embodiments of well known characters. That the Fairy Mother will prove more than a dainty bit of womanhood like Patience, Mabel and Josephine would be too much to expect.

Although the new opera seems to be much like its predecessors in design and treatment, it evidently possesses sufficient novelty to satisfy a taste which the others created, and its production is the most important theatrical event in the near future.

Ghosts of the Stage.

The most brilliant of critics has said of actors that, to-day kings and to-morrow beggars, it is only when they are themselves that they are nothing. Around the player's life is thrown an air of romance which belongs to no other calling, and the most charming books in the language are those which relate the ana of actors and actresses. While it is true that the genius of a great actor perishes with him, leaving the world no copy, reputation lasts, and the romance of the stage is not less interesting than the works of fiction.

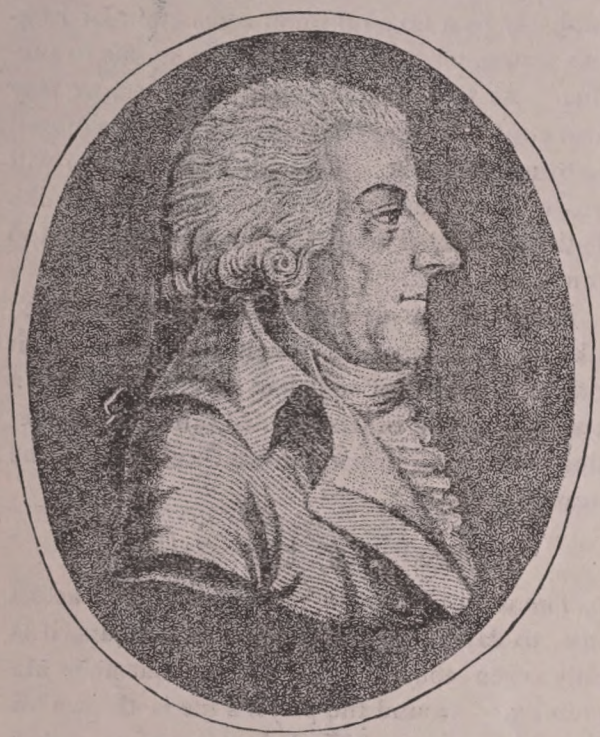
If by some necromancy the great actors of the past could be summoned from their graves to play for us once more in their favorite characters we should all, and all at once, begin to brush up our knowledge of stage history. With Betterton's reappearance as Hamlet, or Barton Booth's as Cato, with the debuts of Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Cibber, with Garrick's re-entry, and the return of Miss Farren, [Miss] Younge, and Mrs. Abington, with the stateliness of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and the extraordinary power of Kean and Miss O'Neil, we would find too much art for our appreciation, unless we added the knowledge to be obtained from books to the pleasure to be gained from the stage.

As it is impossible to call back to the stage the departed ghosts of first rate actors we must be content with those we have—Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Keene, and the rest; but a knowledge of those who went before them in their great parts would help us to estimate and perhaps appreciate the tragedians of our own time. The age we live in is not critical, and the reason is that it is not well read. Our young men and

young women never read books, and even our critics are not only ignorant, but proud of their ignorance. The effect of this condition of things is disastrous for the time being, but in the very near future it can scarcely fail to work a complete comedy revival.

Letters of a Print Collector.

VII.



THE BUTT OF THE CRITICS.

Years ago, when I first became a print collector, my friend, Mr. C. Graham Tillou, was looking high and low for a portrait of John Minshull. Mr. Tillon is a son of the late Recorder Tillou and a nephew of Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of "The Culprit Fay," and joint author with Fitz-Greene Halleck of "The Croakers." The latter poems, as is well known to all lovers of literature, are exquisite specimens of satiric writing, and to illustrate them with fine and appropriate engravings has been a labor of love and the work of a lifetime with Mr. Tillou. So scarce are the Minshull portraits that he almost despaired in his search.

"I must have it," he said, "to make my book complete. A whole poem is devoted to Minshull, and I do not know where to look for the picture."

The poem is as follows:

TO JOHN MINSHULL, ESQ.
POET AND PLAYWRIGHT.
Formerly of Maiden Lane, but now absent in Europe.

Oh! bard of the West, hasten back from Great Britain!
Our harp strings are silent, they droop on the tree;
What poet among us is worthy to sit in
The chair whose fair cushion was hallowed by thee?
In vain the wild clouds o'er our mountain tops hover,
Our rivers flow sadly, our groves are bereft;
They have lost—and forever! their poet, their lover!
And Woodworth and Paulding are all we have left.

Great Woodworth, the champion of Buckets and Freedom,
Thou "editor, author and critic" to boot,
I must leave thy rich volumes to those that can read 'em,
For my part I never had patience to do't.
And, as for poor Upham (who in a fine huff says
He'll yield to no Briton the laurel of wit),
Alas! they have "stol'n his ideas," as Puff says,
I had read all his poems before they were writ.

But hail! to thee Paulding, the pride of the Backwood!
The poet of cabbages, log huts and gin;
God forbid thou should'st get in the clutches of Blackwood,
Oh Lord! how the wits of Old England would grin:
In pathos—Oh! who could be flatter or funnier?
Were ever descriptions more vulgar and tame?
I wronged thee, by Heaven! when I said there were none here
Could cope with great Minshull, thou peer of his fame.

CROAKER.

It is almost as difficult nowadays to find a copy of "The Croakers" as to pick, as Bruckner says, a portrait of Minshull. At the time when Mr. Tillou spoke to me I knew where there was a copy of Minshull's plays, and I procured it for him, believing in my own good fortune to run across another. That was several years ago, but in the meantime another failed to turn up until the day it was wanted. I was coming down town on Saturday morning, after the fifth number of THE THEATRE had gone to press, thinking to myself Minshull and his plays were the proper subjects for the next two papers of this series. Where to find a portrait of the old butt was a question as serious for me as it had once been for Mr. Tillou. I could not ask him for his copy, for it is dangerous to submit scarce prints to the tender mercies of photo-engravers. That very day I chanced into a bookstore, and found upon its shelves the very thing I had been longing for, and strange to say, the volume of Minshull's plays, which I then found contained two portraits instead of one. The earliest of these I have reproduced to accompany this paper.

My next search was for the poem. That I knew would be in the bookstore of Mr. Woodward, and there I went to procure a copy of "The Croakers." By Mr. Woodward's kindness I was enabled to copy the poem, and I left the work in his keeping for some customer who will rejoice in procuring a good copy of a scarce book.

Minshull's first play was "a comic opera, entitled 'Rural Felicity,' with the Humor of Patrick and Marriage of Shelty.'" It was printed for the author, and published in 1801. The piece is probably the most absurd production in the English language, and the only interesting part of it—because it is insipid even in its absurdity—is the list of subscribers' names. Among these we find all the actors, artists, and prominent citizens of New York of that day. The name of Alexander Anderson occurs twice, and John Bernard, the father of Bayle Bernard, the dramatist, and G. L. Barrett, the father of "Gentleman George," are down for six copies each. William Dunlap, at that time manager of the Park Theatre, took but one copy, while Lewis Hallam and his son Mervin Hallam were down for two each. Gilbert Fox, who was both an engraver and an actor, took one; John Hogg, the grandfather of George Edgar, one; J. D. Miller, a New York boy who tried to be an actor and afterwards became an alderman, one; and P. R, Maverick, the engraver, one. John E. Martin the first actor of American birth, subscribed for six, as did also Mons. Placide, the father of the Placide boys and Mrs. Blake. Snelling Powell, the Boston manager, took two; William Rollinson, the engraver, one; William Ricketts, the circus manager, one; Joseph Tyler, the actor, one; and J. K. Paulding, so deftly ridiculed in the Croaker poem above quoted, one. It will be observed the name of John Hodgkinson does not appear in the list.

Minshull's second play, "The Sprightly Widow with the Frolics of Youth; or, A Speedy Way of Uniting the Sexes," was also printed for the author and published in 1803. In the preface to this piece Minshull gives an account of his efforts to have his previous work produced at the Park Theatre. It will be seen the fun over his previous had already become fast and furious. This is what he says:

Those gentlemen who have expressed a desire to see performed in our Park Theatre, the Opera, entitled "Rural Felicity;" also, the Comedy, entitled the "Sprightly Widow," are very numerous; and I have no doubt, but the manager would have found his interest in obliging the public who have long been waiting with anxious expectations to be indulged: nay, many were disappointed at the time "The Gig" was announced in the playbills, and to their astonishment, it was a piece trimmed to answer a certain purpose. This piece of deception obliged the author to alter his piece and introduce it as the "Sprightly Widow." I sigh! at the depravity of human nature, and have attempted to draw a veil over what is past. This has been in vain. The public eye, like that of the eagle, is keen-sighted, and treat such abuse of confidence with contempt. This hint, it is to be hoped, will be understood, that the dignity of men is not to be trifled with, or that a manager will be totally blind to his interest, or deaf to the voice of reason, and refuse to perform a play supported by the public will; certainly not. These are my opinions, and they will most assuredly be opposed by a combination, possessing ideas calculated to bias those they wish to dupe to their interest, and whose judgment like the wind, vary as their monitor may direct. Alas! what will become of Captain Fish's Ben Johnson, of the Western World, after so bold a stroke. A wit will naturally say, convert him into sauce, then they will be agreeable companions in the same dish suiting the palates of epicures.

That the reader may understand the qualities of the poet satirized by Halleck and Drake in "The Croakers," I here reproduce "The Gig," alluded to by Minshull in his preface:—

WHEN a Roscius trod the boards with fame,
Albian's cliffs echoed with his name;
Then prologues with Shakspeare's lively spirit,
Penn'd by the little, though great in merit,
David the Actor, by all was extol'd,
When an old trite proverb he unfold,
And made the gods, to cry or laugh at pleasure;
With a loud applause at Europe's treasure;
Ye sons of Roman laws, exact the same,
No Squaw your mamma....nor Indian name;
No Mungo tribe, with crops of wool to shear,
Your pedigree is just....your white is clear:
The truth I'll prove....summon'd before a jury,
Gents you my evidence....there's not one fury
To mar my cause....or lay aside my play,
To light your segars, to smoke for the day;
Convinc'd I am....Be not sure, says a wag,
Beneath the gentleman, the game of brag;
A just remark....my friends let me embrace,
Alas! friendship's as rare, as a mind that's chaste,
In days when superstition bore the sway
And records the base of the athor's play,
On various subjects as fancy led,
Piping from the brain as he rose from bed,
Of witches, wizards, hobgoblins and fools,
The works of Shakspeare by stagyric rules;

Egyptian tales are not the fashion,
Those of our days have no such passion,
Driving a tandum with a Garrick's spirit,
A chance to please, where treads equal merit;
Ha! ha! a brace of plover and Dash the prig,
Driving a pair of critics* in his gig,
With a hoix....He's cracking his whip I hear,
If run o'er....I shall not want your cheer,
I'll escape (to) to save a doctor's bill,
And view the contents of the cashier's till.
Before I go....with reverence bend,
To great Washington!....see him there ascend.†
And now to you....to you....and you above,
The friends of truth....you are the sons of Jove.
To you....O ye fair as angels appear,
I treble my bow, whilst you grace my cheer.

* Two anomymous scribblers, who without knowing whether the piece was, or was not, deficient of merit, satirized the author in their stile of wit. To return the compliment, the author has named the mules in "The Gig," agreeable to their signature.—*Bungstarter and Roderick.*

† Pointing to the rotundo.

The songs in the "Sprightly Widow" are remarkable specimens of verse-making. Here is one:—

Pray what are the lilies,
And those roses in view,
Compar'd to the blossom
Of my Caroline true.

Come then join in our song,
And we'll merrily sing;
Sage time we'll defy,
We have clipp'd his old wing.

Her charms are inviting,
With her wit, sense and grace,
Such riches will bless you,
When she's aged in the face.

And here is a bit of recitative:—

It was at Manhattan, where New York stands,
On the promenade, viewing distant lands;
Grand scenes of commerce decorate the strand;
Thundering cannons, echoing command:
Astonished strangers view with delight,
Various scenes at morning, noon and night.

Besides the "Merry Dames," the only other piece written by Minshull was entitled "He Stoops to Conquer; or, The Virgin Wife Triumphant." With this I can dismiss the butt of the critics, having shown good reason why he was so considered.

A Recognition.

It gives us sincere pleasure to recognize the "hit" which Mr. Charles White has made as Job, in the "White Slave," in Brooklyn.

As a negro delineator in old time minstrelsy Mr. White was the funniest of all funny "nigs" on the minstrel boards, and the completeness of his art still remains to him as is seen in the "colored gemman" he plays with such effect in Mr. Bartley Campbell's play.

Theatricals in Philadelphia.

This week witnessed the opening of two more of Philadelphia's places of amusement—the Chestnut Street Opera House and the Lyceum. The Academy of Music of course is still the largest, but J. Fred. Zimmerman has undoubtedly made the Chestnut Street Opera House the nicest regular theatre in the city, and his opening, with Minnie Palmer and Robert E. Graham in "My Sweetheart," was a fortunate selection. Both Miss Palmer and Graham are conspicuous imitators in "My Sweetheart." She is not ashamed to emulate the festive Lotta, and he is equally conspicuous in his patterning after Joe Emmet. Shouldn't they rather be commended than condemned for this? Genuine originality is rarely attained by condescending to develop it by means of the suggestions which the imitation of others invariably makes to minds capable of originality.

Messrs. Murphy and Donnelly, in whose management of the Lyceum it has just transpired that Charles M. Southwell, late treasurer of the Walnut, is also a partner, had intended opening with Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, but have had to put off its production till Mr. Sullivan had wrested the score from the inspiration of Alpine scenery. Consequently they made the best possible substitute in producing the "diamond edition" of "Patience," with Braham and Scanlan's Boston Ideal Miniature Troupe. The almost infantile artists made a wonderfully good impression, and didn't need the indulgence which excuses defects by expressing itself with a "They're only little things, you know." The Grosvenor has a wonderful voice, and acts better than some adult Grosvenors I have seen, and the Bunthorne and Lady Jane are strikingly original. The Lyceum, too, has received a thorough overhauling at the hands of the painter and upholsterer, and the Philadelphia public is peculiarly well disposed to the idea of a theatre to be devoted exclusively to musical set-outs. The regular season has now opened at every house but Wood's Museum, where the supplementary season ends this week, and the regular begins next week with the reappearance of Miss Lillie Hinton in "The Charity Orphan." Miss Hinton is to be leading leady of this, the only stock theatre in town, with Miss Florence Richmond and Miss Hattie Armstrong prominent in the support; Mrs. Nelson Kneass is first old woman, Mr. Joseph C. Gordon heavy man, and last, but by no means least, Mr. William Davidge, Jr., will hold up the comedy and character ends of the line. It seems as if Wood's would hardly be Wood's without Hinton and Davidge, so popular are both, but some how they are treated a little indifferently. The fair Hinton is not allowed to be overworked, while Davidge is utilized every day, both matinee and evening whenever it is possible. This arrangement is complimentary to Hinton, but even more so to Davidge, who is worked pretty hard thereby.

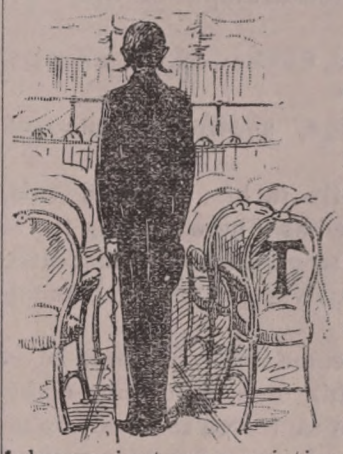
George H. Adams and his pantomime troupe in the "Postboy of Paris" at the Walnut, and Alice Dunning and Horace Lingard at the Arch, have met with fair success so far. The Lingards played "Divorcons" Monday and Tuesday evenings, but the Frenchiness thereof is too palpably Frenchy, to speak *a la* Bunthorne, to make it a good card for a whole week even with its farcical and more refined capabilities; so they supplemented it with Mr. Lingard's Sketches, and on Thursday with "The Tutor," and with the Bernhardt version of "Camille" on Friday.

The dramatic feature of the week, however, was the production of "Francesca di Rimini," the new play by George H. Boker, the poet and ex-minister, at Haverly's on Thursday, after Mr. Lawrence Barrett had played "Money," "Richelieu" and "Julius Cæsar" to good houses on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Out of an Engagement.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW PLAY AT CHIZZLEM'S.



WAS the first night of a new play at Chizzlem's. Chizzlem's had become a favorite New York theatre, and Chizzlem was recognized as a manager of more than ordinary ability. As a dramatist he wasn't equal to Toby Belch it is true, not that he had any more scruples against appropriating other people's property than Toby, but simply because Toby had a defter hand in weaving together the shreds and patches which may always be gleaned in the fields of dramatic literature. And now it was again the first night of a new play at Chizzlem's, and all the world was there.

Toby Belch came early with the distinguished actress, Eva Balderdash on his arm. He was smiling blandly, as Chizzlem was expecting him, and would not be delighted at seeing him.

"We shall see something to-night," he whispered to his companion with a sarcastic twinkle out of his small black eyes, "which will make Toby Belch wish he had never put a piece on the stage.

"Now don't, dear, don't say these cruel things," answered the charming Miss Balderdash. "One can enjoy bad plays as well as bad acting—as a relief from one's own efforts,"

Next came Mr. Orifice Square, and with him were Golightly and Potter. They chatted pleasantly with Commodore Programme at the gate, and that eminent functionary grew facetious as they talked.

"Miss Dollyspank has the cream of the piece, I hear," said Square. "Is she going to make anything more than skim milk out of it?"

"And the lugubrious Holkins has a funny part, they say," chimed in Golightly. "He'll play the devil with light comedy."

"We might as well close up now at the Kidleekum, I suppose," observed Potter, the Peerless manager.

One after another came all the usual habitues of the theatre on first nights—the hangers-on of other places of amusement, unattached journalists and disengaged actors, writers whose works are never printed and playwrights whose comedies are stillborn, men about town, hotel clerks, ward politicians, and lobby critics. The regular critics of the daily press came too, but

they filed into their places silently, as if they wished to avoid remark, and sharpened their pencils, while the fiddlers scraped and sawed preparatory to the overture. They were arranged in rows on either side of the centre aisle, and nodded and winked at each other, and began to exchange salutations and premonitions.

"What is Chizzlem going to give us to-night?" asked Wilkie Furbelow, of the *Pen and Pencil.*

"Dresses," answered Crumple, of the *Universe.*

"Dollyspank," said Clinker, of the *Chatterbox.*

"Hodgepodge, fudge," sneered Summers, of the *Trombone.*

Mildmay sat quietly in his seat and said nothing, but he looked as if he was going to do his duty even if the result should be that Miss Martha Gibbs would never get an engagement as long as she lived.

Mr. Jasper Carew came late. It would have been a sacrifice of his dignity to have come earlier, and Mr. Carew sacrificed that only upon rare occasions. He was not a frequent visitor at Chizzlem's even on "first nights," but this evening it was plain that he was expected. As his carriage drove up to the door a small boy darted through the theatre to Chizzlem's private office. Almost immediately Chizzlem appeared, and as Carew entered the two met, shook hands pleasantly, and walked together toward Carew's box.

"I have come to-night to see both art and genius, Chizzlem—to learn my profession and my business over again."

Chizzlem smiled, but said nothing.

"A beautiful house, this," Carew continued. "You are a fortunate man, Chizzlem, and you certainly deserve your good fortune."

Chizzlem bowed his acknowledgments, but remained silent. Carew entered the box, and the managers separated. Toby Belch was a witness to this little by-play, and he smiled bitterly as he divined the thoughts of both.

"The Happy Pair," said Toby to Miss Balderdash. "Chizzlem is thinking in his heart that Carew is a snob, and a stupid snob at that; Carew is telling his wife that Chizzlem is a boor—see his lips move—a con-found-ed boor." And Belch mimicked Carew until Miss Balderdash's sides shook with laughter.

For some time afterward Chizzlem was unhappy, and kept darting between the auditorium and the stage incessantly. Mildmay and the critics, Toby Belch and the dramatists, Golightly and Square and Potter watched him come and go, and more than one of them made a mental photograph of the man and the manager in the sunlight of his inner consciousness. The picture was not a pleasant one, but it was a striking picture for all that. Chizzlem was nervous, excited, unable to maintain his equipoise. His white face and gaunt figure were in dreary contrast to the gay scene around him. He was to be seen at his worst, and the gayety seemed to increase with his mournful presence. Suddenly he darted into the manager's box and sat down—sat down as the light music from "Madame Angot" ceased and the bell clicked for the rising of the curtain.

In sober truth Chizzlem was an odd looking man. He was tall and slim, and exhibited a very decided stoop in the shoulders. He was well, but carelessly dressed. He wore a white tie, which had the effect of making him look like a disconsolate Methodist preacher. His whole contour was so unusual for a person in his position that people who saw him for the first time almost always said: "That, Chizzlem? I would not have thought he could be such a looking man."

Chizzlem was always at his theatre—early in the morning, at high noon, late at night. He directed all the rehearsals, looked after all the scenic and property details, superintended the box office and the advertising, and least of all, apparently dramatized, adapted, or wrote outright, all the new pieces produced at Chizzlem's. But with all his versatile talents Chizzlem could not keep out of hot water. He was awfully extravagant, and had a faculty of getting into debt that had a certain air of grandeur about it. His company was too large by half, and he was always paying salaries, or trying to pay salaries, to people who were walking the streets of New York denouncing him or laughing at him. Even Commodore Programme, though long in Chizzlem's pay, used to call him the "modern Shakspere" sometimes, in derision, and intimate that when leading ladies managed theatres they ought to do it on the Madame Vestris-Marie Wilton plan—openly and above board. In Chizzlem's business office Programme was as subservient as possible, and the actors who were loudest in finding fault with the manager behind his back behaved like whipped spaniels in his presence, although he would now and then almost shake the heads off of some of them at rehearsal. Chizzlem was no respecter of persons, and he made the men and women of his company bend to his will completely.

Lately he had been in very deep water indeed, and unless success came very soon he would be ruined. He was even threatened with dispossession. All his hopes were in the last new piece, and it was the first night of the new play at Chizzlem's.

The curtain rose slowly but without hesitation, revealing a scene of gorgeous splendor. Chizzlem knew how to "set" his pieces—anybody could see that—and it was not simply a showy stage effect; it was perfect in all its details. Its chief charm however was its realism. A hum of satisfaction greeted this revelation of beauty, and even Toby Belch joined in the applause, for Toby was not a man to show his chagrin.

"The fellow's got a good scene painter," he said in a whisper, "and Carew ought to try and get that property-man before 'The Spalpeen' is done."

The "Spalpeen" was the new play Belch had agreed to write for Carew's.

Mr. Jasper Carew could not so easily disguise his feelings, and his annoyance was plainly visible in his face. He turned to his wife angrily, as if she was to blame for Chizzlem's success in "setting" his stage, and then slowly regained his composure.

The first act of the new piece was an unequivocal success. It was a good beginning for what was to follow. If the promise of the act was kept, it was plain that the new play would be a hit. It brought out all the favorites of the company in parts exactly suited to them—parts which "played themselves." Sammy Dymple wore a brick red wig, which was sufficient to make him funny. John Barleycorn was encased in a naval uniform, which set off his good looks to great advantage. Henrietta Spoolthread lisped prettily in broken English. Dollyspank was in her element. Her dresses were not exactly exquisite, but in New York phrase they were "perfectly elegant," and they must have cost Chizzlem or somebody a mint of money.

"I do declare," said Miss Eva Balderdash, looking at Chizzlem's leading lady with envious eyes, "Dollyspank is fading—she is positively old to-night; and I say, Belch, isn't she dressed like a dowdy?"

"Wait for the 'Spalpeen,' my dear," Belch answered, "and we'll see what can be done for you."

"Isn't she nice?" asked Angelina Horseradish, in the front row, of her cousin, General Horseradish, who had served under Maximilian in Mexico.

Miss Dollyspank was not thinking, apparently, of what people might be saying of her, but she was not indifferent to the impression she was making. In her heart she knew that she was not deserving of the applause she was obtaining—but the part and the dresses were everything, and she only an animate frame to embody and exhibit them. Besides it was with her an every day occupation, to accept or reject proffers of love, and in this act she refused three lovers out of five, and agreed to marry two of them, all within five minutes, actual time.

When the act drop fell, the greater part of the audience—that is the male part of it—rushed headlong into the street, so that even a regular theatregoer had he been unused to "first nights" at Chizzlem's, would have inferred that the performance was at an end. In the lobby, surrounded by a cosmopolitan multitude, stood half a dozen Cubans, the only mixed bloods who are allowed to mingle on equal terms with white people in American society. They were lighting their cigarettes, and vivaciously discussing the play and the actors.

"Miss Dollyspank," said one of them, speaking in Spanish that would require liberal translation, "reminds me of a lady who an Irishman once told me"—at this point the speech became English with a fair brogue—"would provoke a strong wakeness in a man."

The others laughed, and ejected clouds of

smoke through their nasal organs. Herbane, the treasurer of Chizzlem's, looked out at them through the window of the box office, and smiled sweetly, as if he would have them to understand that high birth and good society were things it always gave him pleasure to recognize.

Golightly and Square and Potter went into George Zall's, next door, taking Programme with them.

"This thing's got stuff in it—there's no denying that," said Golightly.

"It will put Chizzlem on his feet again," Potter remarked.

"Where did he get it—not out of his own head, certainly?" inquired Square.

"Some people say she's clever," said Golightly, the conversation having taken a new turn.

"Clever enough, perhaps," rejoined Programme, "but Dollyspank says she must never be allowed to speak a line on the New York stage, and it is probable she never will. Dollyspank has influence out of Chizzlem's as well as in it, and I don't know a manager who would give Miss Gibbs an engagement at the risk of offending her. She holds those fools of the press in her hand, controls them to her own advantage even when they are bent upon sacrificing Chizzlem, and inspires half the criticisms in some of the leading papers. Poor Gibbs! I pity her, but I fear Dollyspank won't relent."

Mildmay could not help overhearing part of this conversation, and bit his lip with vexation.

In the meantime the stalls and boxes had filled up again, and when the curtain rose on the second act everybody was in his place, and public expectation was its height. The act was entirely unlike the first, and Dollyspank was not so prominent as before. But Holkins, to the surprise of everybody, came out exceedingly strong in a comic *role*, and nobody seemed to know that the reason he was so funny was because he was so serious. Chizzlem understood what he was about when he "wrote in" the part for Holkins—he well knew that that great artist would mistake it for tragedy, and play it accordingly.

"The biggest hit in ten years," said Golightly, between the second and third acts.

"Holkins has the devil's own luck," said Square. "I couldn't be as bad an actor as he is if I tried; but if I was, by Jove! I don't believe I could fall to a part that would make people enjoy my faults so supremely, or accept my tragedy as comedy."

The new play at Chizzlem's proceeded, and the triumph increased as it went on. Still, it was not a great play, although it was likely to be a popular one, and the banded critics took their leave at the end of the third act to write it down as an antidote to the necessity of writing Dollyspank up.

Carew remained until the close, but his chagrin increased as the play revealed one attractive element after another. Occasionally he would glance toward Toby Belch as if for consolation, but Belch sat smiling blandly round him or chatting pleasantly with his companion, and Carew was not able to catch his eye during the evening.

"The sooner 'The Spalpeen' is done now the better," the great manager grumbled, "and Belch must play in it. For the first time in my life I am going to appeal to the ruling classes in New York, and if I don't succeed with Belch I'll engage Barney O'Faddigan.

"If the *Jackdaw* praises this thing to-morrow I'll crush Mildmay, even if that chit of a Gibbs girl is ruined too," muttered Belch with clenched teeth, as the curtain fell, the buzz died away, and the lights went out.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—"MME. L'ARCHIDUC."

Marietta	Mme. Theo
Fortunato	Buisson
The Countess	Dorsay
Giacometta	Vallot
The Archduke Earnest	M. Duplin
Gilletti	Noe
The Count	Huguet
The Duke of Pontefia-cone	Grivel
The Marquis of Frangipano	Mussy
The Count of Bonaventura	Salvator
Bonardo	Terancle
Ricardo	Vinchon
An Innkeeper	Julien Ber
Piandolce	Millet
Beppino	Norbert

The event of most marked interest during the week was the debut of Mme. Theo at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. Although the night was a stormy one, a large audience gathered to welcome the French artiste, and it was apparent, even before the curtain rose on "Mme. L'Archiduc," that Mme. Theo was to be received by friends. Her peculiar qualities as a singer were known to most of her auditors, and so the absence of voice, which in an English or American singer would be unpardonable, was accepted without disappointment. It is Mme. Theo's acting rather than her singing which charms, and as an actress in opera bouffe she is certainly the most charming who has yet visited this country. Mme. Theo's archness and piquancy are very different from the broad fun and coarse humor of Aimee, and while she evinces a superabundance of animal spirits, she never allows herself to be carried beyond the bounds of good taste, as was the case with Tostee. What distinguishes her above all other French actresses we have yet seen in this country is her delicacy and finish. Besides, she is a pretty and plump little creature, and this everybody knows, goes a long way toward securing the favor of an American audience. Mme. Theo may be written down a success, and if she fails to create a furor, it will only be because in the parts in which she appears are not new to American audiences.

Mme. Theo was well supported. M. Huguet, who made his American *debut* as the Count, is a tenor of more than average ability, and what is especially pleasing in his singing is the fact that he still possesses a fresh voice. M. Noe, although not much of a singer, is an excellent actor. Mlles. Buisson and Dorsay were well received, and the other members of the company were acceptable. The chorus was well enough, and the orchestra unusually good.

"TAKEN FROM LIFE" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Walter Lee	William Herbert
Philip Radley	Herbert Kelcey
William Maguire	C. P. Flockton
Titus Knott	William Elton
John Denby	Arthur Forrest
Joe Gallon	Charles E. Edwin
Robert Channell	John C. Buckstone
Jack, a stable boy	Mabel Stephenson
Michael Dunford	Harry J. Holliday
Sergeant Arnold	Harry Pearson, Jr.
Richard Bolton	H. Gwynette
Kate Denby	Rose Coghlan
Pella Greystone	Adela Measor
Mary Maguire	Effie Germon
Alice	Cecilia Edgarton

"Taken from Life," which was produced at Wallack's on Saturday evening, is a very good melodrama of the past, to which it belongs. It is a better piece of stage work than either "The World" or "Youth." It has a dramatic story, which both the other pieces lack. It has dramatic construction, a thing not to be found in the others. Its situations, if less startling, are more natural, and it has some dialogue which is worthy of the stage. That "Taken from Life" at Wallack's was a failure must be conceded, but it failed not because it is a bad melodrama, but because it is not bad enough. "The World" and "Youth" succeeded in spite of glaring defects of construction and acting through the startling effects prepared by the scene painter and the stage carpenter. It was the raft scene in "The World" which made the hit, just as it was the sea view in "Mankind," but a better play than either fails because it has neither.

"Taken from Life" is a play after the conventional Pettitt pattern. It is full of disreputable characters, John Denby being a conscienceless horse-racing type of the English country gentleman. Philip Radley, the villain of the piece, is a forger, a blackleg and a thief. Radley has woven a net of financial difficulty around Denby in order to secure Denby's sister, Kate. Kate is the affianced of a struggling artist, Walter Lee, who is a guest of the Denbys, and is ordered from the premises by Mr. Denby through the machinations of Radley. Kate, however, declares for her lover, and the first act closes with a prospective marriage. The second act shows Walter and Kate married. Their child is abducted by Titus Knott, a disreputable bailiff. Radley comes to tempt Kate to quit her poor surroundings, and Denby appears to inform Lee that he has stolen the child. A scuffle ensues, during which Denby wounds himself with a knife, and while Lee is absent for a doctor, William Maguire, "a socialist," comes upon the scene and kills Denby. Lee is accused of the crime, and the rest of the play is concerned with the final establishment of his innocence, the restoration of Kate to her husband, and the punishment of Radley.

The chief interest of the performance of

"Taken from Life," at Wallack's was the introduction to the public of the new Wallack company. Mr. William Herbert, who played Walter Lee, proved himself a good looking gentleman and a gentlemanly actor. He exhibited no particular strength, and is not likely to exhibit any in the future. Mr. Herbert Kelcey as Philip Radley, was more fortunate, and played the villain with considerable force. Mr. C. P. Flockton, who was with Eric Bayley's "Colonel" company last season, played Maguire with more force than delicacy, which we presume was all right, for socialists are assumed to be very terrible fellows. Mr. Arthur Forrest as Denby, was acceptable, but the best played part in the piece was Mr. Elton's Titus Knott. The part of Kate was played by Miss Rose Coghlan in her usual style, and Miss Effie Germon had a comedy part, in which she played Effie Germon to perfection. Besides these, Mr. J. C. Buckstone, a son of the distinguished English comedian, and Miss Adela Measor, were introduced in small parts which afforded no scope by which it would be fair to judge of their abilities. The new company at Wallack's is a good but not a strong one, although all of them are sure to be praised in the next piece by the critics, to recompense them for the coldness of their reception by the pen hackers in "Taken from Life."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"MISS MULTON."

Sarah Multon	Clara Morris
Maurice de Latour	Louis Morrison
Dr. Osborne	R. G. Wilson
M. Belin	W. H. Crompton
Paul de Latour	Carrie Elberts
Gravesend	H. Thayer
Matilde de Latour	Lillian Andrews
Arabella Osborne	Louisa Eldridge
Jane de Latour	Lillie Granger
Kitty	Mollie Revel
Louise	Lillian Chantore

Clara Morris' "Miss Multon," played at the Grand Opera House during the week, is too familiar to require criticism, but Mr. Louis Morrison's Maurice de la Tour is worthy of special recognition. We have few better actors on our stage than Mr. Morrison. In such parts as Maurice he shows both force and finish. If he appeared oftener in this city he would become a great favorite with the theatregoing public.

COMIC OPERA AT TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

THE BEAUTIFUL GALATEA.

Galatea	Pauline Canissa
Pygmalion	Frank G. Cauffman
Midas	Fred. Frear
Ganymede	Pauline Hall

TRIAL BY JURY.

Plaintiff	Pauline Canissa
Defendant	Ed. Paxton
Judge	Fred. Frear
Usher	Arthur Van Houten
Counsel	A. G. Carter
Clerk	Arthur Harold
Foreman of the Jury	Mr. Paulett

Von Suppe's effective little opera, musically speaking "The Beautiful Galatea," was produced at Tony Pastor's Theatre on Thursday evening with Mlle. Canissa in the title role. It is a long time since Canissa first distinguished herself in this city as an artist, so long, indeed, that while she is still capable of doing justice to Von Suppe's music she fails to do the fair thing by Pygmalion's statue. She was a trifle too imposing as Galatea, but she sung with all her old time truth and acted with great spirit. The other parts were badly filled, Miss Pauline doing little more than to look Ganymede, and Mr. Cauffman being a very tame Pygmalion. Mr. Frear made Midas too grotesque. A kissing duet and a drinking trio, both of which were redemanded, so charmed the audience that they showed a disposition to take part in the chorus. The American slang introduced into the libretto detracted from the genuine humor of the work. The orchestra was too loud. It follows from all this that, with the exception of Mlle. Canissa's performance, the rendering of "Trial by Jury" was wretched.

THALIA THEATRE—"THE MERRY WAR."

Artemisia, Princess of Malaspina	Miss Jules
Violetta	Miss Galster
Marchese Filippo Sebastiani	Mr. Klein
Umberto Spinola	Mr. Wilke
Riccardo Durazzo	Mr. Sparge
Carlo Spinzi	Mr. Teiser
Fortunato Franchetti	Mr. Kammerer
Van Scheelen	K. Meyer
Balthasar Groot	Mr. Adolfi
Elsa, his wife	Mrs. Raberg
Biffi	Mr. Bloss
Gini	Mr. Gotthardt
Theresa Balbi	Miss Pfadner
Camilla Venturi	Miss Weissenbock
Giovannina Ranzi	Miss Kuhn
Agnese Colomba	Miss Meyer I
Bettina Salvi	Miss Schlag I
Francesca Pollini	Miss Lieb

The reproduction of "The Merry War" at the Thalia Theatre on Thursday evening was principally noteworthy for the introduction of some of the new members of the company. Miss Galster was found to possess a sweet and clear voice, and she sang and acted with archness and spirit. Mr. Wilke is a strong baritone and a good actor, and Mr. Klein, the new comic, made a great "hit." He is not only a genuine actor but a good singer. Madame Gallmeyer will make her debut October 2.

"PATIENCE" AT THE BIJOU OPERA HOUSE.

Patience	Lillian Russell
Lady Jane	Laura Joyce
Lady Angela	Lily Post
Lady Saphir	Emie Weathersby
Lady Ella	Victoria Reynolds
Bunthorne	John Howson
Grosvenor	Digby Bell
The Colonel	Jos. S. Greensfelder
The Duke	Chas. J. Campbell
The Major	George Gaston
The Solicitor	Harry Standish

It is only necessary to refer to the reproduction of "Patience" at the Bijou Opera House last Saturday night and to give the cast because it was the occasion of the beginning of the regular season. The performance was an admirable one, and the business throughout the week has been excellent.

ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE—"JANE EYRE."

Jane Eyre	Maggie Mitchell
Rochester	R. Fulton Russell
Blackhorst	W. H. Burton
Henry Whitfield	George Carlisle
Sir Francis	J. T. Galloway
Lord Clawdon	Charles Lothian
Sam	Russell Bassett
Mrs. Reed	Mrs. J. J. Prior
Georgiana	Carrie Wyatt
Mrs. Harleigh	Mrs. B. H. Van Deeren
Hannah	Minnie Galloway
Miss Brice	Annie Hopkins
Grace Poole	Emma Stonea
Maniac	Jennie Kennark
Adele	Little Dollie

On Monday evening Miss Maggie Mitchell substituted "Jane Eyre" for "Elsa." In "Jane Eyre" the full scope of Miss Mitchell's abilities are seen to better advantage than in any part in her repertoire. She gives to Miss Bronte's creation a girlishness which is not seen in any other representative of "Jane Eyre" which has come under our notice, and in the strong scenes and situations she shows an emotional power that would not be suspected in our Fanchon.

THE WINDSOR THEATRE—"GREEN ROOM FUN."

Mr. Boot McC. Forrest / The Old Chief War Cloud	N. Salsbury
Miss Kitty Plumbet / The Indian Princess	Nellie McHenry
Captain Henry Opdyke	John Webster
Eagle of the Craig	Capt. Henry Opdyke
The Rev. Ernest Duckworth	Fred. Lotto
The Earl of Kensington	Rev. Ernest Duckworth
The Prompter	Fred. A. Bowman
Herr Shrickongost	W. W. Furst
The Stage Carpenter	G. W. Bouvier
Mrs. Camilla Westlake	Marie Hunter
The Marchioness of Belgravia	Mrs. Camilla Westlake

The Salsbury Troubadours repeated their Booth's Theatre success in "Green Room Fun" at the Windsor during the week. Full houses and pleased audiences were the rule.

By telephone.—Just finished packing my gripsack. I'm off in five minutes. You'll hear from me anon. Good-by.

* * *

Monday morning, 6.45. (By telegraph.)—Did I leave Prompt copy of "Miner's Gulch" on your desk?

11. Collect. PROMPTER.

* * *

Monday, 12.15 P. M. (By telegraph.)—"Miner's Gulch" found. Charlie had used it as a wrapper for a little present he gave me on leaving. I had forgotten about it, and no wonder, for a flask is of no use to me when I am asleep. If it hadn't been for the cyclone, I don't believe I should have thought of it at all. The way was this: We had all gathered for rehearsal, and were wet of course. Did you ever know such a storm? The heavy man regretted that we had not something to keep us from taking cold. I thought of Charlie's present and my gripsack. That is how the Prompt copy came to be found. I thought best to telegraph you at once, and in full to relieve you of any suspense and anxiety you would naturally feel over the loss of the play.

PROMPTER.

141. Collect.

* * *

The Editor responds by asking a question—"Do you take me for a millionnaire?"

* * *

Monday, 11:45 P. M. (By telegraph).—Beg pardon. Play went badly. Sure to be a dead failure when the papers are heard from. Will write.

PROMPTER.

19, Paid.

* * *

LETTER.

Midnight, Sept. 11.—There is something the matter with the "Miner's Gulch," but what it is I don't know. I will send you the papers and you can make up your mind from them. I feel too discouraged to say much. Expect to see me soon if railroad corporations have souls—otherwise my absence will depend upon the condition of the roads.

* * *

[From the *Evening Scarifier*.]

The stage management last night was very poor. The audience took the whole thing in; they saw the ropes and

sneered. They noted the lady's effort to shoot the villain with one eye shut, and smiled. But what is the use of going any further in this matter. It is about as profitable to break a butterfly on a wheel as to review a work of this sort. It is rot of the worst kind, and its production will do more to nauseate the public and disgust theatre-goers with this kind of melodrama than anything that has been produced this year.

* * *

[From the *Morning Verbalist.*]

The publique hev hed enuff uv thet sort uv thing.

* * *

[From the *Daily Bleeder.*]

The "Miner's Gulch" is another of those wild Western dramas which are becoming so obnoxious to the intelligence and artistic taste of the public, and was manifestly as much out of place as anything could be. Its literary worth is not above the average of such plays, which means that it is *nil.* Its construction is conventional, and dependent upon stage carpentry for effect, and there is no stage carpentry. Its characterization is unreasonable and absurd.

* * *

[From the *Boomerang.*]

Rich in humorous touches and a most delicious drama, the "Miner's Gulch" achieves success by its solid merit. To cultivated and appreciative people it cannot fail to prove a rare treat.

* * *

Tuesday, 6 P. M. (By telegraph).—Am on my way home—coming by rail.

PROMPTER.

8. D. H.

* * *

By telephone, Friday night.—Home again, but very footsore. The walking was bad. If it had not been for Charlie's present I should have starved on the way.

—Madame Modjeska will arrive in this country early next week. She begins her season in Boston on the second of October.

—Herr Barnay, who is to play at the Thalia in January, was one of the Meiningen Company which played in London last year. One of the characters he is to appear in here is Marc Antony in "Julius Cæser." This will give our critics a chance to compare him with Frank Bangs.

—We are sorry to hear that Lawrence Barrett wants to play in London. American actors never have appeared at Drury Lane with success, and we do not believe they ever will be allowed to. If Mr. Barrett succeeds it will be a sign that the millennium has set in.

—The "Black Flag" closes its allotted time at the Union Square Theatre this evening. It has had a very successful run notwithstanding it failed to meet the approbation of the critics.

—The version of "East Lynne," which is now played by Mrs. Chanfrau, was written by Clifton W. Tayleure for Lucille Western. When Mrs. Chanfrau played it lately at Newport an Archibald Carlisle was wanting, and Mr. Tayleure, who is the manager for the Chanfraus, went on for the part. This leads some of our contemporaries to remark that his appearance as an actor is a revelation of much interest. On the contrary, Mr. Tayleure was on the stage many years ago, but while he is willing to talk like greased lightning on any other subject he is as dumb as an oyster regarding his career as an actor.

—Some disposition to "guy" Pettitt's "Taken From Life" was evinced at Wallack's on Saturday evening. This was singular in an audience which delighted in "The World."

—Young Marius de Lazare has written the libretto for a comic opera entitled "The Two Mandarins," the music for which was composed by his uncle, M. de Lazare. Young Mr. Lazare is an exceedingly interesting youth who has an ambition to shine in literature and art, but we fear he won't.

—When "Youth" is presented at the Boston Theatre next week Fownes, the famous English whip, and Harry Evans, will appear with their four-in-hand coach "Vivid." This is another specimen of the realism of modern drama, which is satisfied only with the real.

—There are on the rolls of the Boston Theatre three persons who were under engagement to Mr. Thomas Barry when that establishment was opened to the public twenty-eight years ago.

—The Denver *Tribune* says:

Emma Abbott has devised a new and rather clever sensational feature for her approaching operatic season. In the mad scene of "Lucia" she will introduce a pack of trained bloodhounds, and a couple of her managers are now in Denver for the purpose of buying the fierce dogs utilized by the Jay Rial Company in their play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is said that the sum of $1,000 will be paid for these four dogs. They are the largest in the country, and will prove a great accession to the popular little prima donna's troupe.

Can this be true?

—Miss Emma Thursby is home once more, but is too modest to speak of her travels and triumphs. Mrs. Ole Bull accompanied her on her return, and is enthusiastic over Miss Thursby's successes abroad. "She did so well in Sweden and Norway," said Mrs. Bull, "that the people paid her greater honors than they had ever paid to Nilsson." What made Mrs. Bull especially enthusiastic, was the fact that Mr. Bull had always said Miss Thursby would succeed in the North countries.

—Great preparations are making for the appearance of Madame Marie Geistinger at the Germania Theatre on the second of October. Of all the German artistes who have come to this country within the last two or three years, Madame Geistinger is the most acceptable. She is as much a favorite with Americans as Germans, which is saying a great deal in her favor.

—The reappearance of the Martens at the Alcazar during the week in their famous "cat duet," recalls Mr. Marten's account of an engagement they played in St. Louis some years ago. The attractions were "Richard III." and the feline warblers. "Richard No. 3, no good," said Marten, "cat duet great success."

—Agnes Booth will have the leading *role* in Mr. Bronson Howard's new play at the Madison Square Theatre. There are few better actresses on the American stage than Mrs. Booth, and we hope she has a part worthy of her abilities. One point in her favor is, that Mr. Howard's comedies are apt to be lucky for her.

—It is unkind in the London *Figaro* to allude to Mr. John McCullough as "that somewhat beefy tragedian to whose 'Virginius' Mr. Manager Harris played a 'Penny Julius.' This is personal journalism.

—Mrs. John Drew vigorously applauded the children of the Miniature Opera Company in "Patience" at the Philadelphia Lyceum on Monday night. Her approval ought to have been delightful to the young artists, because as little Louisa Lane, she was a prodigy herself once. Very few of the grayheads even who will see Mrs. Malaprop at the Union Square Theatre on Monday evening can recall that time.

—While Miss Jeffreys-Lewis was rehearsing "La Belle Russe" at the Union Square Theatre during the week, she held "a reception between four and five o'clock every afternoon." Her receptions consisted mostly in the newspaper announcement, but in the newspapers, or in fact this kind of thing, is exceedingly unprofessional.

—Miss Laura Don's play at the Standard has been much improved since the opening night. The husband no longer jumps into the well.

—Everybody is going to Booth's to-night to see the real gypsies in the "Romany Rye." We have never seen Mr. Morrissey more confident of success than he is in regard to this piece.

—Marion Elmore and "Chispa" depart this evening. She is a charming little actress, but not strong enough to carry a bad play.

—Madame Theo appears in "La Jolie Parfumeuse" on Monday evening.

CHRISTINE NILSSON DISCOVERS A SON OF SONG.

[From the Special Correspondent of the *World.*]

LONDON, September 1.—Hearing from some of the musical men here that Mme. Christine Nilsson was to take with her to the United States that *rara avis*, a new tenor, my curiosity was, as you may imagine, somewhat aroused. For at the present time it certainly seems as though there were somewhat of a dearth of men possessed of this particular kind of voice, and the news that a fresh one had been discovered, and one, too, that Mme. Nilsson was willing to sing with, I made some inquiries to find out something about the man. Mr. Theodore Biorksten is a Swede, said to be good looking, with a clear, bell like and exceedingly sweet voice. So far I got without much difficulty, but beyond this I could not go. No one seemed to know very much about him. By the greatest good luck in the world I was introduced the other night to a French journalist, and the conversation turning upon music, I mentioned Biorksten's name. Imagine my delight at finding that he knew all about him, having known him when he was studying in Paris. As half the interest of the story lay in the way in which it was told, I will try and give it to you as nearly as I can in his own words.

"We were at Stockholm toward the end of the month of September, 1881. The capital of Sweden celebrated by splendid *fetes* the marriage of the hereditary Prince with the charming Princess Victoria, of Baden, and among the eminent personages assembled to make these *fetes* illustrious and by their presence to give them brilliancy might be recognized in the first rank the Swedish nightingale, Mme. Christine Nilsson. That celebrated cantatrice was almost as cordially greeted as was the new princess, and the crowd never ceased to gather in front of the hotel where she stopped, in the hope of catching a glimpse of her. Among the assiduous individuals who formed the crowd one young man was conspicuous for his assiduity. He was there incessantly, and was always one of the first to lead the frantic hurrahs with which the crowd saluted the cantatrice whenever she appeared in sight. He might have been about twenty-one, and he had a singularly distinguished face. Eyes filled with the reverie of the sons of the north mingled with the fire of the sons of the south. Wherever the great cantatrice

went she always became conscious of her young worshipper until the attention became almost a fatigue to her. One evening the city of Stockholm gave her a serenade, and she listened to the beautiful national airs which she had so often sung with a heart full of admiration and yet of pain. One voice particularly attracted her attention at last, that of a tenor whose silvery tones filled the air with music. Mme. Nilsson sent for this tenor, and *voila!* the admirer himself!

"He seized the opportunity and declared his passion—for music! In his tender years he had vowed in the name of Christine Nilsson to devote himself to this divine art until he might do something which would be pleasing to her before whom he stood. Like one of the tragic heroes of the great poet of France, Victor Hugo, he was but an

"'Humble worm of the earth amorous of a star.'

"The diva invited him to sing a number of morceaux, and he was conscious with delight that his voice and his manner pleased her. Behold, the interview to him most memorable, terminated, and he finds himself under the patronage of his celebrated compatriot. She proved her sincerity by procuring for him an invitation to a grand *fete* at the royal court, where he had the distinguished honor to sing with her. She was pleased, and the court applauded, while to him it was but happiness complete!

"M. Theodore Biorksten was born in Stockholm in 1859. His father, formerly a naval officer, is now governor of the Royal Castle of Stockholm. Being intended to grace the navy, his education was very complete, but his taste for music was so strong that while preparing for his baccalaureate he took lessons of the celebrated Swedish professor, M. Berg, the first maestro of Jenny Lind. Leaving Stockholm he became in Paris a pupil of M. Delle Sedie, to whom Mme. Nilsson had recommended him, and in a short time was recognized as one of the most promising tenors and musicians in that admirable school. He is not altogether unknown, even now that M. Abbey has engaged him to go with Mme. Nilsson to America, for last winter he sang in many of the best salons in Paris, notably that of the Queen of Spain. The journals spoke of him, *Figaro* calling him 'Le tenor a la mode.' After his American tour M. Biorksten will accompany Mme. Nilsson through Sweden and Norway the following winter, but during the summer he will study once more under M. Delle Sedie. What happiness for him to be with the Star of Song so long worshipped! To devote his life to the art which is that life itself!"

I do not know whether I have succeeded in conveying to you something of the way in which this story was told. If you can imagine the narrator accompanying it with all the gesticulation possible to an excited Frenchman, and emphasizing at intervals as only a Frenchman when excited can, you may imagine the effect it produced. As a matter of fact, however, I believe that Mr. Biorksten is really a very good singer, and judging from what I have heard of him I do not doubt that he will find himself a favorite in New York.

WHAT WAS TO BE EXPECTED.

Quite a sensation was created in society and theatrical circles in Paris on Monday night by the suicide of Mlle. Feyghine, a Russian actress of considerable note, in the apartments of the Duc de Morny. Mademoiselle and the Duc had been on intimate terms for some time past, the former frequently visiting the apartments of the Duc and accompanying him to places of amusement and other resorts.

It is said that the Duc had tired of the lady, and of late had shown a disposition to avoid her as much as possible, but she would not be shaken off, and last evening, learning that the Duc was in his apartments, hastened thither with the avowed intention of demanding of him the reason of his slighting her. A quarrel it is believed ensued which resulted in Mlle. Feyghine drawing a pistol and shooting herself. She is in a precarious condition. Mlle. Feyghine's history is a romantic one. She is described as an odd genius, a strange elf, a demi-civilized creature, endowed with the most extraordinary artistic sensibilities, strikingly original, and yet imitative as a monkey. She is unique, and yet she is a mirror to reflect the ideas of others. Is she a Gypsy, a Jewess or a Slav? Probably all three. Her intense vitality stood in the way of a boarding school education. Her father, who is a man of wealth and in trade, despaired of getting her into proper form, and allowed her to have her own way in nearly everything. She has a slender frame, which is inured to hardship, for it was her fancy to make long journeys on horseback over the Steppes and through the forests of Russia. The ride of Dick Turpin would not have been long or fast enough for this Amazon when she was a Miss in her teens. The discovery that she had power to charm and fascinate tamed her suddenly; but the wild savor which she acquired in her independent youth has not left her. It lends piquancy to her coquetries. The noise Sara Bernhardt made in London and the United States was echoed in Russia. Mlle. Feyghine, who had for a couple of years frequented assiduously the Moscow theatres, took it into her head to go on the stage. Directly the wish was formed she started for Brussels and took lessons there at the Conservatoire The great difficulty was her accent. When she had vanquished this obstacle she came to Paris and went straight to the Francais to ask M. Perrin to admit her to the theatre. In the first interview he judged of her capacity, but advised a course of studies under a professor whom he recommended. She subsequently appeared in Alfred de Musset's comedy, "Barberine" and met with indifferent success. The present Duc de Morny has barely attained his majority. The career of his father is best known to the latest generation by Alphonse Daudet's novel "The Nabob."

MADAME BERNHARDT.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt Damala, says the London *Standard*, has written a letter expressing her reasons for leaving the stage at the Blackpool Winter Gardens in the midst of a performance—a fact which caused much disapprobation among the audience. It seems that when the entertainment was about half over some one called out "Speak up." The actress went on with her part without appearing to take any notice. As the curtain did not rise after the close of the act the audience became impatient and called for Mme. Bernhardt. After waiting for a considerable time a director of the Winter Gardens came on the stage and announced that Mme. Bernhardt had been taken ill, and requested the audience to wait and see what arrangements could be made to continue the performance. The audience was first surprised, and a feeling being aroused that Mme. Bernhardt was rather annoyed than indisposed, the clamor increased, until Mr. Pearson, the gentleman who had announced her sudden illness, came forward and said Mme. Sydney had consented to take Mme. Bernhardt's place, and those who were not satisfied with that arrangement could have their money returned. When the next act opened the performers were hissed off the stage, and, as the audience was composed principally of holiday folk from manufacturing districts, language of a not very refined character was used. Mme. Bernhardt had by this time left the Winter Gardens, but the audience lingered for two hours in the hope of intercepting her. She left Blackpool on the following afternoon, and was hissed at the railway station. The following is a translation of her letter, which is in French:

SIR:—I was suffering very much when I went to the theatre from a persistent sore throat which took away the greater part of my voice. I however decided to play, though I had no knowledge of the room in which the representation was to be given. I thought I was to play in a theatre and not in a hall containing 15,000 persons and open to all winds. I gave proof of great courage in commencing the first act. However, all the efforts I made to be heard did not carry my voice beyond the front seats. To continue to play would have been to mock the public who had paid to hear me. The manager told me to continue, notwithstanding that the people would be unable to understand me, and that they would be satisfied if they could only see my action. I am an artiste and not on exhibition. If the managers had given the representation at the Prince of Wales' Theatre they would perhaps have made less money, but I should have acted notwithstanding my sufferings, sure of being heard and understood; the public would have been satisfied, and the honor of French artistes would have been maintained. Have the goodness, sir, to insert this letter in your journal in order that the public may be led to accept my regrets.

With a thousand thanks, I am, &c.,

SARAH BERNHARDT DAMALA.

The first piece that M. Perrin will bring out at the Theatre Francais is "Les Corbeaux," a comedy by M. Henri Becque, the rehearsals of which are so advanced that the premiere representation is already fixed for the 15th of September. The most important event of the season will be the revival of "Le Roi s'Amuse" of Victor Hugo. This will take place the 22d of November, which will be day for day just fifty years after its first and only performance. "Le Roi s'Amuse," which is well known in the United States as "The Fool's Revenge" of Mr. Edwin Booth's repertory, was interdicted for political reasons by the censure of Louis Phillippe after its first performance, the 22d of November, 1832. The three leading roles will be held by MM. Got and Mounet-Sully and Mlle. Bartet. It is a curious fact that the scene of the murder in the fourth act is no other than the little village of Pecq, which has just been rendered so criminally celebrated by the murder committed there by the Fenayrons. Instead of the view of St. Germain that originally formed the background of this scene, a magnificent panoramic view of old Paris during the sixteenth century will take its place in the piece as remounted at the Theatre Francais. There will also be revivals of some of the older pieces of the modern repertoire, among them of "Les Demoiselles de Saint Cyr," by Alexander Dumas, pere, and of "Bertrand and Raton," by Eugene Scribe. The season will be closed with a new comedy by Edouard Pailleron that will be a companion piece to his amusing "Monde on l'on s 'Ennui."

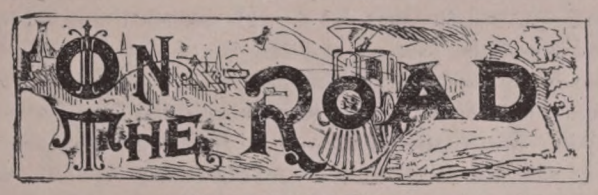
Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" has been adapted by Henry Meilhac and Paul Hisson. It will be produced in Paris during the present month.

Miss Fanny Davenport appeared at Toole's Theatre on Saturday night as Diane, the Countess de Lys, in a new play adapted from the French of Dumas, the younger. She was well supported by Hermann Vezin, Eleanor Bufton and Eben Plympton. There was a full house. The piece was well mounted, but the acts were of rather unequal merit. Miss Davenport was well received and called before the curtain. The audience was composed in great part of Americans, and included the United States Consul General and Vice Consul.

Sgambati, the Italian pianist, is said to be coming to America. He was really a pupil of Liszt, and a favorite one at that. He is also the author of several charming compositions.

Mme. Modjeska recently gave a dinner in London to several Americans. "The soft and fruity wines of Hungary," says the historian of the occasion, "lent additional zest to the delicate and tempting dinner, and after it was over, coffee and cigarettes were served, in both of which—shall I tell it?—Mme. Modjeska joined the rest of us. Moreover, she seemed to like the mellow smoke from her dainty little roll of Turkish tobacco." The actress was getting ready for an American tour, and she took the opportunity to say that she loved this country and its people ardently; that it was untrue that she had ever called us barbarians or ignoramuses. This was how she praised us: "I think the American mind is

particularly subtle and quick in its perceptions. The people follow an actor or actress more closely than is the case in other countries. They seize instantly upon the meaning of every gesture, every inflection, every expression, and they quickly respond to every appeal directed at their emotions. It is this great responsiveness which enables an artist to throw himself or herself into the part in hand with a fervor that cannot otherwise be achieved. It produces magnetism."



MR. BOKER'S PLAY.

Lanciotto	Lawrence Barrett
Paolo	Otis Skinner
Malatesta	Ben. G. Rogers
Guido da Palenta	F. C. Mosley
Pepe	Louis James
Cardinal	Charles Rolfe
Rene	Percy Winter
Lucentio	Erroll Dunbar
Tore li	Albert T. Riddle
Captain	Homer Pope
Messenger	Garrie Davidson
Servant	Louis Lyon
Francesca	Marie Wainwright
Ritta	Josie Batchelder

[From the Philadelphia *Times*, Sept. 15.]

The production on the stage of one of Mr. George H. Boker's plays is an important event in the amusement life of Philadelphia. "Francesca da Rimini" was written and published a number of years ago, along with many other plays and poems by Mr. Boker, but it was never till last night brought out on the stage. It is probable that it was not originally intended as an acting play, but those who witnessed it last night will wonder why it should have remained so long between the covers of the book. It is full of true dramatic life and has required little effort in adapting it to acting purposes beyond that given by the author himself. Mr. Lawrence Barrett's keen and scholarly judgment was quick to detect its strong points, and it promises to be given a permanent place among the classics of the stage. It will need some further manipulation at the hands both of Mr. Boker and Mr. Barrett before it is in entirely acceptable shape, but it has already met with a success which justifies the enthusiasm of Mr. Barrett concerning it.

All that the competent management of Haverly's could do to make the first night of "Francesca da Rimini" a success in every respect was done. The house was fairly well filled by an audience much more discriminating and critical than any which has so far been attracted to the theatres this season. It was evidently not prepared to offer a hasty judgment, and it was not demonstrative. The first act of such a play on the first night is always the danger point, but the first act of Mr. Boker's "Francesca" had but fairly started when it became evident that the danger of any failure was past. The players clearly understood the author, and that was the most that was required. It did not seem at all times as if the poet had made the most of his opportunities in some of the situations in both the first and second acts, but there is less to criticise in the first than in the second act in this respect. A little more warmth and life could very well be introduced into the latter. The third act, which consumes but twelve minutes, is full of intense dramatic interest, and from that to the close there is abundance of quick action and complete dramatic situation.

Mr. Barrett had from the first a decided faith in the dramatic strength of the play, and he has undertaken the part of Lanciotto with the enthusiasm of the artist. The character is strikingly like that of Yorick, which is conceded to be Mr. Barrett's best personation. Lanciotto for Barrett's purposes is hardly the equal of Yorick, but it is a part in which he easily distinguishes himself, and which must always have a recognized place among the best of his work. It does not offer so many exclusive opportunities for the leading player as the run of plays, the work being much more evenly distributed; but it is not the worse for that, and with capable support it is rather an advantage. It will be something of a surprise if Barrett does not speedily compel the public to accept his Lanciotto as one of his finest displays of skilful and artistic acting. Whatever of defect in the play that will be calculated to stand in the way of this will readily be detected by Mr. Barrett now that the character is before the public.

There are enough parts in the piece to employ the best members of Barrett's company without introducing any dead weight. A conspicuously good piece of acting was Mr. Louis James' Pepe, the Jester. This gentleman has shown himself to no better advantage in anything he has undertaken during the present engagement. The Paolo of Mr. Skinner was in nearly all respects good. It is a trying part and could easily employ the art required in a proper personation of Lanciotto. Mr. Skinner, however, was never a failure, even though he did not at all times rise to the full demands of the part. Francesca was exceptionally well done by Miss Wainwright; there was nowhere, however, any better display of her fitness for this part than in the third act, which requires the highest skill.

The evenness and promptness with which the piece moved was noticeable for a first night. It had clearly had the best of preparation, and, as there are no tedious speeches and much wit in the first part, and pageantry and scenic display all through it, there was much to hold attention. There was a newness and freshness about the appointments which pleasingly set off the actor's art, and as abundant opportunity is offered for rich costuming—which was improved—the scenes presented to the eye were richly picturesque. It is not to be doubted that the presentation last night was quite as successful as could have been hoped for. There was abundant life and good spirit both on the stage and in the house. The curtain was twice lifted at the end of each act after the first, and three times Mr. Barrett was called out to acknowledge an enthusiastic tribute to his work. The play will be repeated to-night and each evening during the remainder of Mr. Barrett's engagement.

[From the Philadelphia *Press*, Sept. 15.]

The text is full, but not redundant, with noble sentiments and sensuous utterances. The part of Lanciotto in any hands would make a moving and sympathetic picture. In the hands of Barrett it is a masterpiece that takes rank with the subtlest creations on the modern stage, yet by a singular felicity of dramatic unity, every part is evenly proportioned in dramatic interest, and, by a still more felicitous chance, every member of Mr. Barrett's company reflected the full splendor of the main character. Rarely indeed has so uniform a success been the fortune of a company—for admirable as Lanciotto, absorbing as the sympathy his noble action and utterance elicited, Pepe, Francesca, Paolo, Ritta shared, almost beyond discrimination, the unmeasured approval of an audience that evinced as keen a discrimination as unstinted applause.

From the first utterance in the first scene the actors, apparently conscious of the fateful interest attaching to their work, immolated themselves, so to speak, in the ordeal. When the curtain fell upon the first act the Philadelphia audience amazed itself by such a rapturous outburst as we are wont to expect only in demonstrative audiences of foreign cities. From that moment there was no longer a doubt as to the dramatist's handiwork. The only question was one of degree—was the play to be a mediocre success? The second act proves one of the most daring in the experiments of the drama, for the hero was eliminated from its action. It was, however, nobly sustained by Miss Wainwright's Francesca, and Mr. Otis Skinner's Paolo. The curtain fell upon an audience satisfied that it had not been led into premature approval—it was what the French call a *succes d'estime* for the two nervous but triumphant young actors.

In the third act Mr. Barrett, relieved of the paralyzing dread and responsibility that blurred but did not mar his first appearance, rose to the altitude of his own best conception. Nothing is comparable to the mingled sweetness, delicacy, despair and delight of his meeting with the fair young bride he has won but not wooed. Beside the paltry shapeliness of his weak and shuffling kinsman, he, by the divine force of inner beauty, shone out the intellectual Apollo of the instant. Light and shade could not be more exquisitely outlined by suggestive movement. The sensitive face a changing mirror of such emotions as words themselves could not render. The act finished with an audience as much a part of the scene as the players themselves. Twice Mr. Barrett was forced to come before the curtain, and a third time made to suspend the charm and speak in his own proper person. In a voice, broken by entirely justifiable emotion, he said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is impossible under such conditions for me to express the gratitude I feel—we feel, for this evidence of your appreciation. This is not the time for me to say how much we feel the honor you do us by these marks of unstinted and generous approval. But there is in the city, I think, in your company to-night, one to whom the honor is due that we cannot alone claim. Mr. Boker is in the house.

The suggestion had not been necessary, though it was entirely in keeping with the manly instincts of the fine actor and noble man. "Boker" was shouted until the house rang again. Finally, after what seemed to the audience a very long delay, the poet, with very evident reluctance, came forward to receive the testimony that was amply his. Evidently a good deal disconcerted by what he might have foreseen, Mr. Boker said:

As you know, this is my first appearance on any stage [laughter] and I am somewhat at a loss as to what to say. But in thanking you sincerely for the evidences you have given of interest in this American play, of which you know there are very few, I must ascribe to Mr. Barrett and the intelligent efforts of his admirable company all the credit due the occasion.

Thus cheered, what wonder that the remaining acts and scenes were played as men and women rarely play? The stimulus of such cordial applause inspired the humblest supernumerary to grace of action and volubility of speech. It is not possible, in the scope of such a hurried sketch, to point out even passingly the superb spirit, the sustained vigor, the gusty passion of Lanciotto in the hideous awakening, the stupendous play of face and voice in the slaughter of the fool, the tremendous climax when the faithless wife and unloyal brother are confronted. The language of praise unhappily has its limitations sooner than the excellence it would set forth. The foregoing is meant to indicate that the stage has been enriched by a genuine success, the influence of which can hardly stop with the effort itself. That Mr. Barrett's faith has moved the mountain of incredulity that sprawls like an incubus upon our national ambition, and that his company proved last night that it is opportunity rather than capacity that sends us to foreign vineyards for the new wine that should sparkle in our bottles and not be content with the refuse of the purlieus of the world's stage. "Francesca" will be played and perfected to-night and to-morrow night, when the actors, relieved of the pression of a first ordeal will have come into more symmetrical shape in their parts. But though some details may be perfected, some trifles eliminated, the play, as it was produced last night, vindicated Mr. Barrett as a dramatist, and enlarges his fame as an artist.

FRED. VOKES' ENGAGEMENTS.

Fred Vokes, who has just returned from a flying visit to London, says, in an interview with a reporter of the Boston *Herald*: "I have arranged with my father-in-law, Mr. G. W. Moore, for a trip to this country of the well-

known Moore and Burgess minstrels, who, for 17 years, have been playing at St. James' Hall, in London. They have never before played out of the English capital, and I consider it quite a feather in my cap to have been able to induce them to go abroad. They will appear first on this side in the Bijou Theatre here, and then will visit a few of the principal towns in New England and the city of New York. This will be the extent of their trip under the management of Vokes & Tyler, and at its conclusion they will return to London. Another very important engagement I have made is that of Miss Florence St. John, M. Marius and their Comic Opera Company from the Royal Avenue Theatre, London, who will make an American tour next season under our management, opening, of course, at the Bijou. This troupe is meeting with extraordinary success in London, where Miss St. John has long been an established favorite. They will present the best works of their present repertory, and will also appear in several new comic operas. I have purchased the American rights to a new opera entitled 'Mellata,' which is founded on an Indian story, and we shall bring it out here simultaneously with its production in London, so as to secure the copyright on both sides of the ocean. I have secured Odell, the famous character impersonator and mimic, for a tour in America; he is an immense favorite in London, and I believe will become one here. His imitations of Irving and other noted actors are capital, and beside this, he is no mean actor himself I assure you. He will appear here in 'The Crushed Tragedian.' I have also opened negotiations with a number of other artists, which I have every reason to believe will terminate favorably; but I am not yet ready to announce their names—it wouldn't be exactly right, you know. The list, however, will surprise you, I fancy. Any new pieces? Oh, bless you, yes; but I don't want to give the titles until the copyright is settled; it would place me at a disadvantage. I will say, however, that Mr. E. L. Blanchard is writing the Christmas Pantomime for the Bijou Theatre. I have played in his pieces no end of times, and, as a compliment to 'the boy,' as he calls me, he has very generously presented me with the new work he is engaged upon. There are some other matters of which I cannot speak until I am further advised by cable; but you may rest assured, the season at the Bijou will not be lacking in novelties. It will be 'a boom,' as we Americans say. 'We Americans?' Oh, yes; I'm an American now. Didn't you know I was in process of transformation into a citizen? Yes, it is so. And, what is more, I'm a Bostonian. This city will be my future home. My mother is coming over with the girls, and my father follows at Christmas to assist in the production of the pantomime. He may not remain here permanently; but he is to establish here a branch of his great costuming establishment in London, and will, I hope, frequently visit us. He will have the rooms over the front of the Bijou for his business. My partner, Mr. Tyler, tells me work is progressing rapidly on the theatre, but I haven't had time to visit it yet. I've just landed, as you see."

"THE PARVENU" AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

Hon. Charles Tracy	Charles Baron
Mr. Ledger	William Warren
Sir Fulke Pettigrew	Alfred Hudson
Claude Glynne	George R. Parks
Bob	George H. Cohill
Servant	A. R. Whytal
Molly Ledger	Annie Clarke
Lady Pettigrew	Mrs. J. R. Vincent
Gwendolen	Norah Bartlett

[From the Boston *Globe*, September 12.]

The charm of "The Parvenu," Mr. Godfrey's comedy, which is now in the course of high success in London, and which was seen for the first time in America at the Museum last evening, lies chiefly in the dialogue. As a play, Mr. Godfrey's production is quite of the Robertsonian school, only it presents more of social contrasts, and gives scope to character study more fully than the dramas of the author of "Caste." There is not anything approaching a "situation," in the general acceptance of that term in theatrical parlance, in Mr. Godfrey's comedy. The story of the play, with its parvenu, who isn't so bad as his manners, and its aristocrats, who are unworthy of their birth, with its simple love episodes introducing only conventional stage lovers, is made interesting nevertheless from first to last. Not one of the characters is new to the stage, but Mr. Godfrey's dialogue is so bright, so decidedly effective, and so remarkably infused with quiet humor that no one can wonder at the favor which it has met on the London stage. Certainly we have had no more delightfully written comedy for years, and it is to be hoped that in Boston, at any rate, "The Parvenu" will be an attraction for large as well as appreciative audiences. Quite enough has already been told of the story of the comedy in these columns to give the reader an idea of the story so deftly told by Mr. Godfrey. Those who go to the theatre to laugh heartily will not be altogether pleased with "The Parvenu," for there is but one scene in which Mr. Godfrey has introduced anything approaching the farcical in effect. But let the auditor attend the Museum prepared for a delicate, intellectual treat, such as no new play has for years afforded, and unless he lacks appreciation he will most assuredly be well repaid.

"The Parvenu" is not a play which gives much opportunity for the display of acting. The comedy would be the despair of a star. But Mr. Warren in the title role, so finely acted by Mr. Anson in London, gives a most artistic portraiture. We see Ledger as the dramatist portrayed him, with his good heart as well as his ignoble manners, and Mr. Warren has given us nothing better in its way than the touch where he resigns Gwendolen to her true lover and invokes blessing on the pair. Mr. Barron, as a careless young gentleman, has a part which he plays effectively enough, with familiar methods. Miss Clarke makes a pleasing Mary Ledger, managing her difficult scene "up a tree" admirably, and we have never seen Miss Bartlett to better effect than as Gwendolen. In truth, nothing could be better than her performance in the scene where Ledger is refused, and her acting was throughout marked by a delicate appreciation of the role and its place in the play that merits special reception. Not in the least in her line was the character of Lady Pettigrew essayed by Mrs. Vincent, but that favorite actress accomplished what she could and deserves credit accordingly. Mr. Hudson as Sir Fulke was fairly good, and Mr. Parks as the artist Gwynne really excellent in the earlier scenes, though he marred his performance later by some mannerisms of expression that so painstaking an actor should get rid of. "The Parvenu" is handsomely staged; and we hope it may enjoy the long season which should fall to its lot at the Museum.

[From the Boston *Post*, Sept. 12.]

Mr. G. W. Godfrey has produced, in "The Parvenu," a most delicious comedy. Being a comedy, it does not depend upon red fire or ingenious mechanism for its success, but achieves it by its solid merit. It hasn't very much of a plot. It merely tells the story of the love affairs of two girls, one the daughter of a poor and somewhat unprincipled baronet, the other the child of a rich man, who began life as a poor boy. These young people have considerable trouble, principally because the baronet and his wife are anxious to marry their daughter to a rich man to get themselves out of debt. Everything is finally made right by the generosity of the parvenu. The story is not strong, nor is it particularly new; but it is told with sufficient tact to sustain the interest pretty well. The dialogue is wonderfully witty and at times full of genuine human nature. In this respect it is far superior to any new play that has been seen of late on the boards of a Boston theatre. The two proposing scenes in the second act are constructed with remarkable cleverness, and, indeed, many of the situations are extremely pretty and pleasing. It is a play that requires very careful treatment at the hands of the artists, and if they are competent gives admirable opportunities for quiet, natural acting. A more thoroughly artistic performance, as a whole, it would be difficult to imagine. Messrs. Barron and Parks had little to do but love the girls, and they did it, Mr. Barron in the style of Prosper Couramont, of course perfectly, and Mr. Parks as a manly, honorable young fellow, in a style that fully realized the character. He had some very difficult scenes to handle, and did so with rare good taste. Mr. Warren as the parvenu, and Mr. Hudson as the broken down baronet, gave admirable character portrayals. It would be difficult to state how either could be improved upon. Miss Clarke as an average young girl was charming, and Miss Bartlett, in a *role* that really should have been entrusted to Miss Clarke, did surprisingly well. Mrs. Vincent is hardly adapted to the part of the scheming mother, and her memory at times required suggestions from the prompter. The scene, a bit of ground between the estates of the baronet and the parvenu, was very handsomely set. Altogether, "The Parvenu" is not a play calculated to suit the gallery boys, but to cultivated and appreciative people it cannot fail to prove a rare treat.

DALY'S COMPANY IN "NEEDLES AND PINS" IN BOSTON.

[From the Boston *Globe*, Sept. 12.]

There is nothing then in the mere anatomy of the piece to make it a success. But its rapidity of action, the humor of its dialogue and the excellence of its cast more than offset the lack of novelty in its motive and methods. Nothing but praise should be awarded the efforts of the company. Miss Ada Rehan as a young school girl rapidly developing into a beautiful young lady, but kept in short clothes by her mother to prevent her from rivalling her maiden aunt in the affections of their gentleman acquaintances, was thoroughly charming. She exactly caught the combination of innocence and archness characteristic of her sex at that period of life, and as the play went on gradually diminished the innocence and increased the archness with a skill really artistic. That an actress still new to the boards should be able to excel in two *roles* so totally opposite as those of Odette and Silena Vandusen is proof of a versatility that admirably fits her for the position of leading lady, and she may well be envied by rivals of much larger experience than hers. Mr. James Lewis played in his inimitable and well known fashion the part of an eccentric and rich bachelor who narrowly escapes marrying the maiden aunt before referred to. Mr. Charles Fisher in the character of an indulgent husband and father found a much more convenient *role* than that of the stern and proud old Count for which he was cast in "Odette," and appeared much more at his ease therein. Mr. John Drew was tremendously funny as one of those sprightly and clever young gentlemen which no actor on the stage excels him in representing. Mrs. Gilbert as the maiden aunt was gushing to the last degree, and some of her scenes with Mr. Lewis were among the funniest of the evening. Miss Agnes Perring, as a suspicious wife and match-making mother, showed intelligence of conception, but seems to lack spirit in her execution thereof. Miss May Fielding gave a sufficient tinge of romance to her assumption of the not very exacting *role* of a lovely young heiress. One of the features of the piece is a hornpipe danced by Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert, in which the latter does herself especial credit. The cotillon of nursery rhymes in the third act is intended for another feature, but disappoints expectations.

MINNIE PALMER IN "MY SWEETHEART."

[From the Philadelphia *Press*, Sept. 12.]

The Chestnut Street Opera House has, in the short period of its existence under that name, obtained such a hold upon the favor of the public that it is only necessary to open its doors in order to attract the public. The audience last night viewed with satisfaction the improvements

made by the new management, and was equally gratified by an interesting play fairly well played. "My Sweetheart," in which pretty Minnie Palmer appeared, supported by Mr. R. E. Graham and a good company, was presented here a year ago. Since then it has been entirely reconstructed, and it is now a much more creditable and engaging work. Miss Palmer, too, has improved as an actress, having learned that it is not enough to look pretty and dress becomingly. She acted on this occasion with much spirit and some show of originality, avoiding the pitfall of imitation into which she stumbled last year and from which it seemed impossible that she should be extricated. Mr. Graham is the same clever comedian, but has refined his methods. Miss Arlington captivated by her toilets even more than by her acting, and the other parts in the play were assumed by capable persons. Altogether, the Chestnut Street Opera House had an auspicious opening.

"THE WHITE SLAVE" IN BROOKLYN.

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 12.]

A house crowded to the doors, hundreds turned away unable to gain admission, and on a night of severest storm; an audience thrilled with suppressed excitement, and anon convulsed with irrepressible merriment; recalls of the principal performers, and a demand for the author during the progress of the piece which would not be denied—if incidents such as these do not serve to set the seal of popular approval upon a play it were difficult to imagine what in these days of easy theatrical triumphs constitutes success. This was the situation at the Park Theatre last night, where Mr. Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave" had its initial representation in this city. It is unnecessary to enter at any considerable length into the causes effecting this result. In "The White Slave" Mr. Campbell has produced a spectacular melodrama dealing with a purely American topic, that of Southern slavery, and if the work be not a monumental one, the treatment of its subject is nevertheless masterly and clever, and calculated to win for its author a more substantial reward than that of mere renown as a playwright—money. Opinions may differ as to the artistic excellence of the play; its originality even may be questioned; it may be claimed that its situations are conventional, that its tableaux are but reproductions of others that have gone before—yet, even granting all these, it cannot be gainsaid that "The White Slave" appeals unerringly to the popular taste, and that it will therefore take its place among the standard dramatic successes of the day. Not only was last night's audience overwhelming as to numbers, but in its expression of delighted approval it exceeded all heretofore known bounds. It followed the fortunes of the white slave Lisa (charmingly impersonated by Miss Julia Steward) and Clay (Mr. Frank Roberts) with unflagging interest. The strong situations forming the climaxes to the several acts of the play were received with wild outbursts of applause, while the ripples of laughter broadened out into a torrent of hilarity anent the comical episodes in which Mrs. Lee (Mrs. G. C. Germon), Martha (Miss Maria Bates), Job (Mr. Charles White) and Clem (Mr. Charles Webster) were the principal figurantes. Other characters in the piece deserving of special mention were the Daphine of Miss Emily Butler, the Nance of Miss Etelka Warsdell, the Letty Lee of Miss Mary Mills, and the William Lacy of Mr. Charles D. Hermann. The want of sufficient stage room detracted somewhat from the effectiveness of portions of the spectacle, but apart from this circumstance the presentation left little to be desired. At the end of the fourth act vociferous calls for the author brought Mr. Campbell before the footlights; but though a speech was again and again demanded that gentleman declined to acknowledge the compliment further than bowing his thanks. "The White Slave" will hold the stage at the Park the rest of the week, the usual matinee being given to-morrow afternoon.

MR. GEO. C. MILN'S OPINION OF MISS MATHER.

[From the Chicago *Alliance*, Sept. 2.

Surely never was a seeker for histrionic fame ushered into her chosen sphere amid such a sounding of trumpets and clashing of cymbals, and must one add, such a bleating of sheep and lowing of oxen. Whether the lady is destined to rank as a genius, or only as a person of talent, is a question to be determined after many efforts on her part that may not be attended with such pleasant demonstrations. There are not wanting some effusive eulogists who have already enthroned her as the legitimate successor of the historic queens of tragedy, so difficult is it to escape the infection of a generous enthusiasm such as that which hailed her entrance. No doubt a good deal of all this was manufactured by the ingenious manager, who naturally has an eye to the commercial aspect of the venture, but much of it was a pure outburst of honest admiration, and our brave debutante can lay this flattering unction to her heart. She passed triumphantly through a very trying ordeal. Through the multifarious devices known to managerial strategy public expectation had been a-tiptoe to an almost painful extent for some time over the coming star, and there was the apprehension of a fierce recoil. Miss Mather's perfect self-possession, courage, and capacity very quickly made it apparent that she was at least in no need of an apologist. Her demeanor upon the stage, from the moment she responded to the opening chorus of welcome on to the finale of the performance, was that of one who had simply come forward to receive the homage she felt to be her due. It betrayed neither trepidation, nor mock modesty, nor effrontery, but a proud self-assertion that commanded immediate recognition, and seemed to wave away any friendly "considerations of inexperience."

In selecting the part of Juliet for her opening performance Miss Mather has shown good judgment as well as thorough belief in her own power. The character is more familiar to the general public than almost any other in the Shaksperian portrait gallery, and by many people it is regarded as an admirable test of an actress' capacity. It is not needful to enter upon any philosophical disquisition here in order to point out the fact that a complete interpretation of Juliet would imply more than a complete mastery of theatric art. In this as in the more profound and complex delineations of the master we are "sweetly tormented with invitations to inaccessible homes." But we are called upon here to survey a theatrical performance, and Miss Mather's acting throughout is a forcible enough reminder to keep on the surface. The liquid lines offer abundant opportunity for the display of fine elocution; the frequent transitions from girlish waywardness or lovesick yearning to the heights of tragic passion call for the exercise of mature and disciplined art. And Miss Mather certainly impresses her audience with a sense of technical propriety in every point of her delineation that admits of hardly any qualification. It is very evident, too, that she enters heart and soul into the pith and marrow of her work. She is dreadfully in earnest, so much so as to convey the impression rather too conspicuously that she is always at a white heat, and going at her topmost speed, as if she had no reserve force. Riper methods and experience may come to her aid in this respect, and learn her the power of repose.

[From the Chicago *Herald*, Sept. 10.]

Although Miss Margaret Mather has not appeared in "Leah, the Forsaken," to as much advantage as she did in "Romeo and Juliet," her manager has no reason to complain on the score of patronage. She has played to large and kindly disposed audiences. Her performances since Monday night have not altered our opinion of her impersonation of the character. In the lighter scenes she did very well, but in the third act and in the curse scene she neither possessed the emotional sweep nor the tragic strength necessary to a full interpretation. The play is dulness itself. It is badly constructed, and its theme can only interest an audience when an actress exceptionally endowed is found to fill the role. Miss Mather should confine herself to lighter parts. There is more fame for her in them. Some one has put a statement afloat to the effect that Miss Mather's success has not been a financial one. The *Evening Journal*, a paper not at all given to imaginative flights, prints the following in refutation of this statement: "The season of 1873 was the most successful ever experienced by Manager McVicker in his theatre, and during this year Miss Adelaide Neilson played a three weeks' engagement, which proved the most profitable engagement she ever played in the city of Chicago. During the first week she played "Romeo and Juliet" four, and the "Lady of Lyons" three times. Miss Margaret Mather played one piece only, 'Romeo and Juliet,' during the first week, and her business exceeded, in cash, over 20 per cent of the gross receipts of that of Neilson for the same number of performances. During the second week of the Neilson engagement she again played two pieces, and Miss Mather, handicapped with a lugubrious piece like "Leah, the Forsaken," yet drew 10 per cent more in gross receipts than did Neilson in her second week." We have watched the business during the two weeks, and we believe this to be absolutely true. Yet although Miss Mather has drawn much more money than Neilson, it must not be supposed for a moment that she can act as well as Neilson. She may ultimately get there, but she has much to learn yet. Miss Mather will return to Juliet to-morrow evening, and will play the part also on Tuesday evening and at the Wednesday matinee. On Wednesday she will be seen as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," and on Thursday evening will occur a particularly interesting performance—Miss Mather will be seen as Rosalind, in "As You Like It."

"SAM'L OF POS'N" IN CHICAGO.

[From the Chicago *Tribune*, September 12.]

Last evening Mr. M. B. Curtis appeared at Haverly's Theatre in his amusing creation, "Sam'l of Posen." His favorite portraiture of the Hebrew commercial drummer has lost none of the unctuous humor which marked it in its early days, and the large audience showed their appreciation of it by hearty laughter and applause. The supporting company is substantially the same as Mr. Curtis had with him last season. Miss Albina de Mer gives a good performance of Mlle. Celeste, the French adventuress, and Mr. Charles Roscoe, as Con Quinn, does a neat bit of character acting. The other parts are satisfactorily filled.

NEW YORK COMPANIES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[From the *Alta California*, Sept. 5.]

The utmost capacity of this theatre was tested last night by the immense audience which attended the first representation of the play of "The Lights o' London" in San Francisco. It was pressing midnight hard before the performance was concluded, but the interest was so well maintained that there was none to desert the auditorium until its conclusion. The play is essentially one of scenes and sensations. The mounting is handsomely done, and there are many complicated and extensive sets that won a great deal of applause. The story is in the good old melodramatic style. A son who has made a marriage below his station is falsely accused of robbing his father. He is sentenced to penal servitude, escapes, and his subsequent adventures in London while pursued by the machinations of an evil-disposed cousin who has succeeded in usurping the father's wealth, are lively and interesting. Innocence and right triumph at the end, and all concludes happily. As the hero, Harold Armytage, Mr. Wallace Ramsey, did good work. He looked and acted the character in

the best style. Miss Sarah Jewett, though having a *role* far beneath her abilities, was conscientious in her work, and was very good. Mr. J. H. Stoddard made a fine creation out of the part of Seth Preene, and, as far as opportunities went, had the "fat" of the play. Mr. De Belleville as the villain, Clifton Armytage, was as finished and effective as ever. Mr. John Parselle, as Joseph Jarvis, was the life of the comic element, and was excellently seconded by Mrs. E. J. Phillips as Mrs. Jarvis. Miss Eleanor Carey, as Miss Hetty Preene, did some fine acting. Miss Maude Harrison was clever as Shakespeare Jarvis, but marred the realistic effect by dressing, not as a commonplace youth, but with the knee breeches, black stockings, colored necktie, &c., *a la* Oscar Wilde. There was a large number of small parts, all of which were well acted. Little Eva French won for herself a recall upon the scene by her remarkably natural portrayal of Tim, a waif. "The Lights o' London" made a decided hit last evening, and it is assured of a prosperous run. It will be repeated until further notice.

The revival of "Hazel Kirke" last evening at the Baldwin Theatre, at popular prices, drew a very large and excellent audience. This popular comedy-drama, as it is styled, has lost none of its charms. It is, as ever, intensely pathetic at times, and would be almost too sombre were it not for the merriment infused into it by Mr. Charles Bowser, as Pittacus Green, and Miss Ada Gilman, as Dolly Dutton. The Hazel Kirke of Miss Effie Ellsler is piteously beautiful, and the acting of Mr. Charles W. Gouldock as the Miller, was so good as to gain him a hearty recall after the third act. The Lady Travers of Mrs. Kate Denin Wilson brought forth the quietest qualities of that lady's talents. Mr. Grismer's Arthur Carringford is hardly up to the Madison Square Theatre standard. We understand that Mr. Charles Wells will assume the character after the present week. The Aaron Rodney of Mr. Weston is clever, and all that can be asked of a not peculiarly thankful part. But indeed very little need be said of "Hazel Kirke," for volumes have been written about this tender and yet humorous play. The farewell season has opened brilliantly, and will, beyond all question, be a very profitable one. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The two Fords, who killed the notorious Jesse James, are very successful on the stage. They are at Cincinnati this week, and a local paper in referring to their opening performance, says: "They had very little to do in the 'play,' and fortunately, for neither has the wildest notion of what acting is. They could scarcely speak audibly, and moved about with a sheep-faced air, as if they were ashamed of themselves. They are rather intelligent looking young men of the everyday sort."

Mr. Roland Reed will appear in Chicago, on Monday next, in his play of "Cheek." If he repeats his previous success in that city, his fortune is made.

Miss Lillie Eldridge will return to the stage in December next, with a repertoire consisting of Mr. John M. Morton's "Mignon," a new play by the same author, and several Shaksperian and other legitimate characters.

I Want to Go Upon the Stage.

I want to go upon the stage
  And wear a wig and feathers,
I envy each tragedian
  The laurels that he gathers;
I'm sure that I could give effect
  To Richard's ruthful menace;
Ch, would that I might black my face,
  And act the Moor of Venice.

My father talks of what *he* calls
  Respectable employments,
Condemning as tomfooleries
  My Thespian enjoyments;
He calls me mounting mountebank,
  And ranting rogue and stroller:
And not a servant in the house
  Compassionates my dolor!

One day I stole a pot of rouge,
  And Aunt Jane's Sunday spencer—
(She left me nothing in her will—
  How could I so incense her!)
I flew to Cowes, where in a barn
  I found some kindred spirits,
And soon I made the manager
  Appreciate my merits.

He did announce me as a star—
  (He well knew what a *star* meant—)
And I enacted Romeo
  In Aunt Jane's pink silk garment;
My Juliet was a charming girl,
  A most delicious creature!
With eyes—*such* eyes! and oh! her nose—
  I idolized the feature!

Pink silk, with frogs, was *my* costume,
  And her's was muslin spangled,
And when the nurse call'd her away,
  I wish'd she had been strangled;
When we lay corpses side by side,
  A gentle squeeze she gave me,
And whisper'd, "Wilt thou be my love?"
  I sighed, "Ay, if thou'lt have me!"

But fathers they have flinty hearts,
  My angry father found me—
Oh horrid night! methinks I see
  Scene-shifters grinning round me!
Alas! the scene they shifted not—
  The very pit seems full yet—
I cannot tell the tragedy—
  He tore me from my Juliet!

And since that inauspicious night
  The stage I've never entered,
In life's obscure realities
  My father's thoughts are centred.
Misguided man! beneath his roof
  Now pines a slighted Roscius,
Whose manhood pants to realize
  Youth's promises precocious.

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

The Theatre List.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO.—Park Theatre, New York, October 30, Boston, December 4, Philadelphia 18, Chicago, Ill., January 1, New Orleans, La., 29.

ADA GRAY.—Corning, N. Y., Sept. 18; Binghamton, 19; Scranton, Pa., 20; Pittston 21, Wilkesbarre 22, Williamsport 23.

ALEXANDER CAUMAN CO.—Governeue, Sept. 19; Watertown 20, Utica 21, Troy 22, Hudson 25, Rondout 26, Bethlehem, Pa., 27; Allentown 28, Easton 29, Wilmington, Del., 30; Norfolk, Va., Oct. 2: Petersburg 4, Richmond 5.

ANTHONY AND ELLIS' UNCLE TOM, NO. 2.—Lyons, Sept. 18; Massillon 19, Columbus 22.

ADAMS PANTOMIME CO., Williamsburg, Sept. 18.

ADAMS AND STOCKWELL'S PANTOMIME CO., Atlantic, Sept. 18; Council Bluffs, 19; Omaha, Neb., 20; Fremont, 22; Lincoln, 23; St. Joseph, 26; Hannibal, 27.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE, in "My Partner," Chicago, September 18, Indianapolis 25.

ALICE OATES CO.—Olean, N. Y., Sept. 18, Bradford 19; Jamestown, 22; Warren, Pa., 23; Philadelphia 25, Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

ANNIE PIXLEY.—Boston, Sept. 18; Providence, Oct. 3.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—San Francisco, Aug. 7, six weeks.

ALICE DUNNING LINGARD.—New York, Sept. 18; Troy 25, Saratoga 28, Utica 29, Ithaca 30.

ANTHONY AND ELLIS' UNCLE TOM.—Fall River, Sept. 18; Taunton 19.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE CO.—Booth's Theatre, New York, September 18.

BARRY AND FAY, Cincinnati, Sept. 18.

BARNEY MCAULEY.—Providence, Sept. 18.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life."—Ionia Sept. 18, Big Rapids 19, Grand Haven 20, Muskegon 21, Grand Rapids 22.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, NO. 1, Philadelphia, Sept. 18, Baltimore, Oct. 2.

BOSTON MINIATURE IDEAL CO.—Philadelphia,

BAKER AND FARRON.—Montreal, Sept. 18.

BAUM'S "MAID OF ARRAN."—Detroit, Sept. 18; Coldwater, 21; Elkhart, Ind., 22; Warsaw, 23.

BIG FOUR MINSTRELS.—Jackson, Sept. 18; Vicksburg 19, Canton 20, New Orleans 21.

BOSTON.—Museum, "The Parvenu"; Park, Daly's Company in "Needles and Pins"; Sept. 18, John T. Raymond in "Fresh"; Boston, F. S. Chanfrau in "Kit"; Sept. 18, "Youth"; Globe, Kiralfy Bros.' "Around the World"; Sept. 18, Annie Pixley in "M'liss."

CHICAGO CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Chicago, September 25.

COLVILLE'S WORLD, New York, September 18.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.—New Brunswick, N. J., Sept. 18; Trenton 19, Jersey City 20, Newark 22, Kingston, N. Y., 25; Troy 26, Syracuse 27.

COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October forty nights.

CLAIRE SCOTT, Raleigh Sept. 18, Durham 20, Reedsville 25, Winston 26, Salisbury, 28, Charlotte 30, Columbia, S. C., Oct. 2, Charleston, 4

C. B. BISHOP IN STRICTLY BUSINESS.—Charleston, S. C., Sept. 18; Savannah, Ga., 21.

C. A. GARDENER'S KARL CO.—Chippewa Falls Sept. 18; Eau Claire 19, St. Paul 20.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE.— Detroit Sept. 25; Cleveland, Oct. 9; St. Louis 15, Cincinnati 23.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTS O' LONDON."—New York city, Harlem, Sept. 25.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTT O' LONDON," NO. 2.—Troy, N. Y., Sept. 18.

CARRIE SWAIN.—Southbridge, Sept. 18, Woonsocket, R. I., 19, Fall River, Mass. 21, New Bedford 23.

CHICAGO.—Grand Opera House, T. W. Keene in "Hamlet"; Hooley's, Willie Edouin's "Sparks"; Sept. 17, "Ripples," a new play by the author of "Our Bachelors"; Haverly's, M. B. Curtis in "Samuel of Posen"; McVickers, Miss Mather as Juliet, Rosalind and the Lady of Lyons; Sept. 18, Roland Reed in "Cheek."

DEAKIN'S LILIPUTIAN OPERA CO.—Grinnell Sept. 18, Marshalltown 19, Ames 20, Des Moines 21.

DEFOSSEZ'S FRENCH OPERA CO.—New Orleans, Nov. 10.

DENMAN THOMPSON—Cleveland O., Sept. 18.

ENSIGN COMEDY CO, in "Rooms For Rent."—Topeka, Sept. 18, Levenworth 20,

ERNEST STANLEY'S ALLIED SHOWS.—Baltimore, Sept. 18.

ERIC BAYLEY.—Chicago, Sept. 25.

FRANK I. FRAYNE COMPANY.—Philadelphia Sept. 18, Allentown 25, Pottsville 26, Reading 27, Scranton 29, Danville 30, Wilkesbarre October 2, Pittston 3, Pottstown 4, Lebanon 5, Columbia 6, Harrisburg 7, Lancaster 9, Wilmington, Del., 10; Trenton, N. J., 11; Newark 12, Brooklyn 16, Baltimore 23.

FRANK L. GOODWIN'S LA BELLE RUSSE CO.—Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Sept. 18.

FRED. B. WARDE.—Pittsburg Sept. 18.

FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO.—Washington Sept. 18, Brooklyn 25.

FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates."—Georgetown, Sept. 18; Boulder 19, Ogden Utah 21, Salt Lake 22, San Francisco 25.

FRANK MAYO, San Francisco, Sept. 18.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.—Atchison Sept. 18; Kansas City 25.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT, "Baron Rudolph," Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 18; Rochester 21.

GUS WILLIAMS, in "One of the Finest,"—Cincinnati Sept. 18; Cleveland 25.

GRACE CARTLAND.—Council Bluffs, Sept. 18; Omaha to follow.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.—Columbus, Sept, 18; Springfield 19.

HANLONS.—Milwaukie, Sept. 18; Bay City, Mich., 25; East Saginaw 27; Grand Rapids 29; Jackson, Oct. 2; Fort Wayne, Ind, 4.

HARRY WEBBER.—London, Ont., Sept. 18; St. Thomas 19, Hamilton 22, St. Catherine 23.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S CONSOLIDATED CO.—Chicago Sept. 18; one week; Lafayette, Ind., 25, Richmond 26, Dayton, O., 27, Urbana 28, Columbus 29, Wheeling 30.

HERNE'S "HEARTS OF OAK."—Newport, Sept. 18; Fall River 19, New Bedford 21, Milford 22, Woonsocket 23.

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS.—New York city, Sept. 25.

HOLMAN OPERA CO.—Troy, Sept. 18; Kingston 20, Hudson 21, Albany 22, Schenectady 25, Little Falls 26, Syracuse 27, Auburn 29.

JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION—Springfield Ohio, Sept. 18 Columbus 19, Newark 21, Lancaster 22, Circleville 23, Chillicothe 25, Portsmouth 26, Ironton 27, Maysville, Ky., 28; Lexington 29, Aurora, Ind., 30; Louisville, Ky. Oct. 2.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION.—Milwaukee, Sept. 25; Chicago Oct. 2.

JOHN T. RAYMOND.—Boston, Mass., Sept. 18; New York city, Oct. 2.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.—New York city, Union Square Theatre, Sept. 18.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King," Providence, Sept. 18; Philadelphia, 25.

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO.—St. Louis, Sept. 18.

JOSEPH F. WHEELOCK'S CO.—Pittsburg, Sept. 18.

JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—Trenton, N. J., Sept. 18.

JOHN DILLON.—Red Oak, Sept. 18.; St. Joe, Mo., 22.

JEFFREYS LEWIS.—Philadelphia, Sept. 18.

KATE CLAXTON.—Worcester, Sept. 18; New Haven 19, Meriden 21, Hartford 22, Waterbury 23.

KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD.—Holyoke, Sept 18; New York city, Oct. 2.

KIRALFY'S BLACK CROOK.—Cincinnati, Sept. 18.

KENDALL COMBINATION.—Chariton, Sept. 18; Hamburg 25, Brownville, Neb., Oct. 2; St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 6.

KITTIE RHOADES COMBINATION.—Garrettsville, O., Sept. 18; Chagrin Falls 25, Carrollton, Oct. 2; Orville 9.

KATIE PUTNAM.—Huntington, Sept. 18, Columbus 21, New Albany 22, Owensboro 25, Paducah 26, Cairo 29.

LOTTA.—Burlington, Vt., Sept. 18; Montreal 19.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMBINATION.—Chicago, Sept. 18.

LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.—Boston, Sept. 18,

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Portland, Me., Sept. 18; New Bedford 20, Newport, R. I. 21, Providence 22.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Lowell, Mass., September 18; Fitchburg 19, Worcester 20, Norwich, Ct., 21; Holyoke, Mass., 22; Springfield 23.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Waterford, Sept. 18; Schenectady 19, Johnstown 20, Canajoharie 21, Little Falls 22, Ilion 23.

LYTELL'S YOUTH CO.—Montreal, Sept 18.

MINNIE PALMER in "My Sweetheart," New York city Sept. 18.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 25; Buffalo Oct. 2.

MODJESKA begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2.

MLLE. RHEA.—Buffalo, Sept. 18; Rochester 21.

MINNIE MADDERN.—Louisville, Sept. 18; Nashville, 22; New Orleans 25.

MLLE. THEO.—Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Sept. 11.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE.—Harlem, September 5, the "Lights o' London."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—"Esmeralda." Bronson Howard's new play, October 9.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House, New York, October 23.

MCKEE RANKIN.—Buffalo, Sept. 21; Cleveland 25.

MCINTYRE AND HEAT'S SPECIALTY CO.—Albany, Sept. 18, Philadelphia 25.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—New York, "Lights o' London"; the Harrisons in "Viva" Sept. 25.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe), Toronto Sept. 18, Brantford 22.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon), Syracuse Sept. 18; Auburn 20, Oswego 22, Rome 23.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Allentown Sept. 18; Pottsville, 19; Reading, 20; Harrisburg, 21; Columbia, 22; Lancaster, 23.

PALMER AND ULMER'S DANITES.—New Bedford Sept. 18; Brockton 20, Taunton 21.

PARK THEATRE.—New York, John T. Raymond, October 2; Mrs. Langtry, Oct. 30, the Florences, Robson and Crane.

PEARL EYTINGE.—St. Louis Mo., Sept. 17; Quincy, Ill, 25, Bloomington 26, Burlington, Ia. 27, Galesburg 28, Ottawa 29. Joliet 30, Detroit, Oct. 2; Ann Harbor 5, Jackson 6, Albion 7.

PHILADELPHIA.—Haverly's, Laurance Barrett in "Francesca da Rimini;" September 18 "The White Slave;" Chestnut Street Opera House, Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart;" September 18 Daly's Company in "Odette;" Arch, the Lingards, September 18 Jeffreys-Lewis in "La Belle Russe;" Lyceum, Boston Miniature Ideal Opera Company in "Patience;" National, J. Z. Little in "Against the World," September 18 Frank Frayne; Wood Museum, September 18, Lillie Hinton in "The Charity Orphan," a new translation of D'Ennery's play from which "A Child of the State" was inspired.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Wilmington, Del., Sept. 25; Trenton, N. J., 27; Burlington, Pa., 29; Morristown, N J., 30,

ROBSON & CRANE, Springfield, Mass., September 25, Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

ROLAND REED (Cheek).—Chicago (McVicker's) Sept. 18; Coldwater, Mich. 25, Grand Rapids 26, Albion 29.

RICE AND HOOLY'S MINSTRELS.—Lacrosse, Wis., Sept. 19; Winona, Minn., 20, Rochester 21, St. Paul 22.

ROSE EYTINGE—St. Louis 17, Cincinnati 25, Chicago, Oct. 2.

STEVENS JOLLY BACHELORS—Texarcana Sept. 18; Paris, Texas, 19, Sherman 20, Dallas 21, Galveston 24, San Antonio 28, Austin 28, Brenham 29, Houston 30.

SOL SMTH RUSSELL.—Cedar Rapids Sept. 18; Iowa City 19, Fairfield 20, Ottumwa 21. Oskaloosa, Desmoines 23, Omaha, Neb., 25; Lincoln 26, St. Joe, Mo. 29; Kansas City 28.

SALISBURY'S TROUBADORS—Syracuse September 18; Rochester 21, London, Canada, 25, Bay City 27, East Saginaw 28, Port Huron 29, Flint 20, Detroit Oct 2.

STANDARD THEATRE.—"Les Manteax Noirs" Sept. 23.

SARGENT-SULLIVAN COMBINATION (Gladiators).—Utica, Sept. 18.

THE HARRISONS, in "Viva, a Sister's Sacrifice."—Batavia, Sept. 18; Auburn 19, Oswego 20, Watertown 21, Amsterdam 22, Paterson 23; New York city, Niblo's Garden, 25.

TONY PASTOR'S CO., Pittsburg, Sept 18.

THALIA THEATRE, New York, "The Merry War."

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, N. Y., "The Beautiful Galatea."

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, New York, Joseph Jefferson in "The Rivals," Sept. 18.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS.—Indianapolis, Sept. 25.

WALDRON'S M'LISS CO. NO. 2.—Little Falls, Sept. 18; Rome 19, Baldwinsville 21, Auburn 22, Ithaca 23, Bath 24, Ticonderoga 27, Waverly 29, Oswego 30.

WM. HARRIS, "MRS. PARTINGTON CO."—Auburn, Sept. 18, Ithaca 19, Geneva 20, Rochester 21.

WALLACE VILLA COMBINATION—Grenville, O., Sept. 18.

W. J. SCANLAN in "Friend and Foe," Jaektoe, Mich., Sept 18; Chicago 25.

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Vol. 1.—No. 8. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

Mr. Morrissey's Dramatist.

Within the last few weeks a number of hints have appeared in the newspapers in regard to a new play secured by Mr. James W. Morrissey, to be produced under his own management next season. Mr. Morrissey is well known to the profession and the public as an apt judge in matters of this kind, and as the announcement referred to conveyed the double information that he contemplated going into management on his own account, and had obtained a play in which he believed it could not fail to elicit curiosity and inquiry. These no doubt are what the newspaper paragraphs were intended to excite, and it is out of them that have come this paper upon the subject and the accompanying portrait of Mr. Morrissey's dramatist.

We congratulate Mr. Morrissey both upon his intentions for the future and upon his faith in his play. His long experience as a manager for others admirably fits him to become a manager for himself. Like the managers of the old school he learned his business from the bottom upward. Although still a young man he is old in experience. While still a boy he carried upon his own shoulders, almost unaided, the operatic and theatrical enterprises of the late James Fisk, Jr., and when Fisk retired from the control of affairs he entered upon a short but brilliant career of musical management in connection with Joseph H. Tooker and Henry S. Jackson. At that time it was Mr. Morrissey's dream to become a great and successful operatic director, and if the dream was shattered it was only because he was too thoroughly practical to cling to brilliant visions in the face of stern realities which claimed his energies. As it was, his grand operatic concerts at the Grand Opera House, at which appeared the celebrated bravura singer Di Murska, not to mention Rubenstein, the greatest of modern pianists, were among the most successful ever given in New York. The young manager's success in these early musical ventures was calculated to turn any other than a well-balanced brain, but Mr. Morrissey turned from it with repressed determination to gain experience in the routine of the box-office and to acquaint himself fully with the inner mysteries of theatrical management.

All New York theatre-goers have encountered Mr. Morrissey's smiling face and courteous attention through the box-office aperture at the Grand Opera House, the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and other places of amusement in this city. When the revolution in theatrical management came a few years ago he was among the first to recognize it and act upon it. Abandoning the quiet and comfort of New York life he went upon the road as business manager for Emma Abbott. That Mr. Morrissey made the reputation of the singer no one who has watched her career can deny. That his own standing was greatly enhanced by it is equally apparent, but what has not been fully apprehended is the calm judgment and profound foresight which in reality inspire Mr. Morrissey's business actions. If he has all the sparkle and effervescence of champagne he has also the rich fruitage of rare old burgundy. While his "Abbott kiss" invention was throwing a charm around the little prima donna, giving her crowded houses and a full purse—while the same qualities which made Miss Abbott successful were contributing to the success of "The World" and the other ventures of Messrs. Brooks & Dickson, he was not forgetful that there were diamonds as yet unset which only needed to be found to elicit all the enthusiasm of his nature and to call into play the cunning of a hand which never mistook the real gem.

Mr. Morrissey's discovery of his dramatist was in a sense accidental, and yet it was a chance which could come only in the ordinary way. Whoever would find one good play must look for it among the chaff of average production. Dealing in successes is well enough, perhaps, but somebody must find the material out of which successes are made. In this case Mr. Morrissey was willing to listen—that was all. That he decided after hearing it that it was worth not only

his own best energies but worth staking an unusually brilliant career upon at its turning point, carries with it its own story of the impression the work made upon him. As to the author of the play she is an actress trained to the stage from her childhood, and as thoroughly acquainted with its literature as with its requirements. Her work is neither comedy nor drama, but a play. It has a Robertsonian simplicity and domesticity and a Dumas-like intensity. It is in four acts, and ends with a climax which Mr. Morrissey declares is more startling and thrilling than the raft scene in "The World."

"If I consent to touch a play at all," said Mr. Morrissey, when his attention was called to this one, "it must have comedy, it must be intensely dramatic, and it must have a sensation entirely new and never before attempted."

"I want that," were his first words after it was read to him.

Mr. Morrissey's dramatist brought to her task of writing a play apart from her natural powers the fruits of a long experience as an actress. She began her career as the Prince of Wales in "Richard III.," under the Sidneys, at Richmond. She was a favorite at both the Olympic and Gaiety Theatres in London, and although she came to America unheralded, she gained in this city the approbation of the press and the public. Her absence from the stage, which has been so long continued that few of our readers will recognize her from her portrait, has been mainly owing to the fact that her play has been an absorbing occupation. In creating it, she has lived in a dramatic world, all her own, where she has been stage director daily to the creatures of her imagination. Her play was not written in the ordinary sense of play-writing—it grew around one pivotal idea. Her work was not simply that of the sculptor, who models his ideals in the clay, but who chizzles his figures with his own hand out of the solid block. All through her work, it was the dream of Mr. Morrissey's dramatist that she was moulding a play for his direction, and how tenaciously she has clung to this idea is apparent from the fact that he is the only person who has seen it.

When these facts had been ascertained, it became necessary to procure a photograph of Mr. Morrissey's dramatist, that the world might know what she looks like. This was no easy task, for abundant as pictures of theatrical people seem to be, those that are wanted are almost always scarce. So far, there has not been a picture in THE THEATRE which did not require a run all over town, and even then, we have sometimes been compelled to content ourselves with originals that were far from satisfactory. This one, fortunately, was encountered at Howell's in Fourteenth street, and it is here given simply as the portrait of Mr. Morrissey's dramatist.

It is a cause of complaint with many American writers that they cannot obtain a hearing for their plays To a certain extent this is true, although every manager is ready to assert, "Show me a good play and I will produce it." Naturally, managers are averse to reading or trying to read the mountains of trash that are showered in upon them. Not more than one play in a thousand offered for production is fit for the stage, and Mr. Morrissey has given his eyes or his ears to some 999 efforts of genius to which his attention had been invited by confident authors. Of this one he formed no expectations in advance, but weeks after he had discovered a work upon which he is willing to pin his faith he wrote to his dramatist—"The play has taken complete possession of me."

Mr. Colville's Complaint.

Mr. Samuel Colville was accosted one day during the week by a New York critic. The critic was disposed to compel Mr. Colville to submit to a newspaper interview on the subject of "Taken from Life." This is a subject on which Mr. Colville feels rather warmly, and while his reply was exceedingly short, it was exceedingly energetic. The gist of it was, as we gather from the report, if the conversation made by the critic that the partial failure of "Taken from Life" in this city, was owing primarily to the feebleness of Mr. Wallack's company, but that the condemnation of the piece itself, was due to the incompetence of the critics.

These were grave charges to make, but to us they seem well founded. Mr. Wallack's company this season is almost entirely new, and it seems to have been selected on the principle that the patrons of Wallack's Theatre neither desire nor expect first-class actors and actresses. We infer this not only from the selections themselves, but from an avowal attributed to Mr. Moss—that gentlemen-like actors were what is required at Wallack's. This is clearly a mistake, and the fate of "Taken from Life" demonstrates it beyond a doubt.

It is assumed by some of the critics—by nearly all of them in fact – that it is unfair to judge the qualifications of the new members of Mr. Wallack's company, from their acting in Mr. Colville's play; such talk can only be called twaddle. If they are actors and actresses, they have abundant scope for showing it in "Taken from Life." The play is really a good play of its class, and its class is not one which we have been unaccustomed to see at Wallack's Theatre. The fact is, melodramas have always gone best at Wallack's, and it could hardly have gone otherwise, for the elder Wallack was the best melodramatic actor of his time, and consequently the traditions made Wallack's essentially a melo-dramatic theatre.

Let us look into this subject a little more closely. We find that Miss Rose Coghlan, for instance, is commisserated because of her part. If Miss Coghlan is an actress worthy of her place as leading lady of Wallack's Theatre, she should need no commisseration. If she is not an actress worthy of her position, no amount of commisseration will prevent the public from finding it out. Her failure in this instance is very pronounced, and we more than half suspect she contributed to it and to the injury of Mr. Colville's business, upon the assumption that the part was not worthy of her. In this matter she has made a serious mistake, for her abilities are of a range so limited, that she cannot afford to invite scrutiny as to their limit.

As to the critics, they have no standard of judgment at all. Most of them are as ignorant of everything pertaining to the stage, as they are of law, or medicine, or theology. At best they are only intelligent reporters, in a field where intelligence avails them but little. It would not be more foolhardy in them to attempt to give an opinion from the bench, touching the law of a case, than to judge of the merits of plays, or the qualifications of players. The only use of our critics nowadays is, to put upon record the decay of dramatic taste in this age, which will be evident to posterity, from the fact that such critics were tolerated by the press and the public.

Mr. Colville is clearly right as regards the critics, and if he is also right as regards Mr. Wallack's company, we shall have to look for amendment, where we have been accustomed to expect perfection in a Chicago paper. We read the other day that the acting at Wallack's was "guyed" on the opening night of "Taken from Life;" that the new members of Mr. Wallack's company were pronounced rather inelegantly, it must be confessed, a "lot of English duffers," and that a good many people wondered where Mr. Wallack had "picked them up." This kind of talk might do for almost any company, but it will not do for Mr. Wallack's company. That such utterances are heard at all is a great grief to the Wallack "clientete," but they go a long way toward justifying Mr. Colville's complaints of the ineffectiveness with which his drama was cast at Wallack's

Who Was Hodgson?

The genial author of "The Twins," who is a firm believer in the disgrace of knowing things, has indulged in a number of complimentary sayings as to the position occupied by THE THEATRE as the organ of the antiquarians.

THE THEATRE does not wish to disavow this distinction. People who have a taste for antiquities—in other words for reading and for literature—are apt to have a very lively interest in the present as well as the past. To such this journal appeals and we thank them for the very liberal

support they are giving us. But the genial author of "The Twins" goes a little too far when he begins to particularize. He says THE THEATRE contained a very able article on Hodgson, who died sometime during the last century. It happens, however, that THE THEATRE contained nothing of the kind. Who was Hodgson, anyway? If the genial author of "The Twins' deals in antiquities at all he must be more specific.

"The Rivals."

"The Rivals," which Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Drew are now making such a great success at the Union Square Theatre, has a long and interesting history on the American stage. The piece was first played in New York ninety-six years ago, but unfortunately the first American cast has not been preserved. The date of its first production was June 9, 1786, the occasion being the benefit of Mrs. Harper. As Mr. Harper was the Bob Acres when it was repeated in 1791, we may conclude he was the original in this country. Mrs. Harper probably played Mrs. Malaprop, a part which was afterward taken by Mrs. Rankin. The original Sir Anthony, as nearly as can be ascertained. was Mr. Heard, with Hallam as the Captain, and Robinson as Sir Lucius. Miss Tuke, who afterward became Mrs. Hallam, played Lydia in 1791

Of the later casts, it may be interesting to many old players to give a resume. The most important of these were as follows :

	Bowery Theatre. Dec. 7, 1830.	*National* Sept. 4, 1837.	*Broadway.* Oct. 7, 1847.
Sir Anthony ..	Mr. Farren.....	Mr. Barnes, ...	Mr. H. Wallack
Capt. Absolute..		Wallack	Lester
Bob Acres.....	Judah	Browne.....	Dawson
Sir Lucius.....	Tuthill	H. Wallack...	G. Barrett
Falkland	Hamblin	Abbott.....	Fleming
David.		W.H.Williams	C. W. Hunt
Lydia Languish.	Miss Pelby	Miss Rogers....	Miss F. Wallack
Julia.	...Mrs. Hamblin..	Miss Wheatley..	Miss Telbin
Mrs. Malaprop.	Mrs. Hackett...	Mrs. Russell....	Mrs. Winstanley
Lucy.....		Miss Ayres.....	Mrs. Watts.

These bills take us back a long way, and still there are living links which bind us to these old and half-forgotten players. George P. Farren made his American debut as Sir Anthony fifty-two years ago, but his widow still lives, and has been seen in this city within a year. Mr. Judah, the Bob Acres, is dead, but his widow too is still living, we believe, in San Francisco. Mrs. Hackett, the Bowery Mrs. Malaprop, was the mother of the late Recorder Hackett, thus described in Halleck's vigorous verse :

> And there's sweet Miss Leesugg, by the by, she's not pretty,
> She's a little too large, and has not too much grace,
> Yet there is something about her so witching and witty,
> 'Tis pleasure to gaze on her good-humored face.

Apart from the Wallacks in the second cast, the only notable figure is the Bob Acres. James S. Browne was the original Robert Macaire in England, where he was a great favorite as well as here. He lived to be an old man, and died in extreme poverty. He was a great comedian, but to this generation, although it is only a few years since he died, his name is unknown.

The last of the three casts above given, is especially noteworthy, because it was the occasion of Mr. Lester Wallack's first appearance in the part. The Bob Acres, Mr. Dawson, was an English actor, who is only remembered now because his betrothed, Miss Telbin, the Julia on that occasion, died upon the eve of their marriage.

In late years, Mr. Burton played Bob and Mrs. Hughes, an old-time actress, with a singularly interesting history, the mother of ex-Senator Hughes, Mrs. Malaprop; and Blake Brougham, Walcot and Holland, are all remembered in the comedy, Mrs. Blake, who died only last year ago, being the Mrs. Malaprop. The comedy has always been a favorite one with New York theatre-goers, when it was well played, and it is certainly a striking proof of the vigor of dramatic art, in spite of the Jeremiahs, that the latest cast is among the best ever seen in this city.

Mr. Carte's Plans for the Season.

The fourth regular season of comic opera in America, under the direction of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, will begin on Wednesday, September 27, at the Standard Theatre. Mr. Carte's first season in this country was signalized by the first production of the "Pirates of Penzance;" and the second by the production of the new comic opera by Stevens and Solomon, "Billee Taylor." In 1881-2, the season was opened with "Patience," which ran until Spring, and was continued with the production of "Claude Duval." The present season will open with "Manteaux Noirs," a new comic opera, written by Harry Paulton and W. Park,—the music by Bucalossi, which was produced at the Avenue Theatre in London, on the 3d of June last, and is still running at that theatre.

The opera follows the lines of the old French drama by Scribe, but is considerably changed to allow of the introduction of new characters in the business. The music partakes of the English, rather than the French school, and the book is brilliant and witty, containing a great number of amusing and comical situations. The piece made a decided impression in England, where the leading parts are acted by Marius, Leslie and Groves, and the heroine by Miss Florence St. John.

The production in America, will be given by Mr. Carte's company, including Mr. W. T. Carleton, Mr. J. H. Ryley, Mr. Arthur Wilkinson, and Madame Selina Dolaro, with all of whom the American public are familiar. Mr. Carte has brought from England, Mr. Robert Mansfield, Miss Fannie Edwards, Miss Joan Rivers, Miss Billie Barlow, Miss Mina Rowley,—all of whom will have parts in the piece. The company will also include an addition of ten ladies selected from Mr. Carte's English companies, who will fill the minor parts. The full Standard chorus, which last year were so popular, will still continue with the company. The whole ensemble will number upward of eighty people, and the stage management and direction will continue under the charge of Mr. Charles Harris.

Mr Carte's plans for the year include, after the production of "Manteaux Noirs," the new opera by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. The death of Mr. Sullivan's mother has somewhat delayed the completion of this opera, but it will undoubtedly be ready from the first to the middle of December, if required. A new opera, "Rip Van Winkle,"—the book by Farnie, the music by Planquette, is also intended for production this season. The story of this opera is nearly the same as the familiar story of "Rip Van Winkle," but it is given quite a new dress and original treatment, by the author and composer. The publication of the music of "Manteaux Noir," and the words of this music will be simultaneous with its production in this city. The libretto, or book of the dialogue, will remain unpublished.

The Influence of Ignorance.

Seventy years ago the stage was in the highest excellence it ever attained. Edmund Kean was just about to shake the throne of the Kembles, while comedy had its three greatest representatives in Liston, Emery and Mathews. Kean has had successors on both sides of the Atlantic, but comedy has almost expired. The trouble was that, the influence of the stage upon public manners, had been so marked that for a long time people in genteel society were too polite to be laughed at. There were no peculiarities of speech and gait and gesture among us sufficiently pronounced for the comic muse to seize upon.

It happens, however, that the stage has at last stopped holding the mirror up to nature, and so nature is having its way. Striking peculiarities in both men and women are becoming exceedingly common, and it cannot fail to be long before some capable dramatist will perceive them and compel them to pass in gay review. Our young men and women who now despise all knowledge of the past, all knowledge of any kind in fact, are thereby making themselves fit subjects of ridicule. Ignorance is a sort of vegetation which cannot fail to produce striking peculiarities, and when these are transplanted to the stage we shall have a new crop of comedy. Mr. Leonard Grover did something of the kind in "Our Boarding House," and there is abundant material in our everyday life, as we shall see when somebody gives us a play in which we shall see ourselves as we really have become since the era of retrogression set in.

Letters of a Print Collector.

VIII.

KNIGHT OF THE COMB.

In Minshull's play of the "Merry Dames" Huggins, the barber, is introduced, as already mentioned, as the hero of the underplot. Huggins in his day was a character even more remarkable than Minshull, and he published a work entitled "Huggins' Fantasy," which is among the most curious things of that time. His book is only a reproduction of his advertisements in the *Evening Post*, *Commercial Advertiser*, and other newspapers, between the years 1801 and 1808. He began by simply calling himself "decorator of fashionables," and rose by degrees to be "Knight of the Comb," as Minshull called him, and "Empereur de Frisseurs, Roi de Barbaire, Knight of the Burning Order of the Tongs, Cordon of the Legion of the Curlers, &c., &c.," as he called himself.

Many distinguished heads were dressed and many familiar faces scratched by the immortal Huggins. Among his customers was young Washington Irving; and, for an American barber, he had the singular fortune of shaving the face of the great Talleyrand, cutting the hair of the exiled General Moreau, and curling the locks of Tom Moore. In a little while Huggins' advertisements made him so famous that he was called the Pasquin of New York, and he sometimes indulged in dramatic criticism while singing the praises of his wigs and frizettes. Cooper and Hodgkinson are frequently referred to by him in his advertisements, and he sometimes even adopted theatrical methods in making his announcements. Here is a specimen:

HUGGINS' BENEFIT.

At the *Theatre Royal*, No. 92 Broadway, on Monday next, the 4th of July, will be performed, for the Benefit of

DESBORUS THE FIRST.

The celebrated *Comedy* (of as many *Acts* as the Public please) of

THE STROPS DO CONQUER;

Or, The Razors Out-Whettea.

The princtpal parts to be sustained by *Packwood's Razor Strops*, and Gentlemen of the Imperial Household.

Between the Play and Farce, a new

MELO COSMEOTIS.

In which DESBORUS THE FIRST will sing the ancient Ballad, "I'm Emperor of Barbers here."

A dissertation on WIGS, by *Mr. Edwards*, formerly of the Dublin Theatre.

The Grand Shaving *Duet*; or, *the Wounded Segar*, by Messrs. *Paris* and *Fennemore*.

HUGGINS' ODE on the *Fashions*, by *Shanewolf*, Prince of PULL-TUSK.

A variety of *slight of hand* tricks, such as *Frizzing*, *Curling*, *Toupeeing*, *Trimming*, *Cropping*, *Queueing*, *&c. &c.* by Messrs. HUGGINS, *Paris* and *Fennemore*.

After which, the Royal Children will exhibit a variety of interesting feats, as follows:

The heir apparent, Prince *John Richard Desborus*, 11 years old, has already got to "No Man," will read the first verse without missing a syllable.

Prince *Daniel Desborus*, who has committed to memory five lines of an old worn out ballad, will repeat it with the pure nasal drawl, proper emphasis and due discretion.

Prince *Edward Desborus*, will say his A B *abs!* over and over, to the great delight of his Papa, and the annoyance of the audience.

Princess *Sarah Desborus*, who has a great *penchant* for bread and butter, will *sing* for it most vociferously.

Prince *George Washington Desborus* (an interesting child not above six months old) will give some astonishing proofs of great *vocal* powers.

To which will be added, the farce of

THE WORLD HAS A CALL FOR ME;

Or, the Chin in the Suds.

In which will be introduced a grand display of the most fashionable *Wigs*, *Frizettes*, *Bandeaus*, *Hair Ornaments*, *Tortoise Shell Combs*, *Razors*, *Razor Strops*, *Rouge*, *Essences*, *Perfumes*, *&c.*

The whole to conclude with a superb *transporting scene*, in which the Emperor is pourtrayed in the act of receiving the dollars, half dollars, quarters, shillings, and sixpences in his right hand, and graciously depositing them in the *till* with his left.

☞ The doors will be opened at 4 o'clock, A. M. and the performance commences as soon as a *head* appears.

This was followed with the following:

MARK! HUGGINS'S SPEECH.

Which may be supposed to have been delivered on the Evening of his Benefit, July 4, 1808.

Friends, Cits, and Countrymen lend me your *chins*,
I come to *shave* you, not to cut your throats;
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with HUGGINS. Noble *Hassey*
May tell you HUGGINS is ambitious.
If it be so, 'tis not a grievous fault;
Nor grievingly will HUGGINS answer it.
Here under leave of *Hassey* and the rest
(For *Hassey* is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in HUGGINS's behalf.
He is *my* friend, faithful aud just to me;
Though *Hassey* says he is ambitious;
And *Hassey* is an honorable man.
Hath he not oft times taken captive *heads*,
Whose ransom did his private coffers fill?
Did this in HUGGINS seem ambitious?
When that HUGGINS hath cried, the poor hath wept
Yet *Hassey* says he is ambitious,
And *Hassey* is an honorable man.
You all did see that at the *Barber-call*
He was presented the Imperial Crown,
Which he did not refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet *Hassey* says he is ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Hassey* speaks,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
He dearly loves you all—not without cause:
For on your favors has he long subsisted,
And still hopes to thrive. By aid of PACKWOOD's Strop,
The greatest, noblest, best of all inventions
(Of which he here stands sole and only agent)
He looks for greater gains. But he's no orator as *Cooper* is.
For were he *Cooper*, and *Cooper* HUGGINS,
He'd put a tongue in every precious *Strop*,
Poor, poor dumb mouths, and bid them speak for him.

And finally with this—

CRITIQUE.

The exhibitions at the *Theatre Royal*, got up in honor of the Anniversary of American Independence, were of the most brilliant kind, and reflect great credit on the judgment and taste of Mr. HUGGINS. *The Strops do Conquer*, is an English *production*, and ranks among the best that the present age has given birth to. Its success in London has been equal to its superior merit; and the author, Mr. PACKWOOD, is said to have acquired by it a very handsome fortune. Many spurious copies had found their way across the Atlantic, and been very well received, but the *genuine work*, of which Mr. HUGGINS *is the sole possessor*, stands so pre-eminently superior, that the audience, with one united and repeated voice, testified their sense of its excellence.—It promises to be a great favorite with the public, and needs only to be seen to be approved.

The intermediate Divertisement was highly entertaining. Mr. HUGGINS was in fine voice, and sung with extraordinary *spirit* and humor. His slight of hand surpassed any thing ever exhibited by *Falconi*, *Rannie*, *Martin*, or any other juggler of the present age.—*Fennemore and Edwards*, were occasionally very clever, and toward the close introduced a *reel*, which though not promised in the bill, was highly diverting, and terminated in some fine specimens of *ground tumbling*.

Mr. PARIS was as voluble as ever, *cut* a variety of *rum* capers, and *puff'd* away in great style.

The Royal Children discovered a good *bringing up*, and executed the parts assigned to them in general with great correctness. The youngest, for whom however every allowance should be made, sung much *louder* than

was *necessary*. It is said to be a common fault with him, which age, it is hoped, will correct.

THE WORLD HAS A CALL FOR ME is from the pen of Mr. H. himself. It is founded on fact. The scene lies in the city of New York. There is no *plot*, but a variety of incidents highly interesting, which the author has turned to much profit. It is, nevertheless, susceptible of still greater improvement, and it is understood to be Mr. HUGGINS' intention to make it whenever opportunity occurs.

We cannot too highly extol the display of *Hair Work, Perfumery, &c.* in the second act, which for beauty of de ign, tasteful disposition, and superior finish, are certainly without parallel.

The *transporting scene* which closed the performance, was well *designed*, but we apprehend its execution was not equal to Mr. Huggins' *wishes*, as we are confident it was not equal to his merit.

The Company attracted to this novel entertainment was of the *first rank*, and is said to have compelled a postponement of the *Fireworks* intended to have been exhibited at *Vauxhall Garden*.—Had it prevented them ever being exhibited, the Public would have been no losers, though Mr. Delacroix might.

COCKY DOODLE.

This "Critique" is in ridicule of Minshull's "Sprightly Widow," and no doubt it was the inciting cause for the production of the "Merry Dames," in which Huggins is made to figure. Huggins however furnished the ground-work for it in a mock account of the plot of the "Man of Fortitude," of which John Hodgkinson was the reputed author, but which in fact was written by Dunlap, and afterward produced by Hodgkinson as his own.

The great dramatist, Minshull, relates the denouement in Huggins' story of the plot of Hodgkinson's play, as follows:

SCENE *changes to a view of the Coffee Exchange.*

Enter MONSIEUR BILLOWS.

Billows. Sare, Monsieur Landlord, is my Lord Comb here, sare?

Host. I have no knowledge of the title.

Billows. By gar, sare, he be one gentleman of honor, and by gar, sare, his Lordship said he did put up at this house; it must be the case, by gar, sare. *(As Comb enters, the Host points at him.)*

Host. There is Comb the hair-dresser; he is the only person that has one of the names mentioned by Monsieur Billows.

Billows. By gar, sare, do you mean to insult me, sare, that foutre be one God Dam Barber. *(Takes an eye-glass out of his pocket, perceives him to be the same person that dined with him on board his frigate. Comb also sees Captain Billows, and endeavors to escape been noticed. The French Captain like a Hawk pursuing his prey, follows Comb.*

Billows. Sare—sare—sare, you be no gentleman, by gar, but one God dam barber. *(Runs after Comb.—The scene changes, and discovers Comb with a poker in one hand, and a pair of tongs in the other.)*

Comb. Monsieur Billows, this apartment is mine, sir, and I will defend it with a courage that would do honor to the Governor of a castle, while on his duty against foreign intruders. *(Monsieur Billows pointing his sword at Comb, and in a rage.)*

Billows. By gar, sare,—you be one gentleman in disguise, or by gar, one damn'd foutre.

Comb. The fault is not with me, sir, my behaviour met with your approbation, and on my part, I am ready to fulfil my engagement.

Billows. Engagement!—Vat you mean, sare?

Comb. To entertain you as well as the landlord of this house will permit, Citizen Billows; and though you see me in a dress suiting my calling, I have a heart to return you the obligation you forced on me, and a spirit in unison with that of my country, to take an insolent man by the nose.

Billows. To take a man by the nose is your business Sare—you no take me by the nose you Goddam Barber. By Gar I will catch you as the fisherman catch fish, and by Gar, put you in a Car that lays in the stinking dock, till you give the fever to your friends, you God—God - God damn foutre.

Comb. Interest aside, Columbians are not much obliged to you.

Billows. By Gar, you make a very good Powder Monkey.

Comb. When you can convert me into a Cat, then the Monkey may do as he pleases. *(Billows makes two or three passes with his drawn Sword, which is parried off by Comb. who catches Billows by the Nose with his tongs; Monsieur bawls out, and when at liberty struts away and returns.)*

Billows. You damn'd Barber, by Gar I will take you to France.

Comb. You must conquer me first; [*On the second attempt Monsieur Billows is drove out of the room, Comb following,*]

[*Exeunt.*

It is doubtful whether Huggins was really the author of any of his pasquinades, these being contributed by the literary wits of the time who came under his tonsorial manipulation. Both in prose and verse they sung the glories of the barber-ous Knight, and his absurd pretensions to titles made him exceedingly popular with the wags of New York. These absurd pretensions were idealized by Tisdale and engraved on steel by the best engraver of that day, the celebrated Leney. I have reproduced one of them as a specimen of the work of both artists and as especially characteristic of Huggins. Huggins' full name was John R. Desborus, and in the picture he is represented as being crowned as Emperor of the Barbers. This coronation it will be observed is being celebrated entirely by "African frisures," or in his own language "is attended by the King of the Jarsies and the Presidents of seventeen shaving societies." The print is well worth patient study and I herewith present it without further remark.

Does it Mean Another Duel?

It was a late hour on the night of the 14th of September. The good people of Des Moines, Iowa, were one by one seeking their respective couches. The streets were fast becoming deserted, and the lights in the houses were rapidly vanishing. Morpheus was preparing to put his fine work in.

There was, however, at least one individual in Des Moines to whom Morpheus was as yet a stranger. This one was Mr. Richard P. Clarkson, the business manager of the *State Register*. He would liked to have wooed the sleepy god no doubt, but cruel fate, in the shape of his duties, interfered with that desirable courtship.

Mr. Clarkson sat in his office wondering why he had not been born rich instead of intelligent and handsome, and almost bemoaning the possession of the genius which had been the cause of his joining the ranks of "them literary fellers."

"How nice it must be to be a bloated aristocrat, a grasping monopolist," he murmured, mechanically relighting the stump of his almost consumed cigar.

Further reflections were interrupted at this point by the entrance of a stranger.

"Look here," exclaimed the newcomer without much ceremony, and Mr. Clarkson looked.

"What d'ye mean by sticking MY 'ad' in an out-of-the-way and can't-find-it-when-I-look part of your paper? S-a-y?" continued the stranger in a tone that expressed indignation, if anything.

"And who may you be?" asked the newspaper man, pushing a pin through his cigar in order to hold it without danger of burning his fingers.

"Me? I am Mr. Gustave A. Mortimer, the manager of 'Cheek,' and don't you forget it. I'm not a man to stand any nonsense, and I don't like having my 'ads' treated as if I was a nobody," responded the indignant advertiser. "I've got the boss attraction now on the road, and me, Reed, and Marsden, have captured the Northwest. Our success, sir, is proved by solid nuggets, and I ain't going to allow no newspaper fake to shove our 'ad' into a guess-where-it-is-and-you'll-get-a-chromo corner."

"Well," placidly remarked Clarkson, puffing such a cloud of smoke into his visitor's face that that gentleman coughed and grew red.

"Well?" growled Mortimer.

"I had to put your 'ad' wherever it would go in, and I thought the location would please you," observed the newspaper man.

"Please me?" Do you take me for a —— —— fool?" asked the manager of Roland Reed, and Mr. Clarkson excused himself from directly answering this query by remarking that he had not considered the matter.

"Well, I ain't, and don't you let it slip your mind," proceeded Mr. Mortimer. "What book peddlers, insurance agents, lightning rod men, and mothers-in-law do not need, what shy lovers, diffident scholars, submissive wives, meek husbands, and innocent newsboys must have, what the general public need badly, and what Roland Reed is capturing the Northwest with and proving his success in by solid nuggets, in short, 'Cheek' must not be treated as if it was only an ordinary Bill Shakspere play. D'ye mind? I want to arrange for a double column display 'ad' on your city page for the next issue."

"I am sorry, but all the space on that page has been already engaged," said Mr. Clarkson.

"But I must have my two-column 'ad' placed there," insisted Mr. Mortimer.

"But I tell you it can't be put there, as the space is all taken," protested Mr. Clarkson, and seeing that the latter was in earnest, Mr. Mortimer followed the example of the famous fox in the fable.

"I don't care. The *Register* is nothing but a little country sheet anyhow," he said.

"It is, is it?" cried the journalist, waxing wroth at the manager's contemptuous allusion to his journal. "If you repeat that epithet sir, the only way for you to get out of this office without assistance from the toe of my boot will be to run."

"Pooh!" said the daring Mr. Mortimer. "Who's afraid? Your paper is precisely what I called it—a little country sheet."

Mr. Clarkson bounded from his chair, and Mortimer rushed for the door, through which he disappeared before the newspaper man could carry out his threat. Clarkson pursued

him a short distance, but the manager was fleet of foot and got safely off. Clarkson returned to his desk and went on with his work, and the affair seemed at an end. It was not, however, for shortly after Mr. Mortimer stalked into the office waving a revolver.

"Where is he? Let me get at him! Show me the fellow who said he'd kick me," cried Mortimer, fiercely.

"Here I am," said Clarkson, looking over his desk at the man with the revolver. "What do you want?"

"I challenge you to come outside and be killed. I want your blood. You've insulted me, and I shall make you atone by death, sir," cried the manager.

"I am willing to meet you anywhere with stuffed clubs or rifles, according to your taste," responded Clarkson.

"You think I'm not in earnest, do you?" yelled Mr. Mortimer, flourishing his weapon. "I'll show you—you * * *

may, visibly annoyed at the manager's manner and speech. "I know the different localities of New York and their peculiarities quite as well as you do, perhaps, and you and I know each other, so there isn't any necessity of talking all round the subject. Speak out, man, and say what you mean."

"Well then, I am perfectly willing to do Miss Gibbs' play as I agreed, but I am convinced that a drama alone won't draw in Avenue A, and so you must either allow me to introduce an olio into the bill or guarantee me a thousand dollars a week."

"I will do neither," rejoined Mildmay. "When I first spoke to you on this subject you said the variety business was unprofitable, and I know that many weeks you have played six nights and two matinees to less than five hundred dollars. Now you ask me to guarantee you twice as much as you have been in the habit of receiving, or to associate Miss Gibbs professionally with the jugglers, acrobats and clowns of the variety stage. A change has come over the spirit of your dream Mr Wykoff, and there is some reason for this conduct which you have not yet taken the trouble to explain to me."

"If I must tell you the truth, then, Mr. Mildmay, the profession is opposed to this protege of yours, and if one man has been to me a hundred have to say that if I consummate this engagement I shall suffer."

Mr. John Mildmay was surprised, overcome, overwhelmed. He paced the floor awhile without any heed of his visitor, great beads, not of perspiration but of anguish, standing out on his forehead. A conspiracy so astounding and so unprovoked he had not even suspected—not even when he heard of Dollyspank's enmity the night before.

"Is it hostility to me?" he asked himself; "a fiendish purpose to destroy this poor girl in in order to get even with me for things I may have said in the *Jackdaw?* It is scarcely credible that an entire profession, managers, actors, and actresses, should unite to crush a girl whom few of them have ever seen for no other reason than that a man who is distasteful to them has tried to find something for her to do. It is hard to accept such a theory, and I won't believe it if I can help it."

Mildmay gradually regained his composure.

"Did any of these people you refer to speak of me?" he inquired turning to Wykoff.

"They think that you newspaper people should not interfere in dramatic affairs—that you ought not exhibit any particular friendship for any particular actor or actress."

"They think—this is simple nonsense, Wykoff. Because I happen to be a journalist who sometimes writes about specific performances at the theatres, I am not to do anything to assist a young actress out of an engagement to employment. That is narrow bigotry, I must say."

Mildmay was angry for the moment, but he did not forget his purpose for an instant—that of trying to ascertain upon what grounds the dramatic profession was seeking to keep Miss Martha Gibbs out of an engagement.

"And the girl—what do they say of her?" he asked.

"They say—shall I tell you everything?'

"Yes."

"They say she has no talent—no ability."

"I'll wager a new hat, Wykoff, that not one of the people who say this has ever seen her."

"They say she never made anything out of any part that ever was given her, and can't maintain her place in a theatre."

"She was with Chizzlem a whole season playing leading juveniles all the time, and was not out of the bill for even a single week, while he had a number of actresses who have since aspired to be leading ladies idle on his hands. Chizzlem isn't a man to help a woman keep her place if she can't do it for herself—you know that, Wykoff, if you know anything."

"They say she is dictatorial at rehearsal."

"Then she must have dictated to Chizzlem, for she never rehearsed under any other person in this city—if she did dictate to him it's more than any other friendless actors ever did."

"She might get on, they say, if she was content to confine herself to small parts."

"She has not played anything except leading business for years, and there is much reason why Mr. Jasper Carew should go back to 'walking gentleman,' as that Miss Gibbs should accept 'walking ladies' parts.'"

"She has not made herself personally agreeable."

"That is to say, she has not forgotten that she is a lady, and has maintained her personal independence in the greenroom and in the manager's office. Well, Wykoff, I see that you want to recede from your agreement—do so, and have done with it."

"It is not that Mildmay—I can assure you it is not that. I would like to produce Miss Gibbs' play, for I think it is a good one, but I must protect myself. Business is business, you know, and I can't oblige either you or her at my own expense, especially when I must also antagonize some very powerful people. You see how I am placed, and you will not think hard of me I am sure."

Another hope—the last hope, perhaps—was gone, and Mr. John Mildmay sat for a long time pondering the same question with which his reflections begun before he was out of bed in the morning.

"I must do something for this poor girl," he muttered, "I must—but then I have been saying so to myself all the morning. Get her an engagement?—I have tried that in vain for the last two years. Get the play produced?—even Wykoff won't do it, and he is a fellow to catch at straws. By the way, I cannot longer disbelieve in the combined action of the profession against Miss Gibbs if this story is confirmed. It is strange I never had any intimation of these things before. My own sincerity I fear stood in the way, and that is why I failed to detect all this insincerity. But why do these people wear masks off the stage as well as on it? That is a question I cannot answer, and in nine cases out of ten the mask conceals a lie when the truth would be more available."

Thus Mr. John Mildmay sat and communed with himself, but it was a long time before he saw any way out of the difficulty. At last, however, he seemed to have hit upon an idea—his face brightened and he went into the street smoking, as he always did at a turn in his thoughts, or when the crisis of his difficulties had been passed either for good or evil.

It is needless to say in what direction Mildmay's footsteps were bent.

Miss Martha Gibbs was expecting him that Sunday afternoon, and her smile was as sweet as if adversity had never crossed her path or ruffled her temper.

"I am glad you have come," she said, "so very glad I can't say. Don't I look well today? All the morning I sat here thinking of you and of my prospects. Occasionally I would give half an hour to the part—it is so 'catchy' and somehow I see it is so differently from the way in which anybody has ever played it. If I *could* get the opportunity, I think I should be able to make them accept it."

Mildway mechanically took up the play-book. It was "Camille."

Presently Mildway tossed the book aside and looked up pleasantly, watching for awhile the lithe figure, which it was plain to be seen was the subject of his day dreams. It had never occurred to him before this day that it would be possible for him to do the girl an injury—that his interest in her welfare, his well meant endeavors in her behalf, could in any way be made to blight her prospects.

The possibilities suggested by his interview with Wykoff, added a new pang to his other sufferings and disappointments. If Miss Martha Gibbs had been able to read the thoughts that were reflected in his face as he sat there intently looking at her, she would have had an insight into a nature which no other heart had ever fathomed—an insight that would have given her a clearer conception of the purity of the love of Armand Duval for the poor, lost thing, whose gayeties and griefs she was so anxious to delineate.

"I have a little plan for you," he said at last,—"a desperate plan perhaps, but one which may do you good. The Accordeon Theatre is idle. To-morrow I shall take it for only a single night, mind, and you shall make your first real appeal to the New York public in a special performance of Camille."

She clasped her hands joyfully and moving up to him exclaimed, "Will your kindness to me never have an end?"

One More.

John Jack and Annie Firmin are meditating a revival of "East Lynne." Isabel is one of Annie's best impersonations. She peculiarly excels in the mother's-love business—a thing that even Clara Morris can't realize as occasionally superior to every other passion.

"THE ROMANY RYE" AT BOOTH'S THEATRE.

Jack Hearne, "The Romany Rye"	John W. Norton
Boss Knivett	Henry E. Dixey
Philip Royston	Charles Rockwell
Joe Heckett	F. F. Mackay
Edward Marsden	E. L. Tilton
Goliath Lee, gypsy	F. A. Tannehill
Black Nathan	George F. McDonald
Domity Lee	Maggie Dean
Sol Lee	Master Frank Dean
Jabez Duck	SidneyM. Howard
Captain David	F. Beresford
Scragger	O. H. Collins
Ginger Bill	J. W. Murray
Bill Smith	E. Knight
Curle	J. Drake
The American	P. Nanary
Constables	Messrs. Dunn and Harris
McCarthy	D. Shaw
Plato	Neil Grey
Detective	J. Swinbourne
Master Slive	Lewis Mitchel
Boatman	C. B. Burbidge
Officer of steamer	H. A. Hankers
Emigrant	John Taylor
Gertie Heckett	Emma Stockman
Lara Lee	Georgia Cayvan
Kiomi Lee	Mrs. Octavia Allen
Keziah	Bertha Foy
Queenie	Emma Bobbitt
Miss Acrian	Fanny Burt
Mother Shipton	Mrs Marie Wilkins
Mrs. Knivett	Mrs. F. A. Tannehill
Mrs. Curley	Miss Kehew
Workman's wife	Miss Jackson
Philadelphia	Mrs. Dean
Landlady of the inn	Angie Griffiths

Mr. George R. Sims' play, "The Romany Rye" was produced at Booth's Theatre on Monday evening with very great success. It is unnecessary to recount the story of this drama, because it really contains nothing new, and depends more upon the effectiveness of its scenery than upon its dramatic novelty for acceptability. In a literary sense, "The Romany Rye" is not a good play, but even in literary merit, it is up to the standard of the class of pieces to which it belongs. It is a class which always has been, and always will be successful, and so it succeeds by the popular verdict in spite of the critics.

It will be seen from the cast given above, that Mr. Simms crowds the stage with characters. Each of these is a clearly defined creation, and the dialogue and situations afford ample scope for acting. The stage effects are very elaborate. The piece opens with a gypsy encampment near Craigsnest, the mansion of Philip Royston, who has wrongful possession of the property, belonging legally to his half brother, brought up among the gpysies and known as Jack Hearne. It is in this act that the trouble begins between Philip and Jack. The second act takes place in the shop of a bird fancier, Joe Heckett, in Little Queen Street, Seven Dials. Gertie Heckett, Joe's grand-daughter, becomes as much a matter of dispute as the property of Craigsnest, and the third act presents a pretty love scene, in which Jack is seated on an old tree trunk, telling his love for Gertie. In the fourth act is presented a succession of the most effective and dramatic scenes in the play. There is a storm at sea, in which the Saratoga, with Gertie on board, strikes a rock, and is in danger of sinking. This is followed by a scene between decks, where Gertie is imprisoned by fallen wreckage. Jack is seen, hatchet in hand, cutting his way to his dearly-loved Gertie. Then comes the open sea and the tempest-tossed boat, but Jack and Gertie are carried safely ashore. Gertie takes the necessary certificate out of a little testament, stolen from Craigsnest, which she had conveniently in her possession to foil the villain, Philip. In all, there are seventeen scenes in "The Romany Rye," some bright and amusing, as well as others terrible and thrilling. Each is in itself a perfect picture, and the whole is put upon the stage with a care for detail that was admirable.

The piece, as presented at Booth's, is exceedingly well acted. Mr. Norton makes a manly and handsome Jack, and, in some of his scenes, shows exceptionally vigorous powers as an actor. As Joe Heckett, Mr. Mackay exhibited that remarkable elaboration of character which made him famous as the Prefect of Police in "Agnes," years ago. His acting in "The Romany Rye" renews the impression of his ability which he gave us at the Union Square Theatre ten years ago. Little Frank Dean as the gypsy boy Sol, completely outgypsied the real gypsies. Mr. Dixey made the part of Knivett very amusing, and Mr. Rockwell had a part to suit him in Philip Royston. Miss Emma Stockman and Miss Georgia Cayvan played their parts acceptably, and Mrs. Marie Wilkins as Mother Shipton, had a part not unlike her Frochard, which she played with telling effect. The acting of Mr. Mackay and Mrs. Wilkins is so thoroughly in keeping with their surroundings, that it will be long remembered by New York theatre-goers.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—"LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE."

Rose Michon (Her Original Character)	Mme. Theo
Bavolet (her first appearance in America)	Betty
Clorinde (her first appearance in America)	Morel
La Julienne	Vandamme
Arthemise	Vallot
Madelon	Caro
La Cocardiere	Mm. Duplan
Poirot	Grivel
Germain	Noe
Justine	Mmes. Delavigne
Lise	Delournay
A Soubrett	Adrienne
Waiters	Mm. Vinchon, Nys, Gerard, Norbert

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening, Mme. Theo made her first appearance here as Rose Michon in "La Jolie Parfumuese," an opera written expressly for her by Offenbach. The piece, as our readers well know, is an exceedingly bright one, full of tuneful music, and the composer certainly succeeded in making it fit Theo's limited vocal abilities like a glove. Consequently she appeared to better advantage than in "Mme. L'Archiduc," and while the defects of her voice was not so plainly evident, her acting was even more charming. Her impersonation of the pretty perfumer was peculiarly attractive, and highly relished by the well-filled house, which frequently showed its delight by rounds of applause. In the third act she introduced a reminiscence of the Cafe Vataclan, in the shape of a chansonette, "Pi-out," which she rendered in that piquant style so thoroughly her own. It was so well done that her auditors insisted upon hearing it again, and Theo was obliged to comply.

The opera itself is not remarkable for its moral tone, the second act especially, and in the hands of an artiste less delicate in her way of putting things than Mme. Theo, the piece could not well have helped being offensive to American eyes and ears; but Theo goes through her part in so innocent and fascinating a manner, that one cannot find the heart to even blame her for the naughty text of the French composer.

Of Mme. Theo's support we cannot speak too highly. Mlle. Betty, who made her first appearance in this country on Monday night as Bavolet, especially deserves praise. She is a very pleasing little woman, who knows how to act and to sing, and is extremely handsome. Indeed, if Theo ever has occasion to feel jealous of her companions, Mlle. Betty will be the first to come under her displeasure. Mlle. Morel, another debutant on the American stage, was well received, and worthy of her kind reception. Duplan as La Cocardiere, was amusing, and Grivel made quite a feature of Poirot. The rest of the cast was excellent, and the chorus as good as choruses ever are, despite a tendency on the part of several of the ladies to stare continually at something in the balcony—something that wore white neckties and steel pin coats. As a whole, the performance was enjoyable and deserving of its success.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—"THE RIVALS."

Bob Acres	Joseph Jefferson
Mrs. Malaprop	Mrs. John Drew
Sir Anthony Absolute	Frederick Robinson
Lydia Languish	Rose Wood
Captain Absolute	B. T. Ringgold
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Charles Waverly
David	Samuel Hemple
Falkland	Harry F. Taylor
Fag	Thomas Jefferson
Lucy	Miss Lillian Lee

If Mr. Jefferson will persist in playing to us in a part and with a company, in neither of which there is any noteworthy change, we cannot be expected to discuss a subject all over again that is worn completely threadbare. The support, as is always the case with Mr. Jefferson, was excellent, and of Mrs. Drew, it needs only be said, that she continues to share the honors with him.

"THE WORLD" AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Sir Clement Huntingford	R. Mantel
Harry Huntingford	George R Sprague
Mo Jewell	Maurice Pike
Martin Bashford	Charles T Nichols
Blackstone	George Conway
Lumley	John J. Burke
Owen	H. A. Moray
Ned, his son	Helen Blancke
Dr. Wyndham	Robert Brower
Dr. Hawkins	A. S. Wilson
Locksley	J. M. Howland
Rushton	Fred Jerome
Lawrence	Jerry Lant
Captain Pearson	A. C. Randall
Marshall	H. S. Lovell
Joe	Harry Lamb
Commissioner of Lunacy	Charles Evans
Detective	T. C. Bradley
Mabel Huntingford	Fanny Barry
Mary Blythe	Katie Blancke

The best evidence of the continued popularity of "The World" is the fact that it has run at the Grand Opera House during the week to full houses. Mr. Mantell makes a handsome and manly Sir Clement, and Mr. Pike succeeds in making an amusing part of Mo. Mr. Mantell

is a young English actor, seen in this country for the first time. He possesses considerable force and will prove an addition to our stage in such roles as that in which he effected his debut.

HAVERLY'S 14TH STREET THEATRE.—"MY SWEETHEART."

Tony	R. E Graham
Dr. Oliver	John B. Sutton
Harold Bartlett	L. Marston
Dudley Harcourt	L. R. Williard
Joe Shotwell	T. J. Hawkins
Farmer Hatzell	George Foos
Mrs. Fleeter	Maggie Arlington
Mrs. Haizell	Louise Morse
Tina	Minnie Palmer

"My Sweetheart," in which Miss Minnie Palmer and Mr. R. E. Graham made their apparance at Haverly's Theatre in 14th Street this week, is a production of the semi-variety kind, written as a vehicle for the specialties of the principals. Neither of these, it must be confessed, is very good. Miss Palmer is an imitation of Miss Lotta, and Mr. Graham of Mr. Emmet. As imitations they are very successful, and were most successful when their entertainment most partook of the variety character.

GERMANIA THEATRE—"URIEL ACOSTA"

Manasse Vanderstraten	Herr Haakh
Judith	Fraulein Honnef
Ben Jochai	Herr Egli
De Silva	Herr Kessler
Rabbi Ben Akiba	Herr Merton
Uriel Acosta	Herr Ernst
Esther	Fraulein von Kaler
Ruben	Herr Hartzheim
Joel	Herr Jonas
Baruch Spinoza	Fraulein Gross
De Santos	Herr Schimke-Herrman
Van der Embden	Herr Kummer
Attendant to the Temple	Herr Heinemann
Simon	Herr Wolkenstein
Servant of De Silva	Herr Pauli

The opening of the Germania Theatre took place on Saturday night last, with "Uriel Acosta," in which five new comers were introduced to the public including Herr Ernst in the title *role* and Fraulein Honnef as Judith. Herr Ernst made a great success, and at the close of the fourth act especially, he was called for with great enthusiasm from the audience. He is an actor of much force and will be a favorite with the Germans of New York. Fraulein Honnef was also very successful and manager Neuendorff is to be congratulated upon the auspicious beginning of his season. The other debutants were Fraulein von Kaler, Herr Egli and Herr Haakh.

"DER JOURFIX."

Otto Buchholz	Herr Merton
Adele	Fraulein Honnef
Martin	Herr Egli
Hedwig	Fraulien Becker
Dr. Emil Volkart	Herr Mauthner
Sophie	Fraulien Bensberg
Georgious Botuschanu	Herr Meery
Dr. Alfred Muller	Herr Ernst
Dr. Puppell	Herr Kessler
Assikow	Herr Pauli
Treller	Herr Hartzheim
Mme. Treller-Beinbrich	Fraulein Lorenz
Ottoker, poet	Herr Wolkenstein
Schumann	Herr Jonas
Dubberke	Herr Heinemann
Blume	Herr Haakh
Mme. Blume	Fraulein Schmitz
Miss Blume	Fraulein Kluhn
Miss Eckhoff	Fraulein Rocke
Marie	Fraulein Gross
Friemel	Herr Kummer
Karoline	Fraulein Umlauff

A new comedy, "Der Jourfix" (The Reception Day"), by Hugo Burger, was produced for the first time in this country at the Germania Theatre on Monday evening, and run through the week. The play is a bright and amusing comedy, of the kind so pleasing to the Germans, and it served to introduce to the New York stage Fraulien Becker, who proved herself a charming little actress, and Herr Mauthner, a very good heavy father.

The Week in Philadelphia.

Five alleged new plays, new at any rate to Philadelphia dramatic annals, were promised for this week, and two of them at least are disappointments. Frank Bush's Hebrew comedy of "Ikey Solomons" at the Walnut was kicked and cuffed wtih considerable contemptuous criticism in Tuesday's morning papers. The Israelite dealers in clothes which "vits you like dee baper on dee vall," are too prosaically numerous on South street, to say nothing of their rapid multiplication of late years on Market street, to admit of the Chatham street personage being made romantically interesting. The other disappointment in the alleged new play line was "A Charity Orphan," in which Miss Lillie Hinton reappeared and opened her regular season at Wood's Museum. It is simply "A Child of the State" under an alias. Miss Hinton is quite versatile, but her versatility applies mostly to comedy parts, and although she is refined, graceful, rhetorically correct, &c., in serious business, she can no more play the ruthless and ferocious young French hyena which Gertrude is supposed to be in the second and third acts, than a steam yacht can play a freight locomotive on steel rails. Hattie Armstrong ought to have had the part, if anybody in Wood's company was to play it. The fair Hinton, however, was quite lionized Monday evening, and caught on first rate.

The other plays were simply new to Philadelphia. First, perhaps, among the successes of the week was Sardou's "Odette" at the Chestnut Street Opera House, with Miss Ada Rehan n the title role. The critics unanimously voted i"Odette" immense, although too fleshily Frenchy.

At Haverly's, Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" made itself enjoyable for six acts. What more could be said? Six acts are too many, and the people are finding it out. And yet Bartley succeeds in this case, in spite of it. Bravo Bartley. Comparatively few Bunthornes of the playwright business could idealize Lady Jane in six acts.

"La Belle Russe" was played at the Arch Street Theatre by Miss Jeffreys-Lewis. J-L has improved a good deal since her last appearance here, and made an excellent impression. Why can't her pleasing sister Catherine, follow her example and get over the little coarseness which still disfigures her performances?

John Carncross' Eleventh Street Opera House is still crowded to see "Majah Mysterious Fipps," and "Don't Tell Carncross." Whenever John sings "Barney McCoy" he is greeted with thunders of applause. One would think from the wide range of follies which Carncross shoots with burlesques as they fly, that he could not refrain from treading on some people's political corns, and making some other people's religious flesh crawl, or offending some prude's sense of delicacy; but he never does. His rule is to permit no religious, political or indecent allusions whatever.

Frank I. Frayne's "Mardo, or the Nilhilist of St. Petersburg" crowds the National nightly.

Courtwright's Minstrel Show, at the Arch Street Opera House, is building up a reputation. He, too, has a Phipps burlesque, called "Phlips Phlight and Capture."

Braham and Scanlan's half-grown, love-sick maidens, and small-boy dragoon guards are still doing "Patience" at the Lyceum. My dear, better in the afternoon than in the evening. Reason: The audiences are largely composed of young folks.

The only change in management talked of, is the giving up of the lease of the Museum by George Wood, and its assumption by Col. Joseph H. Wood, who will take possession October 1, renovate it, and shake up the stock company, many of whom are in fear and trembling lest they be dropped. At least the Hinton, the Armstrong, and the William Davidge, Jr., however, may be set down as matters of course in the constitution of the reorganized company.

Haverly's property hands growl about the immensity of Lawrence Barrett's "fixings." His trunks are larger, heavier, and more numerous than those of a Murray Hill society queen packed up for Newport WACK.

My first thought after my late unfortunate tour with the Miners' Gulch Company, was to endeavor to keep the wolf away from the door by giving a series of dramatic readings. I told my young friend Jack Franc, and he not only warmly approved my plan, but offered me one of his own poems for a part of the programme.

* * *

This is the poem :—

So the life-dream has vanished orever
It seems rather harsh and unkind
To slight such a pure petite angel
In a moment of fierce passion blind.
Do you recall a night in late Summer,
As she lay in your arms, and you swore
That she was the one only woman
In this great world that you could adore?

You couldn't have loved her sincerely—
'Tis your villanous pride, I'll be sworn,
Which frowns in such horrible fashion,
Transforming your vows into scorn.
To blot her dear life from your memory
Will be found quite a ponderous task,
For a love that has taken root truly
Eternal in sunshine will bask.

Received were her poor little missives,
And, carelessly humming an air
You pierced her with sneering responses—
Old fellow, it hardly was fair!
They were full of contrition and sorrow.
Yet breathing a dim scent of love
To the wretch who so savagely read them.
Whose manhood those words failed to move.

Picture the bright, winning manner
Of that face, with its eyes of regret,
And figure so rounded and dainty—

That first kiss you can never forget—
Brown hair you have fondled so often,
The scarlet and quivering mouth,
White bosom so dovelike and tender,
With breath like the balmy air South.

Go back to her, lad, if you're human—
You will when you learn it's too late;
Tears will course scalding, unbidden,
Down your cheeks when you think of the fate
That has riven those links of love's fire,
And cast a girl's heart at your feet
Which you madly crushed into the mire
Through pride and a silly conceit.

—"*The Belle*," *Fort Lee, N. J.*

* * *

My friend writes over a *nom de plume*, and as the sporting paper in which his poem first appeared, mis-spelled the name, I presume he wanted to see it on my bills spelled properly. Read the verses and you will see that they are entirely too much like melo drama to suit the reading desk. That is what I think of them, at least, and so I have resolved to become a teacher of dramatic art, anduse them as a study for my young men who want to learn how to play the lover.

* * *

What troubles me just now is how to advertise my new calling. The hum-drum commonplace won't do for me. It won't do for me to advertise that I am a "teacher of the clarionet and dramatic elocution." I don't see that the two things go together, and besides, this branch of the business is already monopolized by "Mrs. G. J. Marshall." What shall I do?

* * *

Drop into poetry in imitation of my young friend? Somebody, however, has tried that too. Let me see how it reads.

All last season's pupils are on their way to fortune and fame,
New pupils are working hard to do the same,
Many companies we do with young actresses supply,
We never had a pupil fail, and that is the reason why.

This is very fine as poetry, but it strikes me it won't do for business.

* * *

I might do as Mr. Mackay does, and announce myself simply as

P. P. PROMPTER,
ELOCUTIONIST AND TEACHER OF THE ART OF ACTING,
Under the Stairs at the Criterion.

Let me think of this. I don't believe it will work, for even Mr. Mackay does better as an actor than as a teacher of the art.

* * *

How would this do?

P. P. PROMPTER'S
New York Dramatic College, No. —— East —— st.--Acting, Fencing, Gesticulation, Coaching, &c. No classes. Call or send for circular. America never before offered so fair a field for a great (native) tragic actress.

But then my friend Hauchett advertises in this way. Who the deuce Hanchett is I don't know, but he must be a far-seeing fellow. Just where the "fair field" for "a great (native) tragic actress" comes in I can't see, but Hanchett sees it, and it must be so.

* * *

Teaching won't work, and so the only thing that is open to me is, to turn dramatic author. How will this read?

TO THE PROFESSION.—FOR SALE, A STRONG EMOTIONAL DRAMA, with picturesque and original star part for "Ingenue." Address PROMPTERT, heatre office.

* * *

Very well, you say? It reads well enough, perhaps, but the profession is not apt to be taken in by this sort of thing. By Jove, I won't attempt it. The thing for me to do is, to wait for my feet to get all right, and to "job" for the rest of the season. Who knows but that Mapleson may want me to sing with Patti. Stranger things than this have happened before.

* * *

Have something? Why, cert'nly. Where is my stick? Since that unfortunate affair with the "Miners' Gulch" I can't walk without it. None of your jokes—I don't aspire to be a walking gentleman. Yes, we'll go round to Charlie's. Tom Morris is out of town, and so there is sure to be a vacant chair under the stairs.

—Mr. John T. Raymond does not like his play, "For Congress," and it is understood that "Touch and Go" is to be produced during his Boston engagement instead. To say that Mr. Raymond does not like Mr. Lloyd's play is a delicate way of indicating its want of success.

—It is expected that Signor Salvini's first appearance in this country this season will be as "King Lear." Salvini is said to have made a thorough study of the part. He will sail for this country October 7.

—Mrs. Agnes Booth, Mr. Whiffen and Mr. Leslie Allen are giving the finishing touches to "Esmeralda" at the Madison Square Theatre. It is a pleasant thought that the people who created the parts when the piece was first produced, should be again in the cast at the good-by.

—There is no merit that we can see in Miss Thursby at her approaching concert at Chickering Hall, singing in six languages. Music in reality has only one tongue. But of course, having been in Sweden, Miss Thursby must above all others, give some Swedish songs. We would remind her that not even Christine Nilsson could make us care for these.

—Mr. Labouchere tells in *Truth* of an American who said to him, "We don't like your accent—we don't consider you pronounce English correctly." "Oh, ah," answered Labouchere, "we've noticed that." This complaint was once made against an English actress, who was engaged to give a reading in a Pennsylvania town. "It is singular," said her agent, "that English people do not know how so speak English."

—The Western press is teeming with praise of the new Irish Comedian, Barry Conlon, who made so successful a debut at the Academy of Music, Chicago, last May, in Colonel Henderson's play, "Garryowen." Mr. Conlon is spoken of as a gentleman of culture and education, a pleasing vocalist and an excellent actor. The Chicago Irish *Tribune* says, he is "the coming Irish Comedian," and that 'Garryowen' is the best Irish play ever seen in that section."

—It is scarcely more than a year since L. Simons was a space reporter on the New York press. Now it seems he is M. Simon, and is the actual manager of the Ambigu, in Paris, for Master Bernhardt, the divine Sarah's son.

—Mr. Max Strakosch brings out a debutante at the Grand Opera House next week in Lucia—Miss Beecher. One good thing about Mr. Strakosch, out of many, is that he is not afraid to give young singers an opportunity.

—Charles Cathcart sailed for England on Thursday. The fact that this English stage manager is compelled to oscillate between two hemispheres, shows how rare the capable stage manager is becoming. And yet some of our stage managers of acknowledged capability are idle.

—Alice Dunning Lingard had a very successful week at the Windsor.

—An elaborate article on the architecture of New York's theatres, from the pen of Steele Mackaye, is forthcoming in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

—A correspondent writes from New York to the Chicago *Herald*:

Bob Morris, the technically erudite critic of the *Telegram*, is getting into hot water. Bob writes plays, speculates in companies "on the road," hawks his plays on the Square, and is therefore a rival of Sardou, Marsden, and McCloskey as a dramatist, and of Palmer and Daly as a manager of travelling organizations. Of late Mr. Morris has "pitched" into everything that has been produced, and remonstrances have been or are to be sent to the editor of the *Telegram*. A critic has no more right to be a playwright than a dramatist has to be a critic. "It ain't fair," as Mr. Henderson said when he read Bob Morris' criticism on Laura Don's play. I am sorry to be forced to add that, as I feared, Miss Don's play has proved a financial failure. It is not a literary one.

It is very queer logic that because Morris is a rival of Sardou, Marsden, and McCloskey, and we might add Cazauran, that he is not to be allowed to tell the truth about other people's plays in his capacity as a critic.

—Mr. W. R. Palmer had a farewell benefit in San Francisco on the 14th inst., the Union Square company appearing in scenes from "Daniel Rochat," "Lady of Lyons," "Hunchback," 'Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Long Strike."

—Mr. John E. Ince is organizing a company to go out with "Fun in a Boarding School," in which his part, Jeremiah Gimcrack, has been rewritten and made the central figure.

—Mr. Colville contemplates the formation of a dramatic company which can play anything, every member to be a real actor or actress. The success of Mr. Jefferson's company in "The Rivals" shows that legitimate companies are now what the public want.

—That people will laugh and think themselves immensely amused upon slight provocation is apparent from the hilarity occasioned by "My Sweetheart."

—"De Lights o' New York" at the San Francisco Minstrels is full of explosions of various kinds, but particularly of laughter. When a street car and Billy Birch meet in collision, something must happen, and it does.

—Mr. D. H. Harkins is on his way from Australia to England, which means that we shall soon have another great American tragedian among us.

MATERNA IN GERMAN OPERA.

[Bayreuth Correspondence of the *Courier-Journal*.]

Sure it is Materna is bubbling over with enthusiasm for America, and is certain to visit that country in 1883 for a two-years' tour. She asserted most positively that, even if she should have to undertake the enterprise at the risk of her own fortune, she should get together a company of as great artists as Wagner had secured for "Parsifal," so that Wagner's earlier—and she might have said better—works, as well as many other great compositions, may be given in America as they have never before been produced. She believed the time had come when there was sufficient interest in real music in America to sustain such a collection of really great artists. Indeed, she thought that this would pay better than a company of sticks, with possibly one star. Materna and Carl Friedrich are now looking about for a manager for such an enterprise. If they get one, well and good. If not, they propose being

their own managers. The repertory already decided upon is as follows: "Rienzi," "Tannhausser," "Lohengrin," by Wagner: Beethoven's "Fidelio," Mozart's "Don Juan," Weber's "Euryanthe," which has never been given in complete form in America, and a new opera by Goldmark, said to be a wonderfully fine production, called "Konigin von Saba." I am sure that if music lovers will come several thousand miles, and then pay $7 to $10 per seat to witness a performance like "Parsifal," they may look forward with grateful anticipation to the enjoyment securable from hearing such music as is promised America by Materna and her company at no advance in prices upon those of the annual Mapleson season.

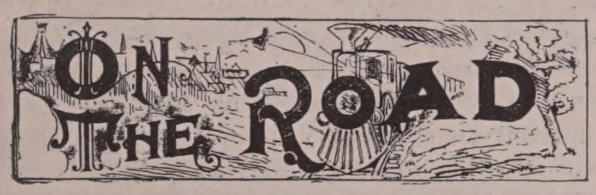
A London correspondent says that several English opera companies are forming. Of these, the Royal English Opera Company, with Mme. Rose Hersee a prima donna, and Mr. Arthur Howell, her husband, as musical director and conductor, will probably be the most formidable, such names as those of Mme. Blanche Cole, Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr. Packard, Mr. Aynsley Cooke and Mr Lyall included in it, being a proof of its strength. The first performances have been given this week at the Crystal Palace, the opening one being "Maritana," with Rose herself in the title role, and Helen Armstrong as Lazarillo.

Charles Lecocq has completed a new opera, entitled "Le Cœur et la Main." It will be produced at the Nouvates in October.

"Parsifal" is to be sung with great magnificence at the Munich Court Theatre, October 12.

Madame Etelka Gerster is to sing at the Paris Opera next season. She is now in Italy.

A case involving the right of the public to hiss was lately tried in the English provinces One of the audience at a Sheffield music hall was ejected for hissing a song. He summoned the ejecting manager for assault. The magistrate held that "is was not disorder for a person to show signs of disapproval. When a performer appeared before the public she solicited their approval, and rendered herself liable to disapproval."



"MONEY BAGS."

Toby Pennywinkle, a tanner (Young Money Bags).....F. Lamb
Gideon Webb, a wealthy grocer (Old Money Bags)..J.W. Shannon
Captain Rackett, of the Dragoons .....Frank Clements
Reginald Buchannon, poet and author.....Henry Miller
Jack Bumble, the captain's man.....Frank Lamb
Old Pennywinkle, Toby's father.....Geo. C. Jordan
Jeems Henry, a servant.....Mathew Johns
Postman.....Stephen Garrick
Mrs. Gideon Webb.....Annie Poudinot
Annie, her daughter.....Katie Gilbert
Kate Bloomsbury, Webb's niece.....Edith Florence
Barbara Howser, Mrs. Webb's sister.....Julia Brutone
Betsey, a maid.....Miss Dragglethorpe
Jenny, a cook.....Miss Bantling

Characters in the Play Scene.

The Moorish Prince.....Toby Pennywinkle
Don Almedo.....Captain Rackett
Cupid.....Jack Bumble
The Herald.....F. Boudinot
The Princess Isabella.....Annie Webb
The Princess Elvira.....Kate Bloomsbury
The Princess Olivia.....Barbara Howser

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 19.]

A right royal welcome was accorded Mr. J. W. Shannon's new comedy, "Money Bags"—an adaptation from the German "Geld Sacke" of the late Dr. Bendix, of Vienna—at the Grand Opera House last night. The piece was cleverly acted, and from the opening to the closing scene the large audience followed the current of humor which flows through the play, now light, bright, and sparkling, anon broad, full toned and unctuous, with ever increasing interest and enjoyment. The welcome extended to the comedy was only surpassed by the fervor of the greeting bestowed upon Messrs. Shannon and Lamb, who were fairly overwhelmed by the warmth and heartiness of the long-drawn applause which broke spontaneously from all parts of the house upon their appearance before the footlights. "Money Bags" is not only a pure toned and highly amusing comedy, but it conveys a wholesome lesson couched in witty dialogue and sharp satire, and emphasized by ludicrous and convulsing situations. The audience laughed itself hoarse; and after enjoying three hours of unadulterated honest fun set the seal of popular approval upon the play by an enthusiastic recall of Messrs. Shannon and Lamb before the curtain at its termination. The story told in "Money Bags" is domestic in character, and through a variety of incidents, in which the grave and the humorous are delightfully combined, yet in a straightforward manner, teaches the moral that true hearts are better than riches, and that it is better to marry for love than for money. It deals with a wealthy and ignorant grocer, Gideon Webb (Mr. Shannon) who has reared his daughter Annie (Miss Katie Gilbert) in the belief that money is the one and only object in life, all else sinking into utter insignificance when compared with it. In consonance with this theory he engages her to the son of a tanner, Toby Pennywinkle (Mr. Lamb), who is equally rich. The young people have never met, but have simply exchanged photographs, this being regarded as a sufficient demonstration of tenderness. As the time appointed for the marriage approaches, the intended son-in-law arrives, and is discovered to be a vulgar, low bred, and parsimonious booby, whose every thought is absorbed in his tan pits and money bags. The girl, who in culture and feeling is really superior to her surroundings, is disgusted, grows rebellious, and turns from the chosen suitor. It so happens that the old grocer employs a poor but talented poet, Reginald Buchannon (Mr. Henry Miller) to write a play to be performed in his drawing room for the edification of his intended son-in-law, who is also to play a part. The poet, who is himself in love with the young lady, performs his work in the shape of a keen satire, which serves to direct the steps of the misguided young heiress, and is used as an effective instrument in annulling the betrothal of money and uniting two loving hearts. The principal fun of the piece is born of the rehearsal of the poet's work. There is a succession of ludicrous incidents of the most extravagant character, in which real love and sham love are so intermingled as to deceive the father of the heiress, who fondly imagines that the unusual goings on in his household are but part and parcel of the rehearsal. There is a charming love scene, and after many difficulties the father is induced to consent to the marriage of his daughter and the poet, particularly as the tanner has seen fit to engage himself to a wealthy old maid, Barbara Howser (Mrs. Julia Brutone), who is a sister of the grocer's wife, and all ends happily. Mr. Shannon has located the scene of the story in England, and his assumption of the part of Gideon Webb, a species of masculine Mrs. Malaprop, was as fine a bit of character acting as has been seen upon our stage. Mr. Lamb was outrageously funny as the uncouth Toby, keeping the audience in roars of laughter whenever he was upon the scene. Mrs. Brutone deserves a special word of commendation for her spirited impersonation of Barbara, while Miss Gilbert was becomingly charming and piquant as the heiress. Mr. Frank Lamb's Jack Bumble was capitally conceived and fittingly belogged, while the scene at the close of the second act, where he disports as an amazingly attired Cupid, has never been excelled in ludicrousness and originality of situation in this city. Mr. Frank Clements carried off the part of Captain Brackett in a dashing manner. Mr. Miller was effective as the poet, while the minor parts in the play were one and all in able hands. "Money Bags" is to be counted a success. It will hold the stage at the Grand Opera House throughout the week, matinee performances being given to-morrow and Saturday afternoon.

MARGARET MATHER AS "ROSALIND."

[From the Chicago *Herald*, September 15.]

Some of the critics of the daily press have been comparing Miss Margaret Mather's performances with those of the late Adelaide Neilson, to the advantage of the former. We wish we could conscientiously do the same; but we can do no more than reiterate, after seeing her in four parts, the opinion we expressed upon the morning after her debut, that she is a debutante in whom there is the brightest possibility. In her there is more promise than we have found in any young actress in the period dating from the time when Clara Morris jumped into favor, when she made her appearance as Ann Sylvester in "Man and Wife," at Daly's Theatre. We do not mention Miss Morris' name because there is anything in common between the two women, but simply take the beginning of her popularity as a date. In naming Miss Mather in connection with the late Miss Neilson, we can say this in favor of the former. Some time in the latter part of 1867, we saw Neilson before she ever came to this country. Then she was an indifferent actress, but one of undoubted promise. It took her eight or ten years' continuous practice to perfect her performance to such an extent as to win just such recognition as some of the critics have given Miss Margaret Mather. Miss Mather shows at the beginning of her career more promise than did Miss Adelaide Neilson at the beginning of hers; but to say that Miss Mather can now interpret Juliet or Rosalind as well as Miss Neilson as we recollect her during her last visit to this country, after she had had the benefit of all her knowledge of such men as John Ryder, of London, and others could impart, is as unjust to the lady as it is to the public. It is unjust to the debutante because it is liable to make many people judge her from a standpoint from which she should not be judged; it is unjust to her manager because it is more than he claims; it is unjust to the public because it is not the truth.

We make these prefatory remarks in order that the reader may know that we criticise Miss Mather not from the standard we would apply to an experienced and thoroughly trained actress, but by the standard of kindness and encouragement which should be applied to all debutantes who show talent for the profession they have elected to follow. Miss Mather last evening, then, appeared for the first time as Rosalind in "As You Like It." It is not difficult to understand Rosalind's character. Beneath her wit, which is as voluble, as fresh, as keen, as wholesome as is the wit of Beatrice, her deep and loyal womanhood is plainly seen. There is exquisite tenderness in her mirth. Her deep affection, thorough sincerity and sensibility, her heart and her nature, fit to comprehend real love and to bountifully reward it, is as obvious when she faints at sight of the bloody handkerchief as when she wears her masculine attire and with a tongue steeped in gentle mockery deals out light banter to the love-smitten Orlando in the forest of Arden. To the credit of Miss Mather, be it said that she gave ample evidence of a wonderfully clear appreciation of this character. She read her dialogue, which has "the freedom and freshness of the atmosphere of Arden," with astonishing intelligence. She has a very good knowledge of the conventional business of the part. She stepped upon the stage with perfect self-possession. She invested the first scenes with a pleasing feminine sweetness. She looked pretty in her doublet and hose, although at times somewhat restrained. The saucy playfulness with Orlando in the forest had a hearty ring. Her handkerchief scene was cleverly done. In short, she presented a Rosalind which the large audience seemed willing to lavish their praises upon, and one, which, for a first effort, was a decidedly

fine piece of work. But while an actress may have a clear conception of the requirements of the part; while she may read the lines with intelligence, bring to the undertaking an agreeable personality; while she may have learned enough of the traditional business of the character to present it as Miss Mather did last night in a manner to please an audience, there is much more required before we have a truthful picture of Rosalind. The actress must portray and sustain each contrasting phase of the character, setting them off against one another like "a steady ray of sunlight against the transparent depth of a stream." The actress must infuse into the character the poetic refinement, the subtlety of wit and that indefinable charm of manner which no instructor, no book, nothing else than acting experience, study and natural aptitude can give. When Miss Mather has more experience than she has now we do not doubt but we will find in her Rosalind more perfect weaving of the fabrics of this character; we will find that her contrasts of bearing will not be so rough and uncertain as now; that her grace will not have the slightest tinge of affectation, and that her dash of merry-making will have the necessary spontaneity. To sum up Miss Mather's effort briefly, we can truthfully say that for a first appearance it was quite a successful endeavor. It displayed some noteworty qualities, and is an excellent foundation upon which to build.

The play is the best cast piece in the repertoire. Mr. Davidge, who has a keen appreciation of Shakespearean clownish humor, made a most acceptable Touchstone, and we have seldom seen upon the stage of this a better Audray than that presented by Mrs. Jamison. The Jacques of Mr. Milnes Levick was the finest interpretation of the tender philosopher we have seen since we saw the late E. L. Davenport in the role, although the conception was on trodden lines. His reading of the seven ages was something to be remembered. His audience appeared to think so, too, for the applause that followed the delivery was the most spontaneous of the evening. Mt. E. O. Jepson, most artistically made up for old Adam, played the part with much feeling and interpreted the weakness of age with fidelity. Miss Isabel Morris, as Celia, did very well, as she generally does. The banished Duke was played by Mr. Frank Wise, Oliver by Mr. Walter Eytinge, Le Baugh by Mr. Walter Standish. There was the same care in costuming that has been observed in every production since the season began.

[From the Chicago *Herald*, Sept. 17.]

Miss Margaret Mather's engagement was closed last night at McVicker's. The theatre was, as it has generally been during the past three weeks, crowded. The financial success of the young debutante is indisputable. She has taken in more money than was ever taken in, so far as our knowledge goes, during the same period by any young girl who, without extended previous practical experience, ever stepped upon a stage. Of course Miss Mather has had advantages which no other young woman ever had. By the shrewdest management public curiosity was worked up to an extraordinary point, and therefore her enormous business can certainly not be taken as a fair estimate of her popularity. The time will come when she will stand simply upon her merit as an actress. As to her artistic success we need say nothing further. As Miss Mather has submitted her impersonations we have reviewed them. We did not expect a perfect actress in Miss Mather, and we were not disappointed in her. She is at the threshold of her dramatic career. She has a long way to walk before she reaches a front rank. That she will eventually reach an exalted place we are inclined to believe, for she is evidently a woman of brains, pluck and perseverance.

"LA BELLE RUSSE" IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the Philadelphia *Times*, Sept. 19.[

All the elements of the emotional drama of the modern French school are found in Belasco's society play produced at the Arch Street Theatre last night. "La Belle Russe" has a striking resemblance to "Two Nights in Rome," and has for its theme the efforts of a notoriously bad woman to thrust herself into an old English aristocratic family as the wife of a younger son who years before had deserted his young bride in consequence of family objections and then betaken himself to the wars. The interest of the story centres mainly in La Belle Russe, impersonated by Miss Jeffreys Lewis, and Captain Dudley Brand, sustained by J. Newton Gotthold. Fine touches and delicate shadings are constantly called for in the proper presentation of the part of La Belle Russe. Miss Lewis, while not rising to the absolute requirements of the character, at times moved her audience to enthusiasm or tears. If baskets of flowers, bouquets, and other floricultural designs signify a dramatic triumph, then Miss Lewis achieved an unequivocal success, as the floral offerings placed at her feet fell not short of half a score. From an artistic point of view Mr. Gotthold more than shared the honors of the night, while H. C. Hudson, as the old attorney, and Walter L. Dennis, as the beguiled husband, came in for a fair share of the liberally but not judiciously bestowed approbation.

"IKEY SOLOMONS."

[From the Philadelphia *Times*, Sept. 19.]

The patrons of the Walnut—and there were a good many of them present—had a rather amusing time of it last night. The new play of "Ikey Solomons" is just the sort of play to suit Mr. Frank Bush, and Mr. Frank Bush is just the sort of actor to suit the new play, but that either the play or the player will suit any great number of people is something not so certain. It is a wonderful mixture, and, like a plate of boarding-house hash, almost anything can be found in it. There is a wide range of character in it—a range almost too wide, in fact, for the author's successful grasp—and a load of acting which bears with dangerous weight upon the fragile talents of most of the actors. The whole thing hangs around the generally funny business of Ikey Solomons, but has a story which is neither fresh nor good; but it is both as fresh and as good as the variety business which is introduced, and about all that the company in general can want to handle.

MR. KEENE IN CHICAGO.

[From the Chicago *Times*, Sept. 19.]

Mr. Keene opened his second week at the Grand last night in the titular role in "Othello," Mr. George F. Learock assuming the part of Iago. After a week of his engagement is past during which he has appeared in several of his round of characters, one is impressed with a belief that he is in danger of disappointing the hope that was once entertained of him in a very considerable degree. Perhaps his most satisfactory interpretation has been that of Macbeth; in that he seems to take hold most readily upon the rugged character which the dramatist doubtless intended therein to draw. Whether he has been unfavorably affected by the rather remarkable success which he achieved in his earlier appearances, and has not, therefore, given to his later work the degree of study and close application which the characters he essays demand from any one, is something which can only be matter of conjecture; but, whatsoever may be the cause the study does not seem to have been given, and the work does not show those marks of improvement which his earlier success had led his friends to expect. This fact strikes one as more conspicuous in the character of Othello than in any other he has thus far attempted. It is confessedly one of the most difficult and exacting in that class of the drama to which it belongs, and of which, at the same time, it should be admitted there is great variety of opinion. It takes the most careful handling to make the character seem other than that of a weak-minded and foolish man who allows himself to be led astray by stories "too thin," as the phrase goes, to deceive any but just such a man. This elevation of the character Mr. Keene scarcely succeeds in effecting. His portrayal of the mingled rage and pain caused by the belief is forcible enough—too violent and what is meant by melodramatic, indeed, in many points—but he falls short of delineating the intense mental struggle through which he passes before the belief is yielded to. He is too violent and demonstrative in the opening stages of his jealousy. He allows Desdemona to see him, as she enters, in a paroxysm of rage, and then goes on with a scene in which not the smallest allusion is made to the extraordinary manifestation which she has just seen. So far is this violence carried that when he at last demands proof from Iago, a point of the play which in the hands of Salvini, for example, is electrical in power, it fails of effect simply from physical inability to overtop what he has already done. This remark will indicate the want of judgment and finish before alluded to, and which is noticeable in other portions of the play as well. He strikes one as all the time working for some effect upon "the upper tiers"—something which, as before said, may be called melodramatic. It is not meant that the impersonation is without many strong merits and indications of capacity for better work than he does. All this has been many times said and should be understood. It is only meant that it has the indicated faults, and that they seem to come mainly from want of careful study and the use of judgment which much of his work indicates that he has if he will exercise it. His Moor is mainly the conventional stage conception, which is well enough as a Moor, simply, but scarcely seems to be that of the Moor of Venice, as Shakspeare calls him. The huge ear pendants and crooked saber and much of the rest of the make-up do not seem to belong in one chosen to command the armies of a civilized state. In this respect he has not seen fit to depart from that curious body of customs known as "the traditions of the stage."

Mr. Learock's Iago was a creditable assumption, without any very striking points such as those familiar with that gentleman's work would expect of him. The remainder of the cast was fairly well filled, though there were not wanting points, which came nigh to being laughable when by no means so intended. The house was a fair one in size, but did not seem to warm up in any pronounced way.

[From the Chicago *Herald*, Sept. 17.]

Keene is now in the third year of his career as a tragedy star. The first half of his fourth engagement in this city ended last night. There is no diminution in the favor shown him heretofore. This is all the more gratifying from the fact that there was, in comparison to the tactics generally employed by managers, really very little done for him in the way of preliminary advertising. The town was not turned into a chromo establishment, the newspapers were not filled with extravagant advertisements. The tragedian began his engagement in the most modest way. His manager, W. R. Hayden, placed him before the public simply upon his merits, and his merits drew as much into the treasury as was taken in during any former week in which the tragedian played in this city. So much for his popularity. As to his acting, there seems to be a perfectly unanimous opinion that during the past year he has made the most marked advance in what may be called "the refinement of acting." He retains all the energy, fire and enthusiasm which interests all audience in his work, which made him popular and which will enable him to keep his popularity; but upon every part he has played—Richard, Hamlet, Shylock or Macbeth—he has lavished an immense amount of study. It is visible many ways. We see it in the multitude of small details, in the new business, in the increased historical accuracy shown in the dressing of every part, in the moderation and greater effectiveness with which he portrays many of

the scenes formerly ranted. Where there was slight obscurity in his reading there is now clearness. He has now a firmer grasp of the characters he portrays, and the elements of those characters are more harmoniously interpreted. We trust, however, that Mr. Keene as he grows older will not carry this refining process to the same extent as some tragedians have carried it, and refine all the Shaksperian spirit out of his characters.

A DISQUISITION ON PORK.

[From the Chicago *Herald*, Sept. 19.]

"Ripples" is a two-act "musical melange." The bills tell it is "humorous and new." The audience present at its first production last night at Hooley's Theatre, however, didn't exactly seem to view it in the same light as the bill writer, for a funereal gloom settled upon the house soon after the rising of the curtain, which, except at rare intervals, was unbroken until the conclusion of the performance. The first act is supposed to occur at a seaside resort near Liverpool. Willie Edouin appears as an eccentric pork packer of Cincinnati. When he is on the stage the uppermost topic of conversation is pork, and he is so much on the stage that the first act may be described as a disquisition on pork. Miss Alice Atherton is supposed to be an American young woman who has been spoiled by an affectation for English ways. Mr. Julian Mitchell is a wretched imitation of Lord Dundreary without the skip. Miss Anna Guenther looks pretty and sings moderately well. Miss Anna Brevoort's character is well described in the bill as a bore. She became so to her audience. The dialogue is slangy and often coarse. Most of the jokes and puns have either been heard in burlesque or in minstrelsy, and they are not as good as might have been selected. Indeed, the most amusing feature in the entire first act was the variety sketch by Mr. Powers. That gentleman really took whatever honors there were, not only in the first but in the second act. At the end of the first part the dramatis personæ are supposed to embark for Australia. In the second act we find them shipwrecked on what is called a desert island. The strength of this act lies in a great deal of talk about clam chowder, with marginal notes concerning pork and a lot of variety business, not a feature of which is entertaining, except "an æsthetic dance," which was deservedly encored. The piece was written by Mr. Joseph Bradford. Few sketches of the kind are entirely satisfactory at the start. They require to be built up, and during the building the public have to suffer. The difficulty with "Ripples," however, is that there is nothing in it upon which to build, so far as we could see.

"YOUTH" AT THE BOSTON THEATRE.

[From the Boston *Herald* Sept. 20.]

The Boston Theatre management has hit upon another popular success in "Youth," the famous Drury Lane melodrama, which was produced last evening for the first time in this city. A large audience was present in spite of the tropical heat, and applauded vigorously throughout the evening, "called" the curtain at the close of every act, sometimes two or three times in succession, repeatedly summoned the principal members of the cast to the footlights, and, with few exceptions, remained until the final tableau was shut from view by the falling curtain.

[From the Boston *Advertiser*, Sept. 20.]

The acting is generally good and equal to the needs of the piece. Mr. Redmund as Frank Darlington, again plays a hero, drawn in that large melodramatic style, which displays all the startling and staring virtues in capital letters. It could hardly be expected that the actor's style would not grow a little loud after such a continuous apprenticeship, and Mr. Redmund, with all his fellows, suffers somewhat in that way; but on the whole he plays smoothly and strongly, and his manly sincerity and rare personal charm are constantly felt. Mrs. Barry also is a little too vehement and emphatic as Mrs. Walsingham—the female villain of "Youth,"—but her total impersonation is admirable, and reproduces the ingenuity, malice and vindictiveness of the character with exceptional vigor and consistency. The next honors are fairly divided between Mr. Maguinnis, who makes a brief serving-man's part conspicuous by the brilliant naturalness of his humor; Mr. Springer, who neatly reproduces a not uncommon type of English officer, in whom the taste of a martinet is joined to the spirit of a true and gallant gentleman; Mr. Frazer Coulter, who makes the forging Lothario of a major sufficiently, but too overpoweringly odious. Very good words are to be said, moreooer, for Mr. Backus, Miss Grace Thorne and Mr. Chase, who distinguish several types of young officers very nicely and naturally, and for Mr. Kent, whose performance of a mild variety of jail bird has many neat touches, and comes near to be very effective in a penitent death scene. Mr. and Mrs. Eberle, as the Rev. Joseph Darlington and Mrs. Darlington, are laborious, reflect with much exactness the familiar clerical precision, and in their pathetic passages fail of the best results only because their method is too declamatory and dry. Miss Louise Muldener, who appeared on this occasion for the first time at the Boston Theatre, has a pretty face, a neat figure, and an easily heard voice, marked by a slight but not disagreeable foreignness of intonation. Her part—Eve de Malvoise, the first love and spurious wife of the hero—is the most complex and subtle of the piece, and, of course, in some ways the most difficult. Miss Muldener may, therefore, congratulate herself upon attaining a moderate degree of success, though she has much to learn before her style is freed from its self-conscious and mechanical qualities.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND IN BOSTON.

[From the Boston *Herald*, Sept. 19.]

The Park Theatre was literally packed with humanity last evening on the occasion of the reappearance of Mr. John T. Raymond in Mr. Gunter's fantastic comedy "Fresh the American." The popular actor had a most flattering welcome, his efforts were rewarded with rounds of applause and roars of laughter, the curtain was "called" at the end of each act, and he was presented with an elaborate floral design, bearing the mystic inscription, "You know me, Pete." There is less of Gunter and more of Raymond in the piece than when it was last seen here, and it is now scarcely more than a four-act farce; but it appears to furnish as much enjoyment to an audience as ever, the interpolation, of the star being especially provocative of merriment. Raymond is Raymond, and it is as impossible to confine him within bounds as it is to harness a comet. And so long as his extravagances are encouraged and rewarded as they were last night, it is practically useless to demand that he follow more closely the author's designs, and bind himself not to go outside the original text. His support this season is very good, though in some respects it is inferior to that afforded him a year ago. Miss Stella Boniface plays Erema, the Egyptian princess, "straight," as the phrase goes, and thereby misses some of the points made by her predecessors in the *role*, but her performance is nevertheless commendable, as following out the intention of the author, and she deserved the goodly share of applause which was accorded her. Mr. O. H. Barr made a very earnest and manly Baron Alexis; but he, like Miss Boniface, seemed hardly at home amid the whirlwind of farcical fun created by Mr. Raymond, and he was manifestly disconcerted at times by the vagaries of Fresh. Miss Lizzie Creese played the Marchesa very well. Mr. George F. De Vere's personation of Achmet Pasha was marked by the same excellences which charaterized it last season. Mr. Harry Pierson was scarcely villanous enough for Mahomet, and Mr. John Marble made little of the part of Zazarack. Mr. J. F. Dean began capitally as the Hebrew banker, but soon forgot his dialect. The minor characters were creditably sustained, and the scenery and accessories were exceedingly good.

LEAVITT'S STARS AT THE HOWARD.

[From the Boston *Herald*, Sept. 19.]

The Howard was filled with people last evening to witness the performance of Leavitt's "All Star" specialty company. This organization has undergone a great many changes since its last appearance here, but does not seem to be weakened at all, as the new members are fully equal in merit to those whose places they fill. Among the notable additions may be mentioned Profs. Parker and Winfield, with a remarkably fine troupe of trained dogs, whose performances evince a degree of sagacity seldom met with; Mlle. Alphonse, who does a very clever act on a large globe, her performance being extremely graceful and taking; Kelly and Ryan, the popular Irish comedians, and the "Four Diamonds," Watson, Gilmore, Brevarde and Sawtell, who also scored successes in their specialties. Among last season's favorites, Miss Flora Moore stands highest in popular favor, if the demonstrations of the audience last night can be relied on, she being twice recalled. Miss Nellie Richards, a pleasing vocalist and a previous favorite, seems to have lost none of her old time celebrity, and was last night heard to good advantage. As much can be said of the rest of the company, all of whom are well worth seeing and hearing. The company will, without a doubt, crowd the house during its week's stay. The usual matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

ROLAND REED'S "CHEEK."

[From the Chicago *Herald*, Sept. 19.]

Roland Reed returned to Chicago with "Cheek" last night, which was presented at McVicker's to a moderately full house. The play has been much improved since it was first produced at Hooley's last season, Mr. Reed's humorous creation filled out and the whole action made to run clear and more evenly. Mr. Reed has worked his Dick Smythe into a cross between Dick Swiveler and Colonel Mulberry Sellers, in which a good deal of the star's own individuality crops out. He has what Sir Henry Halford would say "taken a firmer grip on himself," and carries the burden of the piece with admirable brighness. The part of Nell, original with Miss Jennie Yeamans, is given by Miss Frances Bishop with considerable brightness and several touches of genuine pathos. Miss Alice Hastings is not equally happy as Mrs. Able Racket. The part is that of a clever adventuress with an extended experience. Miss Hastings presents a loud, vulgar, swaggering woman whom it would compromise any man to be seen talking with. Her conception of the part is so low, and she dresses it so gaudily and plays it so faithfully that the term to apply to it does not belong in a respectable vocabulary. The remainder of the cast was well distributed as follows: Colonel Walter Sandford, Mr. William J. Leonard; Ray Sandford, Mr. Lewis Baker; Albert Sandford, Mr. Edwin Tannehill; James Atwell, Mr. H. Reese Davies; Moses, Mr. Oliver Jenkins; Policeman 303, Mr. R. J. Kabby; Walt Alton, Mr. Oliver Jenkins; Samuel, Mr. T. McCartney; Jane Atwell, Miss Adelaide Miller.

The Rochester *Democrat* sizes up Lotta's new young man in this style: "Lotta's new young man has unquestionably produced an effect, though perhaps it is of rather an equivocal nature. No one but a blind man can fail to recognize and admire the unstudied and rational grace of Mr. Raines' coat, the naivette of his vest, or the genuine eloquence of his trousers, while the immaculate polish on his boots and the ingenious construction of his collar must bring a flush of emotion to the face of every true lover of histrionic art. It is said with pride that his wardrobe demands three truuks for transportation, and accepting this as true one need search no further for the secret of his dazzling success."

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS

FOR NEXT WEEK.

Abbey's Park Theatre.—Maggie Mitchell as "Fanchon."
Booth's Theatre.—"The Romany Rye."
Bijou Opera House.—"Patience."
Bunnell's Museum.—Curiosities.
Belgian Panorama Co—Siege of Paris.
Daly's Theatre.—"Mankind."
Fifth Avenue Theatre—Theo in "Les Cloches de Corneville" and "La Mascotte."
Grand Opera House.—"The World."
Germania Theatre.—"Der Jourfix."
Haverly's Theatre.—Hague's Minstrels.
Koster & Bial's Hall.—Concerts.
Madison Square Theatre.—"Esmeralda."
Metropolitan Alcazar.—Ballets.
Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem—"The Lights o' London."
Niblo's Garden.—The Harrisons, in "Viva."
Parker's American Theatre.—Variety.
Standard Theatre.—D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company, in "Les Mont aux Noirs."
San Francisco Minstrels.—"De Lights o' New York."
Theatre Comique.—"The Blackbird."
Thalia Theatre.—"The Merry War."
Tony Pastor's Theatre.—Boston English Opera Company, in "Donna Juanita."
Tivoli Theatre.—Variety.
Union Square Theatre.—Joe Jefferson, in "The Rivals."
Wallack's Theatre.—"Taken from Life."
Windsor Theatre.—Minnie Palmer, in "My Sweetheart."

The Theatre List.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO.—Park Theatre, New York, October 30, Boston, December 4, Philadelphia 18, Chicago, Ill., January 1, New Orleans, La., 29.

ADA GRAY.—Baltimore, September 25.

ALEXANDER CAUMAN CO.—Hudson, Sept. 25, Rondout 26, Bethlehem, Pa., 27, Allentown 28, Easton 29, Wilmington, Del., 30, Norfolk, Va., Oct. 2: Petersburg 4, Richmond 5, Lynchburg, 9, Charlotte, N. C., 10, Greeneville, S. C., 11, Columbia 12, Charleston 13, Savannah 16

ADAMS AND STOCKWELL'S PANTOMIME CO., St. Joseph, Sept. 26, Hannibal, 27.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE, in "My Partner," Indianapolis, Sept. 25.

ALICE OATES CO.—Philadelphia, Sept. 25, Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

ANNIE PIXLEY.—Providence, Oct. 2, Taunton, Mass., 9, Fall River 10, New Bedford 11, Brockton 12, Waltham 13, Lowell 14.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—Denver, Col., Sept. 25.

ALICE DUNNING LINGARD.—Troy, Sept. 25, Saratoga 28, Utica 29, Ithaca 30.

ADAMS' PANTOMIME CO.—Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 25, New Haven 26, Providence 28.

ACME OPERA CO.—Chicago, Sept. 25.

BROOKS & DICKSON'S ROMANY RYE CO.—Booth's Theatre, New York.

BARRY AND FAY, St. Louis, Sept. 24.

BARNEY MCAULEY.—Holyoke, Sept 25, Greenfield 26, Springfield 27, Troy, N. Y., 29.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life."—Kalamazoo, Sept. 25, Battle Creek 26, Marshall 27, Adrian 28, Ann Arbor 30, Ypsilanti, Oct. 2, Toledo, O., 3, Detroit 5.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 1, Baltimore, Oct. 2, Washington 9.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 2, Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 25.

BOSTON MINIATURE IDEAL CO.—Philadelphia,

BAKER AND FARRON.—Quebec, Sept. 26.

BLAKENEY'S THEATRE CO.—Alliance, Sept. 23, Massillon 25, Canton 27, Ashland 29.

BAIRD'S MINSTRELS.—Boston, Sept. 25.

BOSTON.—Museum, "The Parvenu"; Park, John T. Raymond in "Fresh"; Sept. 25, Raymond as Col. Mulberry Sellers; Boston, "Youth"; Globe, Annie Pixley as "M'liss"; Modjeska, Oct. 2; Howard Athenaeum, Leavitt's All Star Specialty Co.

BROOKLYN.—Grand Opera House, J. W. Shannon's "Money Bags"; Sept. 25, "The Galley Slave"; Haverly's, Maffitt & Bartholomew's Pantomime Troupe; Sept. 25, Kiralfy Bros.' "Michael Strogoff"; Park, "The Merry War"; Sept. 25, Mary Anderson.

CHICAGO CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Chicago. September 25.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.—Kingston, N. Y., Sept 25, Troy 26, Syracuse 27, Watertown 30, Utica, Oct. 2, Auburn 3, Rochester 4, 5, Lockport 6, Erie, Pa., 7, Pittsburg 9, week.

COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October forty nights.

CLAIRE SCOTT, Reedsville, Sept. 25, Winston 26, Salisbury, 28, Charlotte 30, Columbia, S. C., Oct. 2, Charleston 4, Savannah 6, Augusta 9, Milledgeville 11, Macon 13, Amenius 16.

C. B. BISHOP IN STRICTLY BUSINESS.—Augusta, Sept. 25; Columbia, S. C., 27, Charlotte, N. C. 28, Spartanburg 29; Unionville, S. C., 30, Greenville, Oct. 24, Athens, Ga., 3, Macon 5, Atalanta 6, Rome 9.

C. A. GARDENER'S KARL CO.—Milwaukee Sept. 25.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE.— Detroit Sept. 25; Cleveland, Oct. 9; St. Louis 15, Cincinnati 23.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTS O' LONDON," No. 1.—Albany Sept. 25, Montreal Oct. 2, Toronto 9.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTS O' LONDON," No. 2.—New York city, Harlem, Sept. 25.

CARRIE SWAIN.—Newport, R. I., Sept. 25, Taunton, Mass., 26, 27, 28, Marlboro 29, Fitchburg 30.

CARTLAND-MURRAY CO.—Plattsmouth, Neb., Sept. 25, Nebraska City 28, Lincoln Oct. 2, Creston, Ia., 5, Red Oak 8.

CHICAGO.—Grand Opera House, T. W. Keene; Sept. 24, Acme Opera Co.; Hooley's, Willie Edouin's "Sparks" Co. in "Ripples"; Sept. 24, Marion Elmore, in "Chispa;" Haverly's, Aldrich & Parsloe in "My Partner"; Sept. 24, John McCullough, as "Virginius"; McVickers' Roland Reed in "Cheek"; Sept. 25, Hanlon Bros., in "Le Voyage en Suisse"; Olympic, Leavitt & Pastor's United Combination; Sept. 25, Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty Co.; Lyceum, Harry G. Richmond; Shelby's Academy of Music, Hyde & Behman's Combination

CHILD OF THE STATE CO.—Cornellsville Sept. 25, Braddock's 26, E. Liverpool, O., 27.

DEFOSSEZ'S FRENCH OPERA CO.—New Orleans, Nov. 10.

DOWLING COMBINATION.—Newark, N. J., Sept. 25, Baltimore, Oct. 2.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.—Ansonia, Sept. 25.

ENSIGN COMEDY CO., in "Rooms For Rent."—Albie, Sept. 25, Oskaloosa, 26, Webster City, 27, Ottumwa, 28, Macon, Mo., 29, Moberly, 30, Columbia, Oct. 2, Fulton 3, Mexico, 4.

ERNEST STANLEY'S ALLIED SHOWS.—Washington, Sept. 25.

ERIC BAYLEY.—Chicago, Sept. 25.

EXODUSTERS.—Lyons, Sept. 25, Sterling, Ill., 26, Amboy, 27, Dixon, 28, Freeport, 29, Rockford, 30, Beloit, Wis. Oct. 2.

FRANK I. FRAYNE COMPANY.—Allentown, Sept. 25. Pottsville 26, Reading 27, Scranton 29, Danville 30, Wilkesbarre Oct 2, Pittston 3, Pottstown 4, Lebanon 5, Columbia 6, Harrisburg, 7, Lancaster 9. Wilmington, Del., 10; Trenton, N. J., 11; Newark 12, Brooklyn 16, Baltimore 23.

FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO.—Brooklyn, Sept. 25, Morristown, N. J., Oct. 2, Orange 3, Norwalk, Conn., 4, Danbury 5, 6, Paterson, N. J., 7, Harlem, N. Y., 9, week.

FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates."—Ogden, Sept. 25, Salt Lake 26, San Francisco, Oct. 2.

FRANK MAYO, San Francisco.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.—Kansas City, Sept. 25.

F. S. CHANFRAU.—Newport, R. I., Sept. 26, Milford, Mass., 28.

FORD'S COMIC OPERA CO.—Washington, Sept. 25.

FIELDING DRAMATIC CO.—Columbia, O., Sept. 25, Newark 27, Zanesville 28, Steubenville 29, Johnstown, Pa., 30, Philadelphia, Oct. 2.

FIFTH AVENUE COMEDY CO.—Newburyport, Sept. 25, Salem 26, Marblehead 27, New Bedford 28, Fall River, Oct. 2.

F. B. WARDE.—Buffalo, Sept. 25.

GUS WILLIAMS, in 'One of the Finest."—Cleveland Sept. 25, Washington, Oct. 2, Philadelphia, 9, New York, 16.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT.—Utica, N. Y., Sept. 25, Watertown, 26, Auburn 28, Syracuse 29, Ithaca, Oct. 2, Elmira 3, Williamsport, Pa., 4, Danville 5, Wilkesbarre 6, Pittston 7.

GOODWIN AND THORNE'S "BLACK FLAG."—Syracuse, Sept. 25 Rochester 27, Toronto, Oct. 2, Montreal 9.

GERMANIA THEATRE CO.—Buffallo, Oct. 4, Rochester 9, Cleveland 11, Toledo 13, Detroit 16. Cincinnati 20, Louisville 23, Pittsburg 27, Washington 30, Baltimore, No. 1.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.—St. Louis, Sept. 25.

HARRY WEBBER.—Torouto, Sept. 25.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S CONSOLIDATED CO.— Lafayette, Ind., Sept. 25, Richmond 26, Dayton, O., 27, Urbana 28, Columbus 29, Wheeling 30.

HAGUE'S MINSTRELS.—New York city, Sept. 25.

HOLMAN OPERA CO.—Schenectady, Sept. 25, Little Falls 26, Syracuse 27, Auburn 29.

HARRY MEREDITY "Ranch 10."—Akron, O., Sept. 25.

HENRY BELMER.—Detroit, Sept. 25.

HERRMANN.—St. Louis, Sept 25, Logansport, Ind., Oct. 2, Ft. Wayne 3, Jackson, Mich., 4, Detroit 5.

HANLEY'S "Squatter Sovereignty" CO.—Buffalo, Sept. 25.

HELEN COLEMAN'S "Widow Bedott."—Illion, Sept. 25, Rome 26, Clinton 27, Homer 28. Cortland 29, Moravia Oct. 2, Waterloo 3, Canandaigua 4, Le Roy 6, Batavia 7, Buffalo 9.

HOWARD'S "Aunt Keziah" CO.—Harrisburg, Sept. 25, Williamsport 26, Lock Haven 28.

HASWIN AND STEPHANY CO.—Hastings, Sept. 25, Wabashaw 26, Winona 27, Lacrosse, Wis., 28, MacGregor, Ia., 29, Dubuque 30, Pittsburg, Oct. 2.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—South Boston, Sept, 25, East Boston 27, Chelsea 29, Waltham 30.

JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION—Chillicothe, Sept. 25, Portsmouth 26, Ironton 27, Maysville, Ky., 28, Lexington 29, Aurora, Ind., 30, Louisville, Ky. Oct. 2.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION.—Milwaukee, Sept. 25; Chicago Oct. 2, Louisville 9, Indianapolis 12, Cincinnati 15, Cleveland 23.

JOHN T. RAYMOND.—Boston, Mass.; New York city, Oct. 2.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.—New York city, Union Square Theatre.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King," Philadelphia, 25, Easton, Pa., Oct 2, Scranton 3, Elmira, N.Y., 4, Williamsport, Pa., 5, Harrisburg 6, Wilmington, Del., 7.

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO.—Little Rock 25, 26, Marshall, Tex., 27, Palestine 28, Houston 29, Brenham 30, Galveston, Oct. 2, Austin 3, Waco 4, Corsicana 5.

JOSEPH F. WHEELOCK'S CO.—Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 25, 26, Newark, O., 27, Columbus 28, 29, 30, Indianapolis, Oct. 2, 3, Louisville 4, 5, 6.

JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—Williamsport, Sept. 25, Wilkesbarre 26 Pittston 27, Scranton 28, Newark, N. J., 29.

JEFFREYS LEWIS.—Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 28.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH.—Chicago, Sept. 25.

JANAUSCHECK.—Pittsburgh, Sept. 25.

KATHERINE ROGERS opens in Newark, N. J., Oct 6, in "Galatea." Her repertoire will consist of "Romeo and Juliet," "Leah," "Lady of Lyons," "Hunchback," "Camille," "East Lynne" and a new play. Her route will then be Paterson, Oct. 9, Port Jervis, N. Y., 10, Wilkesbarre, Pa., 11, Scranton, 13.

KATE CLAXTON.—Naugatuck, Sept. 25, Ansonia 26, Bridgeport 27, Holyoke, Mass., 28, Springfield 29, Pittsfield 30. Albany, N. Y., Oct. 2, Troy 5.

KIRALFY BROS'. AROUND THE WORLD.—Brooklyn, Sept 25, New York city, Oct. 2.

KIRALFY'S BLACK CROOK.—Pittsburgh, Sept. 25, New York city, Oct. 2.

KENDALL COMBINATION.—Hamburg, Sept. 25, Brownville, Neb., Oct. 2; St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 6.

KITTIE RHOADES COMBINATION.—Chagrin Falls Sept. 25, Carrollton, Oct. 2; Orville 9.

KATIE PUTNAM.—Owensboro Sept. 25, Paducah 26, Cairo 29.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.—Fall River, Sept. 25, New Bedford 26, Pawtucket, R. I., 27, Providence 28, 30, Worcester. Mass., Oct. 2. Springfield 3, Holyoke 4, Hartford 5, New Haven 6, New York city 9.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMBINATION., Rockford, Ill., Sept. 25, Dubuque, Ia., 26, Cedar Rapids 27, Des Moines, 28, Omaha, Neb. 29.

LEAVITT'S ALL STAR SPECIALTY CO.—New York Sept. 25.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Hartford, Conn., Sept. 25, New Haven 26, Waterbury 27, Bridgeport 28, Danbury 29, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 30.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Rome, Sept 25, Utica 26, 27, Lowville 28, Watertown 29, Potsdam 30.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Brooklyn, Sept. 25.

LINGARDS.—Troy, Sept. 25, Saratoga 28, Utica 29, Ithaca 30.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 25; Buffalo Oct. 2, Chicago 9.

MODJESKA begins at the Globe Theatre, Boston, October 2. Her company will be as follows: Maurice Barrymore, Nat Jones, George Griffith, Frank Clements, Norman Forbes, William F. Owen, Mason Mitchell, W. W. Bulloch, Maud Wilton, Kate Meeks, Clara Fisher Maeder; Helen Leigh, Clara Ellison and Frances Claremont.

MLLE. RHEA.—Pittston, Pa., Sept. 25.

MINNIE MADDERN.—New Orleans, Sept. 25, Lake Charles, Oct. 2, Houston, Tex., 3, 4, 5, Galveston 5 6, 7, Shreveport, La., 9, Marshall, Tex., 10. Texarkana, 11, Little Rock, Ark., 12.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE.—Harlem, September 25, the "Lights o' London."

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.—"Esmeralda." Bronson Howard's new play, October 9.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE. Grand Opera House, New York, October 23.

McKee Rankin.—Cleveland, Sept. 25, Milwaukee, Oct. 2.

McIntyre and Heat's Specialty Co.—Philadelphia Sept. 25.

Milton Nobles.—Waterloo Sept. 25, Cedar Rapids 26, Marshalltown 27, Iowa City 28, Ottawa 29, Des Moines Oct. 2, Atlantic 4.

Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau.—Providence, Sept. 25.

Margaret Mather.—Cincinnati, Sept. 25.

Mrs. G. C. Howard's "Uncle Tom."—Williamsburg, Sept. 25.

Mahn's Ikey Solomons Co. (Frank Bush).—Baltimore, Sept. 25.

Manchester and Jennings Co.—Louisville, Sept. 24; Indianapolis, Oct. 2.

Miln-Burleigh Dramatic Company opens at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, Oct 16; Bloomington 23, Joliet 25, Springfield 26, Peoria 27. Aurora 30, Elgin, Nov. 1; Grand Opera House, Milwaukee, 2, Fond du Lac 6, Oshkosh 7, Eau Claire 8, St. Paul 9, Winona 13, La Crosse 14, Stilwater, 15, Academy of Music, Minneapolis 16, Burlingtoe, Iowa, 20, Davenport 22, Cedar Rapids 24, Dubuque, 25, Des Moines 27, Marshalltown Council Bluffs 30, Plattsmouth, Dec. 1; Lincoln, 2, St. Joseph 4, Topeka 6, Kansas City 8, Atchison, 11, Omaha 12.

Nelly Boyd's Company is to appear in Helina, M. T., Sept. 25, one week; then to Butte City, Missohla, Deer Lodge and Virginia City, each one week. The company includes Nellie Boyd, Genevra Canavan, Ruby Lafayette, Alma Lafayette, H. B. Emery, L. Philleo, O. L. Hart, D. Clark, F. A. Fitzgerald, J. P. Curran, L. Winters, F. Myers and F. Hatch. G. M. Weltey is the business manager and A. F. Bailey agent.

Nick Roberts' Humpty Dumpty.—Mobile, Ala., Sept. 25; Columbus Ga. 26, Atlanta 27, Rome 28.

Our Pleasure Party.—Malone, N. Y., Sept. 26 (open season); Bellville, Ont. 28, Brantford 29, Hamilton 30, Woodstock, Oct. 2; Oshawa 3, Cobourg 4, Napanee 5, Kingston 6, Gananauqua 9, Brockville 10, Morrisburg 11, Cornwall 13, Ottawa 16.

Pearl Eytinge—Quincy, Ill, Sept. 25; Bloomington 26, Burlington, Ia. 27. Galesburg 28, Ottawa 29, Joliet 30, Detroit, Oct. 2; Ann Harbor 5, Jackson 6, Albion 7.

Philadelphia.—Haverly's "The White Slave," Oct. 2 "Only a Farmer's Daughter; Chestnut Street Opera House, Daly's Co. in "Odette," Sept. 25 "The Passing Regiment;" Arch, Jeffrys Lewis in "La Belle Russe" Sept. 25, James O'Neill in 'An American King;" Lyceum, Boston Miniature Ideal Opera Co. in "Patience; Walnut, Frank Bush in "Ikey Solomons, a Man of Business;" Sept 25. Alice Oates' Opera Co.; Wood's Lillie Hinton in "The Charity Orphan;" National, Frank Frayne, in "Mardo."

Philadelphia Church Choir Opera Co.—Wilmington, Del., Sept. 25; Trenton, N. J., 27; Burlington, Pa., 29; Morristown, N. J., 30,

Robson & Crane, Springfield, Mass., September 25, Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

Roland Reed.—Coldwater, Mich. Sept. 25, Grand Rapids 26, 27, 28, Albion, Mich., 29, Sandusky, O., 30, Cleveland, O., Oct. 2, one week; Toledo 9, 10, Jackson, Mich., 11,, East Saginaw 12. Bay City 13. Flint, Mich., 14, Detroit 16

Rice and Hooley's Minstrels.—Minneapolis, Sept. 25.

Rose Eytinge—Cincinnati, Sept. 25, Chicago, Oct. 2, Burlington Ia, 9 Peoria, Ill., 10, Bloomington, 11, Decatur 12, Springfield 13, Quincy 14.

Rice's Surprise Party opens at Baltimore, Sept. 25, in a new melodramatic bagatelle entitled 'Pop," by George Fawcett Rowe. The company will consist of John A. Mackay, George R. Fortescue, Bonnie Runnells, Charles Durgan, George A. Schuller, U. S. Burnham, The San Francisco Quartette, Kate Castleton, Gracie Plaisted, Irene Perry, May Stembler, Lillie Cribble, Ida Smith, Anne Wynne, Addie Delancey, Prof. Zaulig, musical director, Charles B. Griste, business manager.

Stevens Jolly Bachelors.—San Antonio Sept. 27, Austin 28, Brenham 29, Houston 30, Selma, Ala., Oct. 2, Montgomery 3, Atlanta, Ga., 4, Mobile, Ala., 6, New Orleans 9. week.

Sol Smith Russell.—Omaha, Neb., Sept. 25; Lincoln 26, St. Joe, Mo. 29; Kansas City 28.

Salisbury's Troubadors—London Canada, Sept. 25, Bay City 27, East Saginaw 28, Port Huron 29, Flint 30, Detroit, Oct 2, Adrian 5, Toledo, O., 6, Chicago 9.

Strakosch Opera Co.—Providence Sept. 25, Brooklyn 30, New York City Oct. 9.

The Harrisons—New York city, Sept. 25.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels.—Jackson Sept. 25, Meridian 26, Mobile 27, 28, Selma 29, Montgomery 30.

Tony Pastor's Co.—Philadelphia Sept 24, Brooklyn Oct 2.

T. W. Keene.—St. Louis Sept. 25.

Willie Edouin's Sparks.—Indianapolis, Sept. 25.

Waldron's M'liss Co. No. 2.—3, Bath, Sept. 24, Ticonderoga 27, Waverly 29, Oswego 30, Hornellsville, Oct. 2.

Wm. Harris, "Mrs. Partington Co."—Bradford, Pa., Sept. 25, Olean, N. Y., 26 Boliva 27, Jamestown 28, Meadville, Pa., 29. Newcastle 30.

W. J. Scanlan in "Friend and Foe," Chicago. Sept. 25, Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 2, Toledo 4, Sandusky 6, Youngstown 7, New York 16.

William Stafford.—New Britian, Sept. 25; Bridgeport 26, Danbury 27.

Whiteley's Hidden Hand Co.—Peoria, Ill., Sept. 25.

NEW PLAYS.

Louise Sylvester is having a new play written for her, in which she is to star.

Salsbury Troubadours will produce a new piece by Fred. Marsden in December next.

It is doubtful if Mr. Denman Thompson will produce his new play by Mr. John P. Adams. "Josh Whitcomb" is too valuable to shelve for several seasons yet.

It is said that Harry Webber's "Flint and Steel" has proved a failure. The actor has concluded to shelve it until it can be altered.

"Nordeck," a play written jointly by Frank Mayo and Mr. Wilson, Mr. Young's associate in the authorship of "The House of Mauprat," will receive its initial representation in San Francisco shortly.

Philadelphia is already preparing to utilize the great almshouse peculations, and a local burlesque called "Phliffs' Flight; or Almshouse Economy," is announced for speedy production at the Arch Street Opera House. Indeed, we may say Philadelphia has utilized the affair, for at the Eleventh Street Opera House "Mayah Mysterious Fiffs; or, the Almshouse Jubilee" is already on the boards.

Our Welcome.

NEAT AND ABLE.

The Theatre is a new weekly paper published in the interests of music and the drama, in New York city, of which Mr. George O. Seilhamer is the editor. It is neat in typography, ably conducted and well worthy the support of all who take an interest in musical and theatrical affairs. It is for sale by Baltimore newsdealers.—*Baltimore Telegram*, Sept. 9.

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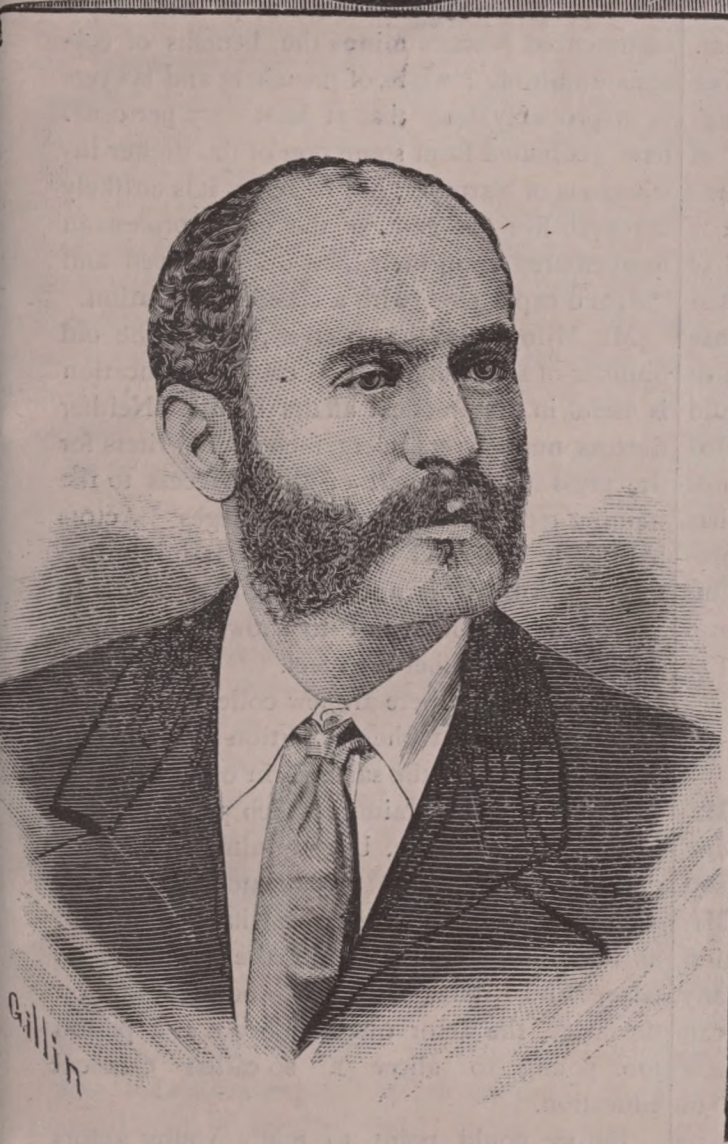
VOL. 1.—No. 9. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.



A Typical Manager.

Few men are deserving of the recognition which is due to Mr. Max Strakosch as a manager of Grand Opera in the United States. It is not, however, because of what he has done or of what he is going to do that he is accorded the place of honor in this week's THEATRE, but for the more potent reason that his fortunes are typical of the condition of musical taste in this country.

Mr. Stakosch was a young man when he first became a manager. Up to the time when he seized the helm, Grand Opera had been only an exotic. We had heard many great artists, it is true, but generally under conditions which made the hearing of them a painful pleasure. The world's great singers had come to us either when they were too young or too old to be appreciated by a people with whom the taste for music has never been more than an affectation of the few. Sometimes opera succeeded, but oftener it failed. When Signor Garcia brought forward his wonderful daughter, afterward the great Malibran, he was measurably successful, not because the young girl who was to hold the whole world spell-bound was a great artist, but for the reason that Italian Opera was a novelty in New York. The craze passed away with the Garcias, and six years elapsed before another attempt was made to force Grand Opera upon the New York public. This time Signorina Pedrotti was the prima donna, and the noted Lorenza Da Ponte, the manager. Although some of the critics of the day declared that Pedrotti was a greater artist than Malibran, Da Ponte had occasion to regret his temerity. It was not an auspicious beginning, it must be confessed, and what happened in 1832 has been happening at intervals ever since.

It is a singular fact that in 1832 as in 1882, while the New York public did not care a fig for Italian Opera, there was a burning desire for an Italian Opera House. We are to-day building a grand temple to operatic music at a cost of $1,000,000 or more, but while we are to have an Opera House, no provision apparently is to be made to supply it with opera. The same thing took place in 1832, and we are inclined to think this latest Opera House will only repeat the fortunes of the first. Two seasons of Italian Opera in New York, one of them successful, induced New Yorkers to believe that an Opera House was a necessity, and a grand building in Church street, at the corner of Leonard, intended for Opera exclusively, was opened in the fall of 1833. One season was sufficient to demonstrate the inutility of the project, and after the Spring of 1834, the Opera House was never again opened for operatic purposes.

The second attempt to give Italian Opera a local habitation in New York was made by Ferdinand Palmo, on the site of what is now the American News Company. This house afterwards became Burton's Theatre. Palmo had made a fortune as a restaurant keeper, and lost it as an operatic manager. We remember him as a little old man, in a thread-bare coat, in the last row of seats during Christine Nilsson's first season at the Academy of Music. Max Strakosch always made him welcome, because of what he had tried to do, and failed to accomplish. Then came the Opera House in Astor Place, now Clinton Hall. At that house were brought forward many great singers, notably Cinti Damoreau and Rosina Pico, but more noteworthy still, a greater than a great singer, manager Max Maretzek. If there ever was a cup full of bitterness, it was that which Maretzek was compelled to drain from 1848 to the year of grace, 1882. Even Mr. Grant White, in his disjointed and unsatisfactory papers in the *Century*, does him the unjustice to say that he never did anything to educate or elevate the public taste.

"Under his baton," says White, "sometimes under his management, there were unseasonable seasons and disjointed performances of many old operas and some new ones by companies made up of a jumble of all or some of the materials—*disjecta membra*—of companies which had gone

to pieces; most of this leading only to insolvency, and nothing of it being here worthy of special mention."

This, it must be said, is a sorry reward for years of endeavor. Surely it is not a manager's business to educate or elevate the public taste at his own expense. To do this with the New York public would require the years of Mathuselah, the patience of Job and the purse of Crœsus. Max Maretzek was never in a condition to do it, either at the Astor Place Opera House or at the Academy of Music, and Max Strakosch only succeeded him in an equally fruitless endeavor.

In the years before Strakosch took the helm, and while Maretzek was still young and hopeful, many great singers came and went—Jenny Lind, under Barnum's management; Bosio, unheralded and unappreciated; Alboni, whose pecuniary success was scarcely "sufficient to buy wine with;" Sontag, highly praised, but never really understood; and Grisi, who dedicated the Academy for the stockholders to the misfortunes of the managers. Great as these were Max Strakosch brought forward singers as great, only to be taunted with the reminder that one swallow does make a summer, and to be invited to ruin himself by presenting opera as it should be presented. He was young, enthusiastic, trustful, and he tried it He made up a company such as was never heard in New York before and may never be heard here again. Every part in every opera he presented was filled by an artist. Nilsson was his prima donna and Campanini his tenor, both younger and fresher than they are to-day. His least meritorious singer as superior to the best Mr. Mapleson generally sees fit to present. In an artistic sense his achievements were brilliant, but pecuniarily their effect was to convince him that it is better to give the public what they want than what they say they want.

It was wise in Mr. Strakosch to abandon a field which cannot be made profitable. Those who know him best know that his adoption of this course was not altogether voluntary. There were difficulties in his way when he began, but these increased as he went on. First of all there was an indifferent public, fond of ballad music and burlesque, but caring nothing for opera. Next came the Academy stockholders, keeping the public out of the opera house even if it was willing to come. Last of all was the high standard, and consequently the great cost of Mr. Strakosch's performances. Besides all this Mr. Strakosch was not a pet of society, and consequently not the manager for a rich clique which cares little for the artistic qualities of opera so long as it is fashionable. Opera in New York must be the fashion to be successful, and somehow Max Strakosch was never fortunate in this respect. Indeed, the very excellence of his performances was a restraint upon the gay young men and giddy young women who go to the opera to be seen and heard, not to see and hear. To people "in society" who really do not know one note from another, but who pretend to understand everything, an operatic cast strong enough to command respect was a bore. These people have at last found what they want in Colonel Mapleson if not in Colonel Mapleson's company, and so Mr. Strakosch has done well to withdraw from a business where a fashionable manager is a prime requisite to success.

In English opera Mr. Strakosch finds a more fruitful, if a less congenial, field English singers do not demand the exorbitant salaries of Italian operatic artists, and the people can understand what the opera is all about. There is no necessity to watch a puzzle for the sake of the music. If Mr. Strakosch had attempted "Lucia" in Italian at the Grand Opera House next week he would have kept away the multitude for the sake of the select few who would not have come, and so we are to be presented with the not uninstructive spectacle of the most accomplished operatic manager New York has ever known, giving his best energies to the production of "Fatinitza" and works of a kindred character in English, instead of grand opera, by which he might have made himself as poor as poor old Palmo, if he had seen fit.

Young Mrs. Winthrop.

On Monday evening, the 9th proximo, Mr. Bronson Howard's new play "Young Mrs. Winthrop," will be produced at the Madison Square Theatre. We sincerely trust that Mr. Howard will give in this piece the full fruition of the brilliant promise of the past. In many respects he holds the first place among American dramatists, and it is only necessary for him now to give us a play worthy of his experience to assure him the rank he ought to be able to claim.

The story of Mr. Howard's play is not suggestive of novelty, but it affords fine scope to the dramatist. The young husband, devoted to business and his club, is a character with whom we are all familiar, and the young wife seeking in fashionable follies the companionship she is denied at home, is also a conspicuous figure. A play based upon such material must be very well written, however, to succeed, but we feel assured that Mr. Howard well knows how to develop the progress of "Young Mrs. Winthrop" from neglect to folly, from folly to hardness of heart, and from an unforgiving spirit to the rekindling of the old love.

As the play is cast, Mr. George Clarke will have the husband, a part which ought to fit him well, and Miss Carrie Turner will play the young wife. Mrs. Agnes Booth's part is that of a married woman who represents deserted wifehood with cynical humor. Mr. Whiffen and Mr. Lemoyne can not fail to add strength to the cast, and to assist in bringing out what ever merit the piece may possess.

Educated Men on the Stage.

Mr. George C. Miln, late a clergyman, but now aspiring to become an actor, is discussing the question why there are so few educated men in the theatrical profession. Among doctors, he assumes that not over twenty-five per cent. have commenced practice minus the benefits of collegiate training; while of preachers and lawyers it is probably true that at least sixty per cent. have graduated from some one of the higher institutions of learning; but of actors it is unlikely that even five per eent. of the entire profession have entered upon their life-work equipped and "Arm'd cap a pie" with a classical education.

Mr. Miln, it will be observed, makes the old blunder of supposing that a classical education is useful in the practical affairs of life. Neither doctors nor lawyers, clergymen nor writers for the press owe any part of their success to the training received in American colleges. Actors have even less need of collegiate training than these, because it is not the actor's business to learn how to think, but to show by outward semblance how other men feel.

It may be that there are few college graduates on the stage, but the proportion of intelligent men is very much the same as in other callings. It is not collegiate training which paves the way to an actor's success, but training on and for the stage. We believe in educated actors, but we prefer them to be educated in their art and its literature, rather than in the literature of Greece and Rome. Indeed, to be successful on the stage, the actor ought to begin at a period too young to allow a so-called classical education.

But we could point to many young actors whose early training was after the severest Miln model. Two of them come to mind as we write—Harry Vaughn and John F. Watson. Both of these are admirable classical scholars, but neither has found his classical attainments of any use in his art. The elder Booth was a fine classical scholar, but he did not become a student until after he showed his marvellous powers as an actor. If he had "passed through the curriculum of some collegiate institution and acquired the tastes and habitudes which such an experience usually begets," it may be doubted whether he ever would have become an actor at all, least of all a great one.

It is a mistake to suppose that acting depends on intellectual culture. In the main it is merely the art of simulation, which requires special training and long practice to make it perfect, but the dead language of old Rome learned out of a Latin dictionary will not contribute to

the success of a Brutus or Cassius on the stage. A purely dramatic college, as Mr. Miln suggests, might be an aid, but, after all, acting must be learned on the stage, and mere learning is after all merely a personal accomplishment in an actor rather than an essential part of his calling.

Mr. Harrigan's New Play.

Mr. Edward Harrigan's new play for the Theatre Comique is finished and will be put into rehearsal immediately. It is a local play with the Jewish character made prominent, and it is expected that the fun of it will catch on even more convulsingly than the rich humor of "Squatter Sovereignty."

It is evidently Mr. Harrigan's intention to take this piece to England, for on Thursday he sends two representatives to produce it there for a night, in order to secure the copyright. We can see no reason why a local New York drama should not meet with favor in London, as well as local London dramas in New York.

As an illustration of the chances of success abroad, we need only refer to the success of "Squatter Sovereignty," under Mr. M. W. Hanley's management. When he started out with the piece he was warned by experienced managers that it was "too local." The result has shown that the experienced managers were wrong. Wherever "Squatter Sovereignty" has been done, the business has been fully up to the capacity of the theatres, and the local hits are as thoroughly appreciated in the inland cities as they were in New York. In London Mr. Harrigan's dramas could not fail to be acceptable, as quaint and effective pictures of the peculiarities of New York life, with which they deal.

Fanny Davenport in London.

Miss Fanny Davenport was determined that London should see her, and London in turn was surprised that there was so much of her. As a consequence London grew very funny over the fact that the American actress "has outgrown her slimness." Mr. Labouchere even reminds the gentle Fanny that "poetry and soul are not associated with *embonpoint*."

Miss Davenport in London, insisted upon playing a rotund and robust Frou Frou, whom her audience could not fail to feel was big enough to to know better. What made it worse she played Dumas' wicked heroine on the smallest stage in London, and the critics did not fail to remind her of the incongruity of her appearance as Diane de Lys in a theatre once called the Folly.

It must be confessed that Miss Davenport made a ridiculous failure in her London attempt. She advertised her diamonds and her dressess in a country where such a course was sure to estrange society from her performances. Her American admirers behaved with equal absurdity, and on the occasion of her first appearance, handed up baskets and boquets of flowers at the end of the first act and before she had time to prove her right to the compliment. It happened as a matter of course that she was heartily laughed at as "a fine figure of a woman," and told that if she were an actress on the English stage she would be set to play Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Malaprop, and at a pinch Mrs. Sternhold.

All this cannot be very gratifying to Miss Davenport, but it is even less gratifying to her countrymen. Americans are tired of being made the laughing stock of Europe. We do not care to see American actresses go abroad to advertise their diamonds and exhibit their store of clothes. At home Miss Fanny Davenport is not regarded as a great actress, and her assumptions of youthful heroines too petite for her dresses, have earned for her well deserved ridicule, but we could forgive her overdressing and her vanity for the broad comedy of her girlish days. London receives her as she is and can make no allowances for what she was, and so the English verdict is in the main against her, on the simple ground that she appeared as a Diane overdressed.

A Lesson From Mount Morris.

While there was nothing in the performance of the "Lights o' London" as the opening attraction at the Mount Morris Theatre in Harlem which calls for criticism at this late day, the fact that a theatre so far up on the island should open with a play and a company of such dimensions and of such excellence, is in itself an illustration of the revolution which has taken place in the theatrical business within a few years.

Ten years ago a theatre in Harlem would have been regarded as a madman's freak, because Harlemites would have preferred coming down town in a horse-car to Wallack's or the Union Square, to witnessing a performance within a stone's throw of the bridge. The reason for this was not in the Harlemites but in the condition of the theatrical business.

At that time if people wanted to see a good theatrical entertainment they were compelled to go to it—now it comes to them. All this is owing to the change of system which has been brought about by the combination plan, and it is evidence of the general excellence and acceptability of the plan that the new theatre in Harlem has opened so auspiciously.

As we have repeatedly pointed out, the new system has many advantages over the old. There are few stock companies after the old pattern, but a combination like Mr. Collier's is in every essential a stock company which performs wherever it appears an elaborate drama with as much excellence as was shown upon the original production of the piece in New York or London. Under the old stock system this would have been impossible. Cities like Providence, Springfield, Albany, Syracuse, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Indianapolis would be deprived even now of pieces like the "Lights o' London" if the old-fashioned stock system still prevailed in the theatres of these places. As to the Mount Morris Theatre it would have been simply impossible, because a permanent stock company is not and never was possible except in a few leading theatres in the leading cities.

Under the new system we have ten theatrical companies where we had one before, and the general excellence of the performances is vastly improved. It is all humbug to talk of the superiority of acting in the part. In "the palmy days of the old Park" the stock was execrable, and the interest always centered in a star who was always badly supported. Such a thing as a performance excellent throughout was almost unknown. In spite of the lamentations over the death of the stock system, it is due to the managers of the Mount Morris Theatre to say that they promise a better bill of fare for the season than was ever afforded at the Park, the Bowery and the Chatham in the past, and that the public appreciates the change is apparent in the encouragement which is shown to the new venture.

Two Genuine Actors.

In our criticism on "Viva" will be found a commendation of the acting of Charles T. Vincent, who has been making quite a feature of a small part at Niblo's during the present week, but is still further deserving of praise. In the second act of Mr. Grover's play there is a small character part—that of a fop—which is cleverly acted, but by whom the house bills give no clue, and the audiences never suspect. The part, in reality, is played by Mr. Vincent, and those who have witnessed his performance will agree with us in according him the praise deserved by his successful make up. Between the fop of the second act and servant of the third and fourth acts there is no resemblance whatever, and nothing to lead any one to suppose that the one is the other. Small as these parts are, they are so widely different in character, that by his succesful performance of both of them Mr. Vincent conclusively establishes his claim as an actor.

There is another gentleman in the same piece who also plays two roles with success, one of which, like Mr. Vincent's fop, is not mentioned in the programmes. The character in question is that of the Coney Island ticket speculator in the second act, and the gentleman who plays it is the actor who, with equal success, performs Mr. Samuel Schuyler—in short, Mr. W. H. Thompson. Like Mr. Vincent's two parts those filled by Mr. Thompson are widely different, and while he gains applause as the kind-hearted

and respectable old New Yorker, he amuses as one of the "b'hoys." To be able to succeed in two such opposite roles on the same evening is to act in the true sense of the word, and the hightest praise we can bestow upon Mr. Thompson and Mr. Vincent is to say that they are both real actors.

Letters of a Print Collector.

IX.

"ANTHONY PASQUIN."

In Mrs. Asia Booth Clarke's "Booth Memorials" there is respectful and almost affectionate allusion to "the celebrated Dr. Williams," better known as Anthony Pasquin, as her father's early friend and adviser. This "celebrated Dr. Williams," otherwise Anthony Pasquin, like most European adventurers, found his way to America early in the century, where he had the misfortune to be followed by Huggins, as will be seen from the following announcement in the *Morning Chronicle* of April 14, 1806:

Theatrical and Titivating Communication.

THE Author of the *Manhattan Stage* having plagiarized copiously from my advertisements, expecting no doubt, to give respectability to *his* BARBER-*ous* and singular effusions; in consequence whereof, many ill natured and malicious reports are circulating; among others, that I am the AUTHOR—I solemnly declare I am not; and therefore think it a duty incumbent on me, thus publicly to announce, that I am much more delighted with the pleasure of *frizzing* than of *quizzing*.

Then author, leave your works and stuff,
For all your works are wrong:
We want but little of your PUFF,
Nor want that *little*—long.*

Done at Imperial Head quarters, No. 92, Broadway.
J. R. D. HUGGINS,
Emperor de la mode.

* Long enough, I presume (if published) to light a pipe or cigar

Pasquin's piece, which was damned so completely that Huggins was compelled to deny the authorship, was thus cast:

Cupid	Miss F Hodgkinson	Soldier	Mr. Johnson
Hymen	Master Martin	Sailor	Mr. Tyler
Peace	Miss Graham	Mayoran	Mr. Young
Manager	Mr. Barrett	Spuggins	Mrs. Jones
Prompter	Mr. Ringwood	Barmaid	Mrs. Young
Gulliver	Mr. Ult	Stage Sweeper	Mrs. Wheatley

In looking over the old cast I am impressed with the fact that it is one of singular interest. Miss F. Hodgkinson was the daughter of John, and Master Martin the son of John E. Martin, the first actor of American birth. Mr. Barrett was the father of "Gentleman George," and of the three ladies each of them had a singularly interesting history. Mrs. Jones was the half sister of James and Henry Wallack; Mrs. Young, I believe, was afterwards Mrs. Hughes, whom even this generation of old playgoers will recall as an old actress at Burton's; and Mrs. Wheatley, the mother of William Wheatley, will be even better remembered by the old playgoers who began their theatre days in the old Park pit.

"Manhattan Stage, or Cupid in his vagaries," was produced on the 11th of April, 1806, but just eight years before another piece from Pasquin's pen called "The Federal Oath, or Americans Strike Home," was done for the benefit of Mrs. Tyler. It was never repeated, but Pasquin seems to have made America his home for a long time afterwards. Here he was under the protection of Hodgkinson, who introduced him to Dunlap. In New York, as in London, he sought to make a living by writing libels or puffs on actors and painters, and the notoriety he acquired was so pronounced, that Judge Mansfield declared from the bench that "his touch is pollution." Dunlap describes him as a man whose appearance was not more prepossessing than his writings, and Bernard says of him in his "Retrospections"—"He wore his conscience in his pocket, and wore them both out together. Money was his only principle; and he fitted praise to the backs of ministers or actors, as he would have done a coat, agreeably to price and order. Passing over this unpleasant ground of notoriety, which made its object walk continually between the two fires of horsewhip and pillory, in his person he presented a greater. Daniel Dancer himself was a clean and decent individual compared to Anthony Pasquin. He seemed to have a passion for dirt, and he always looked as if he had just been expelled from a poor-house or prison." To this Dunlap adds, that his ideas were as dirty as his clothes.

It is because of his peculiar relations to Hodgkinson, to Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, and to Huggins, that I have given Pasquin a place in this series. The portrait which I reproduce was engraved by the celebrated Bartallozzi, the grandfather of Madame Vestris. In many respects Pasquin has his counterparts now, who perform for actors the same friendly or unfriendly service which made the name of Anthony Pasquin infamous. When Junius Brutus Booth as a boy was playing in the low countries in the wake of Wellington's army, Pasquin was there, and he assumed to take Booth under his special protection, and to recommend him to London managers. One of these recommendations Mrs. Clarke quotes, repeating in this generation the thing of which Dunlap complained, when he said, "Yet we see this man's opinions in matters of art gravely quoted in modern books."

At the time when Booth played Iago to Kean's Othello at Drury Lane in 1817, Pasquin wrote a sketch of Booth which helped to bring the young tragedian into discredit. The pamphlet is very scarce, the only one I ever saw being in the library of Mr. T. J. McKee, whose collection of books and prints relating to the stage is the most complete in this country. The next year, 1818, Pasquin came back to the United States, and died in a hovel in Brooklyn. It must have been in December of that year that he died, for I saw the announcement of his death in the same paper which contained that of the birth of Mr. Lester Wallack.

SCRUTATOR

Yes, I am Scrutator. I am not one of those who having ears hear not, and having eyes see not. I use both. I have a quick eye and a ready ear. I am not slow to notice folly or discover worth—so look out for me. I warn you in advance that I shall tell what I see and write down what I hear. In this respect I shall be like Francis Grose, of whom Bobby Burns once wrote—

"There's a chiel amang you takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it"

"There are only two kinds of theatrical performances in which I can really find enjoyment." I overheard a prominent star declare several days ago, "The one is a very good play and the other a very bad one. Well, I stopped in Daly's to see 'Mankind' the other evening, and had an enjoyment of the latter kind such as I have not had for a year." Yet, in my opinion, Daly's 'Mankind' is true to nature, for it is like real mankind in general, which I am cynical enough to believe exceedingly bad.

On Tuesday evening I visited the Standard Theatre to witness the first production of the "Black Cloaks." I had a seat in the balcony, and enjoyed myself immensely. Being in the theatre early, I had an opportunity to keep my eye on the nice young gentlemen who act as ushers, and through these means I found the immense enjoyment I just spoke of. Those ushers are very funny fellows. Let me tell you about them.

The Standard it seems charges $1 for admission. Admission in all the other theatres means some kind of a seat thrown in, but at the Standard, admission is pure and simple admission. A poor devil who enjoys opera, but cannot afford to pay for anything more than an admission, is not allowed down stairs either. "If you haven't got a check you must go up stairs," says the young gentleman down stairs, and he does not say it any too politely either. What is the use of being civil to a poor devil who can only afford an admission? Consequently all the p. d's. came up to the balcony, and I had a fine time watching them.

There were two ushers up stairs, and they were both very nice young gentlemen. One

had a mustache, and the other looked as if he would like to. "Where's your check?" these very nice young gentlemen would cry to every p. d. who came up stairs, pretty much in the manner that a knight of the highway would demand one's money or life. The p. d. would murmur with a blush that he had not any. "These seats are all reserved," then the very nice young gentlemanly ushers would cry, and the p. d. would lean against the wall and gaze pensively at the Cupid over in the corner of the boxes, while the nice young gentlemanly ushers would look happy. How pleasant it is to crush a poor devil who can only afford an admission. By the way, it was a remarkable trait in those nice young gentlemanly ushers that while they always asked a p. d. who had not any check for one, they invariably permitted the aristocrats who had to find their own seats.

An old gentleman and a little girl and another gentleman and a lady came in while I was there, and when they discovered that their admissions did not entitle them to some kind of a seat they went down stairs and reinvested in reserved seats. It is to get people to do this, in my opinion, "that all seats upstairs are reserved," which statement is slightly inconsistent, as the last four rows were given np to the p. ds. as soon as the curtain rose. This should have been done from the outstart; but no, the management preferred to net a few extra half dollars from the p. ds. who brought ladies. Ladies who came alone, however, were always given a seat if young and pretty, I noticed. This is fair. Old men and women have lived long and know how to stand until after the curtain rises if they are too mean to give the poor managers extra half dollars, while gum-chewing, giggling girls should always be found a good seat, and when the curtain rises be taken down front. That's what the nice young gentlemanly ushers upstairs did for a couple, and I was pleased to see they knew so much. A young and pretty female p. d. should always be given a $1.50 front seat. All other p. d's. are not deserving of any seat at all. Really, accommodations at the Standard are far above the standard, and I found great pleasure in scrutinizing them.

While on the subject of Mr. Lonsdale's nice, young, gentlemanly ushers, it way be well to remark that while rudeness to a p. d., a steel pen coat, a white cravat and a boutonaire go a long way toward making a nice, young, gentlemanly usher. Those at the Standard have a qualification which places them far beyond all rivals in the matter of refinement. They chew tobacco and spit on the floor in the most cultivated manner. If there is anything that pleases me more than another, it is to see a nice, young, gentlemanly usher escorting a couple of elegantly attired ladies down an aisle with a half ounce quid stored away in his cheek, and on Tuesday I had the extreme gratification of witnessing this pleasing sight.

"Why don't Mr. Carleton dance? Is it because he can't, or is it dignity?" asked a young lady in front of me during the final chorus of "Les Manteaux Noirs," Mr. C. being the only one who was not capering about on the stage. As the young lady appeared particularly anxious to know, I refer the query to Mr. Carleton himself.

Out of an Engagement.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE SQUARE.

WHEN Monday morning dawned, the sun shone brilliantly in Union Square, and, as it was Holy Week, there was unusual activity in theatrical circles.

The season had been the worst known in years, but with the expiration of the Lenten fast, now so near at hand, activity and preparation were everywhere apparent. It had been reported all day Sunday that some of the theatres wanted a few extra people for the new pieces which were to be produced at Easter, and half a dozen travelling companies were forming to test the patience and the pockets of the inland towns with the quasi successes of the year. All this was early demonstrated at the Square that morning, and even before the great dramatic agency office of Crummles & Co. was open for business that locality began to be thronged with actors, agents, and managers.

Union Square, it is well known, is the great resort of the members of the theatrical calling. They congregate there in numbers that would be surprising to any one knowing the *personel* of the profession, who should undertake to count the actors, good, bad, and indifferent, to be seen there in a single day. Where they come from early in the morning nobody seems to know—where they go to again late at night nobody cares to inquire; but from morning till night, and often from night again until morning, there they are waiting, like Micawber, for "something to turn up."

As Mildmay emerged from his house that morning he met the famous Nick Whiffles, the manager of the Little Jack Horner Pantomime Troupe. Whifflles was unshaven and unshorn, but his countenance wore a roseate hue, and on his head was the broad-brimmed felt hat always to be seen there.

"Why, Whiffles, is this you?" asked Mildmay. "When did you get back to town?"

"Last night—bad business on the road—anything doing here?" answered or asked Whiffles in Alfred Jingle style.

"Nothing, or next to nothing," Mildmay replied; "but that is scarcely surprising. The Kidleekum has produced only two or three sombre French pieces which created no enthusiasm; Carew has done little except to revive old comedy, and Mr. Jasper Carew and the present generation cares for neither of these revivals; Chizzlem has tried everything, and hit them at last on Saturday night. But where so early, Whiffles, may I ask?"

"To the Square," the manager answered, and then looking round him and scrutinizing the neighborhood carefully, he asked: "Isn't there some place hereabouts where we could fire in a ball?"

A little further on Mildmay encountered that great tragedian, John McFallen, called familiarly by everybody "John." By dint of hard work and constant praise from the critics, whom he dined most persistently, John had begun to make people believe he was really a tragedian and he was to play an engagement at Plum's Theatre, beginning at Easter with a round of characters made famous by the acting of Wood, the first of American tragedians, and the first tragedian of his time whom he had succeeded by purchase. McFallen was to open with "Metamora." He accordingly felt himself a "big Indian" as he smiled benignly on Mildmay and passed on on his way to the Square.

On this particular morning, as has already been intimated, the actors, managers and agents began to gather early, but the first "cocktail" that passed over the bar at the Union Place Hotel was absorbed by Mr. James Spate, of the celebrated Spate family of actors and dramatists. Everybody in the profession who had ever been "on the other side" knew Bob Spate, whose society plays wrought such a complete revolution in the comedy-drama of the period. Spate's fame was world-wide, and scarcely a season passed without a revival of one of his pieces at Carew's. From the manner in which the *Jackdaw* spoke of these revivals one would have thought that Mr. Jasper Carew was himself the author of them, and that only his innate modesty induced him to put Bob Spate's name to them instead of his own. Mr, James Spate was the "black sheep" of the Spate family, and so, of course, he was sent to America as the last field for a Spate who was not fit to live at home. On this morning, and on many others, he owed his liquor to the fact that he was Bob Spate's brother, for kinship with the great brings "drinks" in America if it brings nothing else.

"Bourbon cocktails har things we never 'ad in hold Hengland," said Mr. James Spate, as he wrapped himself round one of these delicious beverages.

"Gin—the drink of a gentleman at all times," cried Mr. Knowles Shakem, as he made his first appearance for the day, and was supplied with his favorite liquid.

Later in the morning Mr. John Mildmay walked through the "bar," and, glancing at the clock, passed out of the "office."

"I wonder who he is going to pitch into next," inquired Mr. Everard Halidom, the leading man at the Kidleekum.

"You, perhaps," answered De Shally, a dark little man, who was not an actor, but who had

attached himself as a parasite to the profession as firmly as a barnacle to a ship's bottom.

"We'll see," Halidom replied, as he leaned gracefully against the bar waiting for the next round of drinks.

In the meantime the daily gathering of the profession had assumed its usual proportions. In one group were not fewer than five dramatists, Mr. George Faxon, the author of that great play, "Broadway," which was so original in design and execution that it even represented water as running up hill; Mr. Timothy Bartlett, a tall, angular young man from the West, whose plays have met with considerable favor abroad but none at home; Mr. Magnum Bonus, all pomposity and shirt front, but confessedly a writer for the stage of unusual promise; Mr. Ernest Crumple, of the *Universe*, whose play, "The Double," shows that a capable critic in the eyes of people generally has only to put his theories into practice to prove his incapacity; and Mr. Albert Airhole, none of whose pieces had ever been produced. As Mildmay passed this group one of them said: "It is surprising that that young fellow of the *Jackdaw* don't tempt fortune with a play."

"Only let him try it on," Crumple answered.

"A good many actors and actresses that I know of would like the pleasure of killing it," said Faxon.

"And a few critics that I know of are already sharpening their pencils for him when he does try it," returned Crumple.

"Poor fellow! His day is coming, I suppose," said Bartlett. "I never knew a journalist yet who was ever allowed to criticise a play who did not once set to work to write one. I am a melancholy example of that myself."

"Now look here, Crumple, old boy," put in Faxon, "Mildmay treated you well enough when you produced 'The Double' at Carew's."

"But I owe all that to Carew, or to Dawson, which is worse. Dawson had left orders at the office of the *Jackdaw* that if he said anything condemnatory of the piece the night editor should make it the reverse. That was because Carew had paid me $500 for it in advance."

"Oho," laughed Airhole, "I begin to see daylight. I could not understand why Mildmay should have said that that old Dido possessed all the girlishness necessary to the part. I thought it was a gibe at her age, Crumple, and at you for writing a young part when you knew it was to be played by an old woman. I see it all now—funny, wasn't it?"

"Well, you know what she did with Willie Furbelow's painful attempt—killed the piece by 'walking' it for no other reason than that the heroine was not young enough to suit her."

"By the way," interposed Airhole, "I hear that Mildmay is very much 'stuck' on that girl Martha Gibbs."

"What, the little fairy with the golden hair?" asked Bartlett.

"Fairy!" exclaimed Airhole, "she is ugly—positively ugly."

"Mildmay doesn't think so, at all events," interposed Faxon. "The girl dresses like a little queen, and he must find the money somewhere. She was robbed of her jewels some time ago, they said, and yet there were diamonds in her ears the last time I saw her in Broadway. I wonder if he was fool enough to replace them? Dawson must pay large salaries if he could afford it."

"I saw her act in the West a long time. She is really very good—so good in fact that she never overdoes anything. Why don't she take an engagement?" asked Bartlett.

The others remained silent, until at length Faxon significantly raised his finger to his nose.

"But why?" persisted Bartlett, interpreting the gesture.

"Proud," said Airhole.

"Fiery," exclaimed Bonus, who till now had not opened his mouth.

"Exclusive," said Crumple.

"Virtuous," added Faxon.

The group broke up, a number of actors pouncing each of them upon a victim among the dramatists. The scene had changed somewhat, but only in the density of the line of thirsty artists ranged along the bar. Halidom had just raised his glass to his lips for the fifth time, when De Shally, who had gone out a few minutes before, rushed in again breathless with exeitement. "What do you think?" he exclaimed. "Gibbs is going to play Camille."

"That settles it," responded Halidom.

"Where?" asked one of the party.

"At the Accordeon," answered De Shally.

"That settles it," ejaculated an echo of Halidom's.

"Under whose wing?" somebody asked.

"Mildmay's," De Shally gasped.

"And that settles him."

Such news as the announcement that Miss Gibbs was to play "Camille" had not been heard at the Square in a long time. There was no end of comment, much of it ill-natured, and underlying it all was evidence of the set purpose which Miss Dollyspank had announced that Miss Martha Gibbs should never, never have a fair hearing in New York.

"Presumptuous girl," remarked Mr. James Pique, by way of giving expression to this feeling.

"Why' hasn't she the same right to play Camille that you have to sing Sir Harry Bumper's song?" asked Harry Templeton, a young actor, of whose career it is only to be said that it had not been fortunate. And then, after looking at Pique for a moment, Templeton added with some asperity: "But I don't know what Miss Gibbs might say if she heard you were going to sing."

"Perhaps you want to play Armand for her?" queried Pique.

"I certainly shall if she asks me to," Templeton answered.

"Then you'll make a fool of yourself, Templeton—that's all I have to say. Carew and the Pet and Miss Dido, Chizzlem and Dollyspank, and everybody, in fact, are opposed to this young girl's ambitious designs. I know a dozen women who would bite their heads off if they thought she could succeed, and they won't let her succeed, I can tell you that. Mildmay has always had a sort of fancy for you, and he may ask you to support this girl, but if you know what is good for you, Templeton, you will never consent to do it."

"She is so bad she is funny," said the malicious Miss Balderdash, when she heard the news of the day as she was passing through Union Square that morning.

"I hope she may fall down and break a leg," said Miss Buxton, who only a year before was a walking lady, and who would have been a walking lady still had she not got a part exactly suited to her mannerisms.

"What! That chit play Camille?" exclaimed Mr. Jasper Carew. "She might as well try to play Jack Falstaff."

Toby Belch smiled when the story was told to him, shook his head significantly, and said nothing.

"Where does this news about Gibbs come from?" asked Hallidom of De Shally, later in the day.

"From Crummles, of course," De Shally answered. "Mildmay was in there early this morning to ask Harry Crummles to make up a cast for her, and you know everything that takes place in Crummles & Co.'s back room is sure to reach the ears of somebody."

"And what do the boys think of it all?" pursued De Shally's interogator.

"They say they won't have it and I don't believe they will. I never knew an undertaking which developed so much opposition at the outset. Everybody is talking about it and everybody is against it. Why, I heard Pique just now trying to persuade Templeton not to play Armand for her although poor Templeton has not been asked yet. Even Carew is hostile and says openly that a thing of this kind ought not to be permitted. The Belch influence also will be against it, for that old Balderdash doesn't want any young actresss on the New York stage while she chatters her false teeth before the public. If Miss Gibbs should succeed as Camille—I say should succeed—and it is not impossible with anything like fair surroundings—her success would be the death of at least twenty actresses, old and young together. There is little wonder so much opposition is developed, for a young actress in a strong part would soon compel Carew and Potter and even Chizzlem, to banish the old faces and the rouge-pots, and nobody wants to do this except a few people like this Gibbs girl and John Mildmay her co-conspirator."

As the day wore on the news of Miss Martha Gibbs' bold undertaking was generally diffused in theatrical circles. What is more remarkable the muttered hostility of the morning became active and directed opposition before night. The entire dramatic profession in New York was combining to crush one, poor, struggling, friendless girl.

"Look out for the *Pen and Pencil*" said the

matronly Fanny Ellenton to Miss Martha Gibbs that afternoon, "because that snob of a Furbelow is completely in the interest of Dollyspank and will do what ever she wants."

"Dollyspank is going to play Camille for her benefit the night after Gibbs plays it, and she says that people who are her friends must 'plant' the house for that impertinent young minx."

When this announcement was made it was received with a universal cry of "that settles it" and with this benign purpose in their hearts—that of filling the Accordeon Theatre with persons who would stab the young actress in her supreme efforts—the actors, managers and agents who had swarmed there all day left the Square to the solitary policeman, who was paid not to forsake it.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—"VIVA."

Viva	Alice Harrison
Carlo	Louis Harrison
Mrs. Amelia Rice	Addie J. Eaton
Genevieve	Therese Wood
Mrs. Martha Van Schaick	Mary Maddern
Mrs. Bates	Grace Darling
Giametti	P. Aug. Anderson
Peter Schuyler	Charles Overton
Horace Van Schaick	Walter Kelly
Mr. Saml. Schuyler	W. H. Thompson
Boker, a detective	Murry Woods
Rev. Brownlow Brown	Lestor Victor
Doctor	Frank R. White
Widders	Charles T. Vincent
Pewter	Charles Helmych

On Monday evening, at Niblo's Garden, the Harrisons presented for the first time in this city their new play, "Viva; or, a Sister's Sacrifice," written for them by Leonard Grover, "as a stepping-stone or link" between their past burlesque and musical extravaganza career and a more serious dramatic future. The piece is an interesting one, and as an acting play, is well constructed. In a literary sense, Mr. Grover has not been so successful, and although in several places he attemps to put dramatic poetry into the mouths of his characters, and make them talk sweetly about roses and daisies, hothouse exotics, of the rich and hardy flowers of the lowly, he fails to make their speeches anything better than average Nineteenth Century dramatic poetry, and that is unmeaning gush. The story of the play, however, and the manner in which it is developed, is calculated to keep the close attention of an audience, and the interest never flags for a moment.

The first act occurs at Wrenmere, on the East River, the home of the Schuylers, an aristocratic New York family. This scene is a very pretty one, and gives a good view of Blackwell's Island in the distance. Two young Italian street singers, brother and sister, visit the spot, apparently by chance, but really to assist in the liberation of their uncle, a convict, who is serving a five years' term on the Island. They succeed in their design, and overcome by the excitement of the moment, Viva, the Italian girl, faints, and the curtain comes down on a customary tableau. The second act is laid at Coney Island, and in it Viva is induced to elope with Horace Van Schaick, a wealthy young man, who has met her, and fallen in love with her during her short stay at Wrenmere. The third act shows the two in their home, Bayside Lodge. In this scene, the young man, who is tired of the girl, who supposes herself his wife, but who in reality he never married, determines to cast her off, which he does. Her uncle then avenges her wrongs, by murdering her betrayer, and Carlo, her brother, is accused of the crime, and convicted of murder in the first degree, To save her brother, Viva makes a false confession, that she alone is guilty of Van Schaick's murder, and dies from a poison administered to her by her uncle. Carlo is pardoned, and then the uncle proceeds to restore Viva to life, by pouring an antidote to the poison down her throat. At the eleventh drop she revives and springs up, her surroundings disappear, and she finds herself standing at Wrenmere with the other characters grouped around her, as at the fall of the curtain on the first act. She realizes that her false marriage to Horace, his murder, the trial of her brother for the crime, and her sacrifice to save the brother, have all been dreamed during her unconsciousness, and the curtain falls for the last time. This denouement is very cleverly managed and rather startling to the audience, who had not the slightest suspicion that the second, third, fourth and first two scenes of the final act, were only a dream, until Mr. Grover saw fit to undeceive them. We have seen many pieces supposed to have occurred in a dream, but never before has the denouement been so carefully concealed until the very last, and then so unexpectedly brought about.

As for the acting, taken as a whole, it was all that could be desired. As Viva, Miss Harrison won much well deserved applause, and was several times enthusiastically called to the footlights. Both in the light and serious parts of her role she was excellent, and there is no doubt of her attaining as high a position in her "more serious dramatic future" as she has hitherto enjoyed in her "past burlesque and musical extravaganza career." Her singing and dancing, reminiscences of the past, were received by the audience with evident relish, and encored again and again. Louis Harrison as Carlo, was amusing in the comedy lines, but when he came to a serious speech, his auditors were more inclined to smile than to weep at his efforts. Mr. Harrison's forte is evidently comedy, in which he is always satisfactory, but the less we say of his "more serious dramatic work" the better. The support was unusually fine. P. Aug. Anderson as the uncle, Giametti, played the Italian with force, and his dialect was so true to nature, that fully two-thirds of what he said was unintelligible. Mr. Kelly as Horace Van Schaick deserves a word of commendation, and Mr. Overton made an earnest and manly "good cousin Peter." Mr. Thompson personated Mr. Schuyler ably, and the other gentlemen made the most of their parts, particularly Chas. T. Vincent, who delivered his lines, few as they were, in a manner deserving of praise. His description of Van Schaick's murder in the fourth act was well done, and recognized by the audience, who rewarded him with a round. While not so strong as the gentlemen, the ladies were satisfactory, Miss Maddern especially, and the whole performance was pleasing to a high degree. That "Viva" is a success, is an assured fact, and as Viva, Miss Harrison is its life. To-night is the last of its present run at Niblo's.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

Serpolette	Mmes Theo
Germaine	Dorsey
Gaspard	MM. Mezieres
The Marquis	Noe
Grenicheux	Grivel
The Bailiff	Duplan

Madame Theo gave a charming performance of Serpolette on Monday evening, making amends, as usual, for her vocal deficiencies by her grace and dainty humor as an actress. After the castle scene M. Mezieres was three times called before the curtain. M. Duplan made a comical bailiff, and the ladies earned hearty plaudits by the excellence of their singing.

"LA MASCOTTE."

Bettina, La Mascotte	Mme. Theo
Fiametta	Betty
Laurent XVII	Mme. Mezieres
Pippo	Huguet
Fritellini	Noe-Cadeau
Rocco	Duplan
Matheo	Mussy
A Sergeant	David

Madame Theo's appearance as Bettina in "La Mascotte," on Thursday evening, was not as successful as her previous performances. The charm and spirit with which she invested her other parts were lacking in this, and she failed to arouse any enthusiasm.

STANDARD THEATRE—"LES MANTEAUX NOIRS."

Don Luis De Rosamonte (an officer)	W. T. Carleton
Don Jose (the King's Chamberlain)	A. Wilkinson
Dromez (a Miller) (His first appearance in America.)	R. Mansfield
Nicolas (a Farmer)	W. Gillow
Manuel (a Tailor)	Wm. White
Palomez (Astronomer Royal)	J. A. Furey
Don Philip of Aragon (King Consort)	J. H. Ryley
Isabel (Queen of Castile) (Her first appearanse in America.)	Fanny Edwards
Clorinda (attendant on the Queen) (Her first appearance in America.)	Joan Rivers
Gomez (the Queen's Page)	Billie Barlow
Lazarillo (a Tailor's Boy) (Her first appearance in America.)	Mina Rowley
Girola (the Belle of Valodos)	Mme Selina Dolaro

"Les Manteaux Noirs," a three-act comic opera written by William Parkes and Henry Paulton, with music by Bucalossi, was brought out at the Standard Theatre last Tuesday evening before a well filled and good humored house, by Mr. D'Oyly Carte's opera company. The piece, as our readers know, was originally produced in London last June. It is founded on a creation of Scribe's, and a version of it was seen in this country as long ago as 1850, at Burton's Theatre, under the title of "Giralda; or, Love and Mystery," with Lester Wallack as Philip; Mrs. Russell as the Queen; Mr. G. Jordan, as Don Manuel (the Don Luis of the present version); Mr. T. Johnston, as Don Japhet (now called Don Jose); Mr. Burton, as Gil (the character played at the Standard by Mr. Mansfield); and Mrs. Skerrett, as Giralda (the part filled by Mme. Dolaro.)

The music of "Les Manteaux Noirs," while

not strikingly original, is bright and tuneful, and pleased the audience far better than would have more pretentious work. The libretto is amusing, and Mr. Paulton, who is said to be the sole author, despite the fact that Mr. Parke's name is on the bills, is to be congratulated upon giving to the stage one of the few librettos in which can be found clever lines and genuine humor. He understands the art of playing upon words, and his puns are not of the excruciating kind usually met with in comic opera. The story of the piece is interesting, and briefly told, is as follows:

In the opening act we find the villagers of Valodos assembled to celebrate the nuptials of the rustic beauty, Girola, with the Miller Dromez. The beauty does not care for Dromez, because she is in love with a certain unknown cavalier, who has won her heart by her chivalrous rescue from robbers; nor does Dromez care for her, but he does care exceedingly for her dowery of two hundred crowns. Don Luis, the unknown cavalier in question, has, on his part, been eagerly searching for the little beauty to whom he had rendered such gallant aid. Learning from Don Jose, a chattering old court chamberlain, that Girola is about to be married, and finding that the miller's views are altogether mercenary, he promises to pay four hundred crowns, on condition that he is substituted for the miller at the ceremony, which is performed with lightning-like rapidity.

The festivities are interrupted by the appearance of Queen Isabella, of Castile, and her consort, the inflammable Don Philip. Clorinda, the secretely married bride of Don Jose, Gomez, the page, and a crowd of courtiers and guards. Her Majesty has selected Valodos, as an appropriate spot to witness the eclipse of the moon, but is graciously pleased to take an interest in the rural festivities, and asks to see the happy pair. The bride is forthcoming, but there is no bridegroom. Don Luis, fearing the approach of his sovereign, hastily escapes from the church where he is to be married to Girola, and makes his appearance in his own proper character before the Queen. The miller is discovered after some search, and, as everyone believes (the bride included), that he has married Girola, they are escorted, with song and dance, to the mill. In the second act, Giroia is taken to the bridal-chamber by her maids, and, the guests having departed, Dromez is left alone to face the embarrassing situation. In the midst of his perplexities, a cavalier in black cloak appears, who proves to be Don Luis the husband of Girola, and the miller's difficulties are apparently at an end. But they are interrupted by the appearance of two other cavaliers in black cloaks, who enter through the casement, and who proves to be the amorous King, who imagines that Girola has given him a glance of encouragement, and comes to serenade her, and his attendant, the fussy old chamberlain, Don Jose. The serenade proceeded under difficulties and interruptions from the half-frozen old man posted as sentry on the balcony, who contributes sneezes as accompaniment.

All of these characters play at cross purposes with each other, and love-making in the darkness is attended with a series of unforeseen mistakes and comical blunders, ending with the approach of the Queen and attendants—she having meantime been warned that her ardent husband is "going too far." The King and the lovers escape, and the unhappy chamberlain is the only person who is caught, and is forced to bear the sarcasms and laughter of the Court and the rage of his jealous wife, Clorinda. Act 3d shows us the Qneen's palace of Santiago, where the Queen's pages and ladies are amusing themselves at dancing. The morose Don Jose, whose temper becomes soured by his quarrel with his wife, sends them away, and essays to make his peace with his sponse. Meantime, the miller, who has been craning his neck, watching the battlements of the castle, in expectation of the signal from the three courtiers, who owe him two thousand crowns, comes to demand justice from the Queen. He explains the mysterious behavior of the three men in the mill, and he offers as evidence the three cloaks that they left behind, and professes to be able to detect them by their voices. The Queen, having sent for the bride and all the implicated parties, with the ald of the miller detects and exposes the three gallants, and is graciously pleased to receive to her forgiveness her wayward spouse, Don Philip, and to give her consent to the marriage of the lovers Luis and Girola, and receive again into her favor the mortified and repentant Chamberlain.

The costumes were magnificent and the stage settings beautiful. The picture presented upon the rising of the curtain on the first act was very effective and greeted with several rounds. The acting and singing were as a rule good and the newcomers were cordially received. Of these Mr. Manfield is the best, and as Dromez he made the hit of the evening. He is a clever actor and a good singer, and what is rare with English importations, he knows how to be funny. Miss Fanny Edwards, however, did not create so favorable an impression. She has a voice like a trooper, and went through her part in a listless manner. Miss Rivers, another debutant on the American stage, had no chance to show what she could do, and it would be unfair to express an opinion of her. Of our old acquaintances Mr. Carleton comes first. He played Don Luis to the entire satisfaction of his auditors and won several encores, all of which he deserved. In the part of Girola, Mme. Dolaro sang well and acted with spirit. Mr. Ryley as the amorous king, tried very hard to amuse, but his serenade, "I sing love's dulcet lay," with a sneezing accompaniment by Mr. Wilkinson in the second act, was the only thing he did that gained recognition from the audience. By the way, a little oversight, such as "Mr. Brown" condemned in THE THEATRE several weeks ago, occurred in this scene. The moon continued to pour her brightest rays through the window of the mill during a most violent snow storm, instead of hiding her light as is customary with lunar on such occasions. Perhaps, however, as the snow did not last long it was only a moon-storm on the principle of a sun- shower. The chorus and orchestra were very fine, and "Les Manteaux Noirs" may be fairly said to have "caught on."

GERMANIA THEATRE—"COUNT WALDEMAR."

Waldemar	Mr. Ernst
Hugo, Count Schenk	Mr. Schmike-Hermann
Captain of Horse	Mr. Egli
Heinrich von Sorben	Mr. Hartzheim
Fedor Iwanowitsch	Mr. Ruberg
Georgine	Miss Honnef
Hiller	Mr. Kessler
Gertrud	Miss Bensberg

On Monday Freytag's melodrama was given with the above cast. In this piece both Fraulein Bensberg and Honnef made a strong impression, the one by the display of great tragic powers, and the other by the fine contrast of her childish simplicity in Gertrud.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.—HAGUE'S MINSTRELS.

Ballad (descriptive) "Sailing."	J. P. O'Keefe
"My Little Sweetheart,"	Castell Brydges
"Michael Murphy,"	Billy Richardson
"Our Crew,"	Howard Oakley
"We Never Speak as We Pass By," (Written specially for Mr. Keed by Frank Egerton, Esq.)	Vernon Reed
"Down to de Ball,"	The Girard Brothers
Bass Solo—"Every Bullet has its Billet,"	Charles Bishop
"Heartsease,"	S. Gilbert
"Aunt Susan,"	Edward Sands
"Colleen Avarra,"	T. Thomas Campbell
Finale "The Laughing Chorus," (Arranged by John A. Candy especially for this Company.)	Hague's Minstrels

Hague's Operatic Minstrels have done a good week's business, and met with encouraging success The ballads sung by Messrs. O'Keefe, Reed, Gilbert and Campbell, met with special favor, and the chorus singing throughout the first part was excellent. The performance concluded with a laughable domestic sketch, "A Slight Misunderstanding," but the ballad and chorus singing was the cream of the entertainment.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE—"DONNA JUANITA."

Rene Dufaur / Donna Juanita,	Rose Beaudet
Petrita	Hattie Starr
Donna Olympia	Annie Callaway
Marco	Tillie Parker
Paquita	Clara Dixon
Gaston Dufaur	Percy Cooper
Don Pomponio	Ellis Ryse
Colonel Douglas	Fred Dixon
Riego	Arthur Van Houten
Gill Polo	Harry Dall
Picador	J. W. Armstrong
Diego	Walter Allen

Von Suppe's Opera is being fairly sung by the Boston English Opera Company at Tony Pastor's. There is nothing, however, either in the acting or singing to call for special remark.

What Philadelphians are Saying.

The dramatic event of the week in Philadelphia was the production of Dazey's "An American King," at the Arch Street Theatre. About the only merit which Quaker City criticism could find in it, was the fact that Mr. James O'Neil, as Nat Ruggles, has some good opportunities for the display of his powers, but even the leading role does not impress Philadelphia as being worthy of O'Neill's capabilities. As to the play as a whole, what is good is borrowed and what is original isn't worth borrowing—such was the judgment passed upon it. The Philadelphia public is beginning to tire of the monotonous big-hearted western hero, whether he comes under the alias of Sandy McGee, Joe Saunders, or Nat Ruggles; especially if Major Britt or Bardwell Slote, comes along with him to harangue the troupe on the importance of electing him to political honors.

Next to "An American King," the resurrection of Alice Oates at the Walnnt Street Theatre, in the "Mascotte" and the "Princess of Trebizonde," came in for critical attention, which, for this week, appears to mean a proportionate space of ill-nature. Philadelphia likes comic opera in its place, and avowed burlesque in its place, but when a Philadelphian attends a performance in the expectation of seeing either one, and is forced to sit through the other instead, or else go out and answer the doorkeeper's tender of a check, with a "not coming back, thank you," he don't like it. He goes home with an attack of intellectual biliousness, from which he can only be roused by the advent of some foreign nobleman, or other toadyable magnate. Mrs. Oates' Bettina is just enough of a burlesque to displease.

Our lovers of comic opera wonder why "The Passing Regiment" is not oftener produced. They are fairly delighted with it still, as they were when Daly's company produced it at the Arch last season. This time it is at the Chestnut Street Opera House. The company is about the same as then, but they all appear to have improved somewhat.

Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" continues to enslave at Haverly's, and at the Lyceum Braham & Scanlan's Miniature Opera Company on Thursday substituted "Billee Taylor" for "Patience," with pleasing success.

This is the last week of George Wood's management of the Museum. He couldn't see his way clear to pay $3,000 a year, so he gives it up the first of October, and takes Lillie Hinton off on a barn-storming tour through the interior counties of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Joseph H. Wood, the new lessee, will close the establishment for a few repairs, and select as good a company as he can get out of the old material. This week Tom Taylor's "Mary Warner" was played, with Miss Hinton in the title role, which, being all emotional, did not suit her. Hattie Armstrong was happy. She was unanimously voted to have made a hit in the light comedy business of the part of Milly Riggs, and there is a demand to see her oftener in that kind of thing. The rest of the company were suppressed with parts affording little or no scope for their abilities. Yesterday afternoon and evening Lillie Hinton took a benefit.

Tony Pastor is at the Grand Central this week. Therefore, he loses a certain class of patronage, which is above going to a regular variety theatre, but wouldn't miss Tony for a ten-dollar bill if he was at a "hightoned" place. But I suppose Tony couldn't get any hightoned place in town this week.

WACK.

Yes, I have seen everybody on the American stage both young and old, but to tell you what I think of them all would take more time than I have at my command, and all my time is my own just now.

* * *

Edwin Booth? I think he is the best of living tragedians. He may not have genius, which generally is nothing more than awkwardness and gush, but he has reserved force and a clear understanding of what he is about. Every character he plays is as clearly cut as a diamond. The best thing about Booth, to my mind, is the fact that he never seems to strive for an effect, but seldom misses a point.

* * *

True enough, Salvini has more fire, but his performances lack the intellectual ideality with which Booth invests such parts as Iago, Richelieu and the Jester. As a vigorous actor, Salvini is great, but his acting often has too much force for me. I like an actor to move me from within, which Booth always does, but Salvini never. When Salvini moves it is by the torrent of his passion. That is the reason why he plays Othello so well and Hamlet so badly. I mean, however, to see him as Lear, for that is a part which he ought to play as well as Forrest used to play it.

* * *

McCullough? Now I never thought so highly of McCullough as other people have. When he began he was exceedingly rugged, and now he is only ruggedness smoothed down. He is a good actor, certainly, but I could name fifty actors in his own line, in my time, who were every whit as good, and never amounted to much in public estimation.

* * *

Barrett is McCullough's counterpart. When he began he was too smooth, and his efforts to give force to his acting make him pedantic. By the way, Mr. Barrett is to appear at the Grand Opera House a week from now, and I am going over to see him—to give him the encouragement of my presence. Barrett always plays better for seeing one of us bald-heads in the front row.

* * *

Mary Anderson? She has ability, certainly, but I tell you she does not grow. Charlotte Cushman can sleep quietly in her grave yet awhile. If Miss Anderson does not look out she will become automatic.

* * *

What do I find to object to in Jefferson? Just this—in spite of his fine abilities he is too much of a machine. He has, or at least he had, it in his power to delight us once or twice every season with superb new parts in comedy, and if he had done it his reputation would scarcely be inferior to that of the elder Matthews. If he should make up his mind to treat us to a new play even now, I believe he would create a furor. I don't believe he will ever do it though.

* * *

Yes, I have seen Warren over and over. I think he is a great comedian, but not greater than John Gilbert. If these two old men were English actors their praises would be on every tongue. I especially honor them because they have never thought of being stars, but have kept on creating new parts as well as playing old ones for half a century. When the annals of the American stage come to be written these men will fill a brighter page in it than most of our so-called stars.

* * *

Such actresses as Mrs. Drew, Madame Ponisi, and Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, are really more deserving of the praise of an old fellow like me than are the younger women whose names are oftener in the newspapers. It makes me angry to think that such artists are neglected when less capable women are praised. Each of these ladies has done better work, and is still capable of doing it, than any young actress on the New York stage to-day.

* * *

Am I going to the Warren Semi-Centennial? Yes, by Jove, if I have to walk. Warren and I began in the same—but that would be telling.

—Tagliapietra as Pippo must be a very instructive sight. These Italian gentlemen make comic parts very serious when they sing in English.

—Mr. P. McDowell, a well known capitalist of this city, went to Kansas City last Summer to negotiate for the Theatre Comique, and now the house has been struck by lightning. It is understood that Mr. McDowell ordered the bolt in order to call attention to the theatre.

—English poets have a strange hankering for dramatic writing, and they have a quaint liking for associating themselves with actors in the preparation of their stage work. The latest co-partnership of this kind is Robert Buchanan and Cyril Searle.

—Mr. and Mrs. Florence's season begins at the Grand Opera House Oct. 23. "The Ticket of Leave Man," "Eileen Oge" and "No Thoroughfare" will be produced in magnificent style. Scenery, costumes &c., all new. On December 25, a new four-act comedy will be produced at the Park Theatre, entitled "The Captain," written by Mr. Geo. R. Sims expressly for Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and the first of this great author's comedies produced in America. A new four-act comedy has been written by Messrs. Jessop and Gill, and is in Mr. Florence's possession, entitled "An Old Stager," which will be acted during his engagement.

—In spite of his great vitality, there is a doubt whether John Gilbert will ever be seen on the stage again. We all regret his absence, because we have at last realized that we shall lose in him the best as well as the most versatile of our comedians.

—If Mr. Mapleson makes the Patti tickets $10—there is only one thing to be done—to repeat the lesson which Patti learned to her sorrow last year.

—Miss Emma Thursby begins her concert season at Chickering Hall on Monday. She persists in being a concert singer only, which is an occasion for regret, as she thereby denies herself the scope which her gifts and culture demand.

—Some of our contemporaries have been to the trouble of finding out who Mr. Morrissey's dramatist is, and have discovered that the lady is Miss Adelaide Lennox. We are pleased to observe that both the *Dramatic News* and the *Mirror* are disposed to welcome her to the field of dramatic authorship, and to express the hope that she may play the leading part in her own piece. This is reasonable, for no one is so well qualified to create a play as the actress who has written it.

—Mr. Colville accidentally discovered a new sensation for a melodrama. As he was returning to the city through the storm last Saturday his train was stopped by a "washout." Not liking the prospect of staying all night in the cars, he started to walk to the nearest village two miles distant. On the way he was compelled to cross a high trestle, and he describes the sensations of a man who could not turn back and dared not look down as nerve shattering.

—Mr. M. W. Hanley has been in the city several days, being called back to his home by the illness of one of his children. Mr. Hanley is greatly rejoiced over the reception which is everywhere accorded to "Squatter Sovereignty." So far he has not been able to find a theatre big enough to hold his audiences.

—Some malicious people have been saying that Miss Rose Coghlan is going upon the lyric stage. When asked why, they answer that she sings her part in "Taken from Life."

—Where is this kind of thing to end? John McCullough was presented with a basket of flowers after the third act of "Virginius," in Chicago, on Monday evening. What the stern Roman wanted with prairie flowers is more than we can imagine.

—Mrs. F. S Chanfrau will make a professional visit to England next season. She is a good representative American actress, and ought to make a favorable impression there.

—On Tuesday evening next, Mr. Ryley and Mr. Wilkinson will change parts in "Les Manteaux Noirs." It is believed the change will be to the advantage of both artists.

—"The Parvenu," which is to be produced at Wallack's this evening, is a fine comedy, and its presentation will be the crucial test for the new company.

—The London Theatre, in the Bowery, is one of those places which disdain newspaper assistance, but for all that it has so far this season presented the highest class of variety entertainments. Beginning with the Davene Troupe it made a fair start for the favor of the East Side, for this is one of the best troupes of its class on the road. This week and next the stage is occupied by Leavitt's Star Specialty Troupe, which is exceedingly strong, and

meets with great success everywhere. We have seen no notices of these organizations in the daily press. The reason probably is that the management does not believe in advertising. This is a hardship to companies coming to the London, as both Mr. Graham and Mr. McAdow would be willing to testify.

—Mr. Stanley Grey sung his new ballad, "Darling Bessie, I'll be true," in the first part, at the San Francisco Minstrels, on Monday evening. Mr. Grey possesses a remarkably sweet and pure tenor voice, and his new ballad meets with great and deserved favor.

—At the Bijou Opera House next week, there will be two performances of "Patience" daily, by the Boston Miniature company in the afternoon, and by the regular company in the evening. Madame Theo goes to the Bijou on the 9th for a week, the Bijou company singing in Brooklyn on the 16th. "The Sorcerer" will be reproduced, with Miss Carrie Burton as Constance, and Mr. George Olney as Sir Marmaduke.

—Mr. Maze Edwards, the well-known and efficien young business manager, has gone into partnership with Mr. J. B. Pond, in musical management. If energy and ability assure success, Mr. Edwards is sure to succeed.

THE ART OF ACTING.

[From the *Era* September 9.]

Mr. Mowbray Morris contributes to the September number of that excellent magazine *Time* an article that will be read with interest by the playgoer and the critic of modern acting. Mr. Morris bases his criticisms upon the report of Mr. Boucicault's lecture on "The Art of Acting," which appeared in *The Era*. Mr Morris speaks of ours as "a very full and apparently literal report." It was so, and the only one of the kind. Mr. Mowbray Morris has much to say and he commences thus :—"Mr. Boucicault has hardly, I think, received full justice from his critics, who have, with a single exception, taken him gravely to task, or lightly laughed at him. Perhaps he owes this a little to himself. He was, in his opening sentences, at such pains to disclaim any too serious or solid design; his manner, for all the admirable sense and meaning of his words, seems to have been so easy and conversational—a most engaging and delightful manner by all accounts, but the manner, perhaps, rather of an entertaining companion, one who talked uncommonly well, but not too wisely, than of a grave and earnest lecturer with a big purpose at heart. 'There was,' to quote the words of a writer in the *Spectator*, who alone seems to have recognized and have appreciated both Mr. Boucicault's aim and its limitation, 'there was something captivatingly *intime* about the occasion, and it was marked by the utmost good-humor, and enlivened with pleasant little incidents.' Moreover—I am sure Mr. Boucicault will not be offended with me—there was perhaps something a little fantastic, a little comical, in the idea of Irishmen discoursing to Englishmen on the necessity of upholding the true standard of purity in their pronounciation of the English language. They pronounce the letter *i* sometimes like *oi*, and sometimes *a-eh*. They talk of 'moi o i,' or 'maeh, a-eh,' yet neither of those is the pronounciation of 'i' in the English language. It was, perhaps. difficult to listen to these words, delivered in what one present has described as 'a humorous Irish accent,' without smiling. But there were other causes, too, at work. As we so often find in contemporary criticism—as, indeed, we almost always find when we get into the atmosphere of the theatre. Mr. Boucicault's critics seem to have been a little too much occupied with holding briefs for their clients, or, it may have been for themselves, to permit them to exercise that catholic and independent judgment with which one is naturally disposed to credit them. And their criticism has inevitably, therefore, been rather busied with what Mr. Boucicault did not say than with what he did. 'Auditors, and readers in general,' says Landor, 'come to hear or read not your opinion delivered, but their own repeated.' It has been so, I think, in Mr. Boucicault's case. Coming to the lecture, each with his mind made up beforehand fixed and unalterable, his various critics searched his utterances, not so much to find what there was in them, as to find what there was not, which, each according to his lights, they had determined there should be. By the *Art* of acting they understood—were agreed, at any rate many of them for the moment to understand—the incommunicable part, the essence of the actor's spirit. Mr. Boucicault, on the other hand, designed to treat only of that part which, as may surely be said of every art known among men, can be taught and learned." No theatrical readers will forget the opinions expressed by Mr. John Ryder respecting the query—"Can acting be taught?" Mr. Morris says:—"For example, there is Mr. Ryder, an actor in whom one would surely have expected to find above all others alive to the importance of training and method in his art—there is Mr. Ryder coming away 'grievously disappointed' because Boucicault had not shown him how to act 'from the heart, with passion, feeling and power; because, although 'he told us how men should move their arms and legs and take a hat off a table, he did not tell us what attitude Macduff should assume, or how he should best reveal the depth of his agony, when told his wife and children were savagely slaughtered. Though there is much virtue in the proper movement of the arms and legs, more, indeed, than many even, our most famous actors seem to think—though one may say that, unless he has first mastered such elementary principles of his art, Macduff will be able to assume no attitude significant of any emotion—still one can, of course, understand how pleased Mr. Ryder and other followers of his art would be to find they could acquire the revelation of depths of agony on such easy terms, and, finding their high wrought expectations baffled, how grievously disappointed they would be. But such things, 'pure true, emotional acting,' Mr. Ryder very justly says, cannot be taught.' 'If a pupil has a soul and feeling,' he allows that 'he or she may be very greatly assisted; but, lacking it, all human power is of no avail.' But is not this the very essence of the argument? If a pupil has a soul or feeling, he or she may be greatly assisted. There must, to complete the actor's equipment, be certain natural capacities, without which all the training in the world will avail nothing, but without training as surely will those capacities bear no fruit, or none of any wholesome savour and sweetness." It is pretty generally admitted that if acting cannot be taught, it can be greatly helped by good teaching where the natural gift exists. Here we come upon another vexed question as to "what is genius? It has been defined as "patience" by one authority, but most people are agreed as to the difference between genius and talent. There appears, in fact, to be an unmistakable distinction, between the quality known as talent which enables a painter, musician, actor or author to produce what is called respectable work, and that subtle power which enables its possessor with far less study and application to reach a higher ground. Mr. Morris remarks:—"It is difficult to mark precisely the limitation and significance of the word *genius*. Most of us have formulated a definition for our own use, which we employ without much reference to our neighbor's standard. Mr. Mathew Arnold has said that the difference between talent and genius is this, that while talent gives the notion of power in a man's performance, genius gives rather the notion of felicity and perfection in it. But his definition would hardly, perhaps, satisfy those who regard genius as something altogether divine and incommunicable. Felicity and perfection, so far as perfection is attainable in human works, are not, it might be urged, beyond acquisition; a man, it might be said, would rather make himself felicitous and perfect in his art than be born so. And it also seems to me, that those who talk of an actor's genius are mostly thinking rather of *power* than of *grace*, of impulse uncontrolled and undirected by method rather than of a studied and balanced art. However this may be, I cannot but think that to talk of the genius of an actor as we talk of the genius of a poet, or a musician, or a painter, is to talk a little loosely. True, there is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon. and so far they may possibly be within their rights in applying the same word to the man who *created* Hamlet, and the man who attempts to bring that creation before us on the stage. But even with this reservation the word in its application to the actor must, it seems to me, if we are to attach any precise meaning to words, have an entirely different significance—a significance different and less. Mr. Irving—who may be regarded as the avatar of theatric divinity—has said that 'to boast of being able to appreciate Shakspere more in reading him than in seeing him acted used to be a common method of affecting special intellectuality.' And he calls this 'a gross and pitiful delusion,' 'a conceited and feather-head assumption,' and so forth, till, after a string of somewhat similar utterances, he finally rests on this remarkable assertion, 'it is acting chiefly that can open to others, with any spark of Shakspere's mind, the means of illuminating the world.' Against such talking as this it is not, perhaps, worth while to employ any very serious arguments." This is rather wandering from the "art of acting." But we find Mr. Morris later on returns to the subject, and says, 'Up to a certain point acting can be taught like any other art or trade. It has certain fixed principles and rules, a certain system and method of its own. For the infraction or neglect of these no genius can compensate. True genius, indeed, will understand their worth, will master them, and put them into practice; for one of the qualities of genius, it has been well said, is the capacity for taking pains. It is only that bastard genius, which is so much in vogue to-day, born of ignorance and nursed in vanity, which affects to despise rules, and, like the fox in the fable, would have others put aside what itself professes to do so finely without. In short, the actor, like the poet, must be made as well as born. After some carping at Mr. Irving, the writer thus concludes :—"Show me," cries Mr. Ryder, "show me how to act from the heart with passion, feeling and power!" "That," answers Mr. Boucicault, "I cannot do; but this I can do, I can recall to your memory the existence of some few and simple rules which many of you appear to have forgotten, and more never to have learnt; rules which will not, indeed, put within your hands such acting as you cry for, but without which you will never lay hands at all upon anything worthy of the name; rules which may not be themselves high art, but on which the high art rests."

FANNY DAVENPORT IN LONDON.

[From the *Era* Sept. 16.]

Miss Fanny Davenport, who comes to us from America, with golden opinions to herald her first appearance, is a handsome, majestic, and clever woman, and, while her admirers of the sterner sex were attracted by her tall, queenly figure, the ladies were perhaps stimulated to a greater extent by a display of jewels such as actresses are seldom adorned with. Miss Fanny Davenport has a dress for each of the five acts, and some of the costumes were well adapted for the exhibition of the diamonds that glittered with starry effect as she moved upon the stage. Rumor speaks of twelve thousand pounds or more as the value of these gems. One of her rings was said to have been purchased from a representative of royalty out of luck for

a thousand pounds. That Miss Davenport has considerable talent cannot be denied, and she employed her abilities with much skill, but the character was not calculated to bring out her best qualities as an actress. Diane is a sort of vulgar Frou-Frou, but without the excuses Frou-Frou had for her fall, and to represent such a character with the breadth of high comedy or the depth of tragic emotion, is merely to make the faults more apparent, and the unreality of the part more decided. The fact that Miss Fanny Davenport devoted much earnestness and stage experience to the part, is not enough to warrant us in speaking of the representation as entirely success, although everything was done in the way of floral displays and applause to give such an impression. The lady has gifts not to be ignored, but we can hardly say that they were seen to the greatest advantage on Saturday evening.

Every one, remarks the London *Figaro*, knows that Mr. Henry Pettitt commenced his dramatic career by rewriting old English plays, adapting French ones, and in a general way assisting Messrs. Conquest and Merritt in keeping the Grecian stage supplied. But it was in his capacity as writing master at a still existing London school that he formed his first connection with the theatre. He used, in fact, to copy plays in his leisure hours, and thus got to know the dramatists with whom he afterwards collaborated.

MME. MODJESKA'S ACCOUNT OF HERSELF.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston *Globe*.]

NEW YORK, September 24.—"It is nearly three years since I left America," said Mme. Modjeska in talking to a reporter recently, "and I am glad to get back again. I first came to this country to find a home here, and as soon as I began to learn your language and the ways of your people I began to feel that America was as much my country as Poland. How strange it has all been. When we first came, I never dreamed that I should go on the stage again; least of all that I should ever play in the English language. We went out to California to settle down, and live purely pastoral lives. But after we had been there for a while, and I had learned a little English, my old passion for the stage came back to me, and when I was offered an opportunity to appear in San Francisco I was very easily tempted from my retirement, and so became as much an American as a Polish actress. That was in 1877. I succeeded very much better than I anticipated that season, and played in various cities until 1879, when we went back to Europe. In the winter of 1879-80 I played in Poland, all of my old friends welcoming me back most kindly. In May, 1880, I went to London, where I played until July, 1881, with only one intermission of four or five weeks. That was one of the longest engagements that has ever been played in London. I played at the Court Theatre, appearing in 'Heartsease,' 'Marie Stuart,' 'The Old Love and the New,' 'Adrienne Lecouvreur,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and some other plays. I left London in July, and travelled in the provinces, visiting Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin. 'Marie Stuart' took particularly well in England and Ireland; but it was not at all popular in Scotland. In Dublin I had a pleasant reception with cheers for Poland. In January, February, and March of this year I played in Poland, Cracow, and Warsaw. I met Sarah Bernhardt in Warsaw, and played just after her. Two delighful receptions were given me in Warsaw. It was my intention to go to St. Petersburg and play for a short season there; but General Ignatieff refused me permission to play in Russia in the Polish language, so I did not go. The censorship, which extend over the stage in the larger portion of Europe, is a very vexatious institution, sometimes. In Warsaw my parts were cut horribly; and even in London the Lord Chamberlain interfered with Camille. From Poland I went to London again, and have been playing there this summer, three months in the Haymarket in 'Odette,' which was a great success, filling the house every night."

"What will you play here, Mme Modjeska?"

"I shall open at the Boston Globe Theatre on October 3, in 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' We are at present rehearsing 'Adrienne,' 'Frou-Frou,' and 'Camille,' which are the only plays we shall rehearse before going to Boston. After we get started in Boston, however, we shall immediately begin the rehearsal of 'Marie Stuart,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Theora.' The latter is my favorite play. Then we may possibly produce 'The Hunchback,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'Odette."

"You spoke of the play, 'Theora.' That is new, is it not?"

"Yes, 'Theora' was produced for the first time by myself in Warsaw last winter. It has never been played by anyone else, or anywhere else. I consider 'Theora' a wonderful play. It is very delicately written, is philosophical and exceedingly poetic It is bright in dialogue and very exciting; but you must see it. The play was written by Henry Ipsen, a very talented Norwegian playwriter. It was exceedingly popular in Poland."

"What? 'Theora?' asked Mme. Modjeska's husband, the Count Bozenta, who had just entered the room. 'Well I should say it was. Mme. Modjeska was called twenty-one times at the close of the second act, one night in Warsaw."

"Yes, that is true," said Mme. Modjeska. "The piece seemed to take Warsaw completely by storm."

"What is the story of the play?"

"It would be hard to tell you in a few words, and it would make too long a story should I attempt to give you any details. However, I will try and give you an idea of it. The play contains three long acts. Theora is a woman who has never had the advantage of any moral or religious training; she has been brought up by her father as a mere play-thing to sing songs, repeat witty stories and make people laugh--trained almost as a dog might be. When she grows up and marries, her only thought is to please her husband, a banker; but she does not know any of the serious sides of life. One time there comes to her husband the necessity of raising some money, and the girl thoughtlessly writes a note, forges her father's signature to it and obtains the money. When she commits this breach her father is ill, and she does not wish to disturb him by asking him for money. Before the note falls due her father dies, and it gets into the hands of an unscrupulous man, who once committed a forgery himself and suffered imprisonment for it. In the meantime Theora's husband had become president of the bank. The man who was once a forger has obtained a position in the same bank; but one day the president learns of the old forgery and imprisonment, and resolves to turn him out. The villain then goes to Theora and asks her to intercede for him, threatening that if she does not do so he will expose her own forgery. The simple girl is astonished to learn that she has committed a crime, and is so horrified that she scarcely dares to speak to her husband. That very night the banker tells her of his discovery, that the man in the bank has been a forger. He speaks of the disgracefulness of the crime, and Theora fears that if he ever discovers what she has done he will either take the crime upon himself to shield her, or else will send her away from him. She is greatly troubled, but she seeks to forget her uneasiness in the preparation of a Christmas tree for her children. This closes the first act. The villain comes on again in the second act, but can obtain nothing from Theora. He then writes a letter to the husband and drops it in the letter box, to which only the banker carries the key. Theora, in despair, at first resolves to kill herself. When her husband comes in she tries by all her arts to keep his attention away from the box, to postpone the discovery to the last moment if it must come. They are to go to a ball the next day, and she is to dance the tarantelle. The husband asks her to dance it now to rehearse it. She does so under this feeling of terrible fear, so that the dance is really most tragic in its wildness. In the last act the husband opens the box and finds the letter, and overwhelms Theora with reproaches, without ever asking why the money was obtained or the circumstances under which she committed the forgery. The villain in the meanwhile, having become remorseful, goes to the banker, explains the whole matter and returns the forged note. The banker congratulates himself that he is saved, that the ruin is averted, but in his selfishness never thinks of his wife. Theora at the sight of this selfishness loses all love for her husband almost in a moment, and resolves to leave him. She tells him she is going away from him to learn to become a woman instead of a mere plaything as she has always been. He begs her to stay, but she leaves him. Of course, I have not told you anything like the complete story. There is a doctor who has a prominent part, and a young woman with whom the villain has been in love, and there are many bright little portions I have omitted. The end is sad—too sad, some think. But then it's novel in its way, and I think the play is stronger than it would be if it closed in the regular style. I have great hopes for 'Theora' in New York."

"You will play at the Fifth Avenue Theatre while you are here, will you not?"

"Yes, we will open there in December. I like the Fifth Avenue Theatre very much, too. Nearly all the American Theatres are bright and pleasant, much better as a rule than foreign theatres. I liked the Haymarket and one or two others in London, but many of the theatres there are very disagreeable."

"While you were in London, did yon know Mrs. Langtry?"

"Oh, yes, and Mrs. Langtry is a most charming woman. It is wonderful, too, how well she has succeeded on the stage, considering the short time she has been acting. She really deserves very great credit for what she has accomplished. I first met Mrs. Langtry two years ago, before she went on the stage. It was at a supper given at Hamilton place in honor of the Prince of Wales. I played a little one-act piece during the evening, and Genevieve Ward played a short piece also. At supper I admired Mrs. Langtry very much. She was so beautiful, and after supper I was introduced to her. She was sitting at the time at the left-hand side of the Prince of Wales. was at his right. I liked her very much from the first. Mrs. Langtry is exceedingly popular in England and I think she will be so here."

MC CULLOUGH IN CHICAGO.

[From the Chicago *Herald*, Sept. 26.]

Mr. John McCullough was welcomed to the city last night by an audience that nearly filled Haverly's Theatre. He will remain with us three weeks, the first of which will be devoted to "Virginius." It would be a work of supererogation to analyze Mr. McCullough's performance in the title role of this play. It has been described and described until it is as familiar to the intelligent playgoer as is the "Rip Van Winkle" of Jefferson. The character is his alone, and no actor in England or America can dispute his right to claim it. His performance is an illustration of what an actor may ultimately do with a part, providing he is endowed with a

physique necessary to its proper interpretation. McCullough had the physique when he first began to play the part, and he had quite as clear an idea of its meaning as he has now; but his execution was so rough and uncertain that all its beauty was lost. Mr. McCullough, however, settled down to work and, with study and experience, he has polished the rough figure until it is to-day one of the most impressive upon the modern stage. From the crown of his head to the sole of his sandal McCullough is Romanesque—in the stateliness, dignity and nobility of his tread, gesture and general movement. For such roles McCullough is endowed far beyond any actor we have. His well moulded, classic features, the bull neck, the shapely arms and limbs, the massive appearance and the splendid stride—all combine to fit him as no actor is fitted to play the Roman warrior. For the manner in which he addressed his daughter, in the earlier scenes, where the pleasant banter is admirably blended with affection and content; for the expression of mingled sarcasm, rage and force in the scene where he is told of his daughter's danger; for the thrilling curse on Appius Claudius, and for the delicate treatment of the forum scene, for the variety, beauty, the singularly powerful and truthful manner in which the tragedian illustrated the madness of Virginius after the murder, Mr. McCullough last evening received the warm recognition which his acting in those scenes never fail to draw forth.

About the only new face in Mr. McCullough's company is Mr. Joseph Haworth, who assumed the role of Icilius and displayed intelligence in reading and acting, and considerable force. Mr. Edmund Collier, one of the finest legitimate actors we have, was cast for Appius Claudius, and was altogether satisfactory. The other important characters were assumed by Messrs. H. A. Langdon, J. H. Shewell, Frank Lane, Miss Kate Forsyth, Mr. Augustus Forster and Miss Mittens Willett—actors and actresses who have during the past two or three seasons done faithful work in the support of the star. It may be said that the play was carefully set, and the mobs were unusually well handled.

ANOTHER ESTIMATE OF MR. KEENE.

[From the Chicago *Herald*, Sept. 24.]

Thomas W. Keene last night closed his engagement at the Grand Opera House as Bertuccio in "The Fool's Revenge." The engagement has been more successful than the last, financially, by between $1,000 and $2,000, and, artistically, he has won the recognition which was heretofore denied him. He has presented no new impersonation, but the parts in which he has appeared have borne ample testimony to the fact that he is a thinker, as well as a natural actor, and will in time secure the full indorsement of the critical few who are chary of their praise. A week ago we showed wherein Mr. Keene had advanced, and we need not again go over the ground. It is sufficient to say that, while we yet see many faults in Mr. Keene's acting, we believe that he more perfectly than any other actor we have reflects the Shaksperian spirit of at least three of the poet's great characters—Richard, Shylock, and Macbeth. The two former impersonations we have frequently alluded to. In dismissing the tragedian we wish, however, to say a word upon his Macbeth. There is no play of Shakspere's in which the leading role is so trying on the vitality of an actor, physically or mentally, as is that of Macbeth. In the whole range of the Shaksperian drama there is no role so difficult to portray. It is, therefore, no small praise, even in this unshaksperian generation, to say of Mr. Keene that he plays this exacting part better than any other actor now before the American public. To say that Mr. Keene acts the part perfectly were to say what he himself would be the first to deny. His conception of Macbeth, taken in its entirety, is correct. It is more than coldly correct. It is full of sympathy with the main meaning of the great part. It is in the execution that it sometimes fails. Its chief fault is that of over-haste. It lacks repose. It lacks also graduation of development. It is not what he does, but the over rapidity with which he does it, that keeps him from being able to claim for his fine performance a place beside that of Macready or that of James W. Wallack, Jr. In illustration of our meaning, let us take the celebrated scene of the air-drawn dagger. Mr. Keene has scarce heard the last word of his cue than he sees the phantom weapon. He gives too little time for the working of the conscience that creates it, and the jump robs the audience of the awe and suspense intended. The stage manager who knocks at the gate commits the same error, robbing Mr. Keene of that magnificent pause which belongs to the situation, the breaking of which by the knocking is the finest thing in all Shakspere. In the third act Mr. Keene is at his best; and it may be doubted that the act was ever better played. Besides Mr. Keene's acting in this act, both facial and vocal, that of Booth is flimsy, that of McCullough coarse. The finale of this act is specially well imagined by Mr. Keene, and would alone suffice to mark him a man of thought and of Shaksperian intuitions. In the last act he holds his own like a baited soldier well, and few actors can after four such acts as precede it. A little less hurry, a little better calculated use of the pause, whose value Forrest and Salvini so sovereignly knew and used, is all that Mr. Keene needs to make his Macbeth worthy of the most intellectual audience in England or America.

JAMES O'NEIL IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the Philadelphia *Times*, Sept. 26.]

Take the usual robust, whole-souled stage hero of the mining camp. dress him up in a swallowtail coat and the other usual garments that complete a gentleman's evening outfit; surround him with a league of so-called society conspirators, all bent on his ruin; season the whole with some love passages and lighten it with humor and the plot and motive of "An American King," which was produced at the Arch Street Theatre last night, is complete. The action of the drama covers five months, in which brief period Nat Ruggles, the hero, is tricked out of ten million dollars, loses his affianced wife, goes mad, and recovers his senses, his fortunes, and is betrothed to the girl who has loved him truly throughout all his vicissitudes.

James O'Neil, who is the central figure in this dramatic ragout, is an actor of sterling ability, and invests the character of Ruggles with a spirit and warmth that called forth much honest applause. But the part of "An American King" does not fit Mr. O'Neil; it is too small for him. There is little in the other figures. So far as the play is concerned the King is king, and the remaining characters mere puppets that move about this central stirring impersonation. In addition to this defect the depravity which is displayed by the Wall street broker, the journalist, the politician, the tourist and the woman on whom Ruggles first bestows his affection is simply alarming. Such a sordid, heartless creature as the author and Miss Clara Baker make out of Helen Overton is beyond conception, when it is considered that she proclaims herself of patrician birth, J. B. Everham puts in the humorous strokes rather broadly as Hon. Jeremiah Dee, while Jean Clara Walters, as the mother of the miner millionaire, very neatly presents the character of the sympathetic old woman. The other characters are hackneyed and commonplace.

[From the Philadelphia *Press*, Sept. 26.]

It would be pleasure to find more positive merit in Mr. Dazey's work, but whatever applause was heard last night was due to Mr. O'Neil's acting. He was far superior to his part, and made a very creditable brick with a scanty measure of straw. In the third act—for which refer to the "Marble Heart"—he was admirably strong and impressive until reason tottered, and then his assumption of madness appealed to the sympathies of the audience without touching the visibilities of the most thoughtless. He was thrice called at the end of the third act. Mr. O'Neil's comedy is not good and he is ill at ease with the uncouth dialogue of the first act. Mr. Everham was funny as the Hon. Jeremiah Dee, one of the Sellers, Slote and Britt family, and the other gentlemen in the cast were very bad. The ladies were sadly inadequate to their parts, with the exception of Mrs. Walters, who had nothing to do as the mother. Miss Clara Baker was entirely too weak for the role of Helena, and Miss Deaves very pretty and very amateurish. As for Miss Raimond, who was supposed to represent a New England spinster of uncertain age, she looked and spoke all the while like a pretty little miss of seventeen, masquerading in the fine gowns of her great grandmother.

MARY ANDERSON IN BROOKLYN.

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 26.]

It is evident that since her previous appearance here Miss Anderson has given close and conscientious study to Juliet—the part with which she opened her present season at the Park Theatre last evening. Miss Anderson is a supremely lovely woman. Nature has cast her in a mould, and art has endowed her with qualities which eminently fit her for the idealization of the loveliest of Shakspere's heroines. It was apparent on this occasion that study had quickened her perceptions; that experience had not been without its perfect work; that the well meant criticisms of true friends had not proved devoid of their intended effect—in brief, that the Juliet of last night was not alone a decided improvement upon Miss Anderson's formrer representations of that character, but that it as nearly approached an absolute idealization as it is perhaps possible to attain. The house was filled in every part, as was to have been expected, and by an enthusiastic and warm hearted audience. It is unnecessary at this late day to consider in detail the points of Miss Anderson's performance. That her Juliet afforded the fullest satisfaction the overwhelming applause which was lavished upon the distinguished actress, the frequent recalls and the ovation accorded her at the close of the play amply attest. From her earliest entrance upon the stage she carried the hearts of her auditors captive. In her meeting with Romeo considerable new "business" was introduced, which, while possibly permissible, hardly added to the effectiveness of the situation, but in the famous balcony scene the fairy surpassed herself, while in the subsequent interview with Friar Laurence, the "potion scene" and the tragic finale at the tomb she rose to the full height of the occasion. The supporting company calls for little comment, Mr. R. L. Downing being a weak Romeo, and Mr. J. B. Studley a heavy Mercutio. It would be a positive pleasure to witness Miss Anderson adequately played up to, if only for once. But this is perhaps too much to expect. The public, which has so generously supported the artist, is clearly entitled to demand that the artist be supported by the best talent the dramatic profession affords.

FRANK EVANS IN THE "GALLEY SLAVE."

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 26.]

The Grand Opera House held a large and fashionable audience last night on the occasion of the first presentation of "The Galley Slave," one of the best of the plays which have fallen from the prolific pen of Mr. Bartley Campbell. Although in its fourth season the touching story which the author has woven with the deft skill of the practiced dramatist, has lost none of its popularity with the public, if indeed it may not be said to have taken a new leasehold on life. We have already pointed out the romantic interest attaching to "The Galley Slave,"

There is not an uninteresting line in the entire piece; its situations are forcible and oftentimes thrilling and exciting; it absorbs the attention of the audience and awakens sympathy to an unusual degree. Framed in an elegant stage setting, such as that given the piece at the Grand Opera House, and presented by a cast of more than ordinary excellence, "The Galley Slave" could hardly do otherwise than enter upon a successful season—its inauguration at the Elm place theatre last night being of the most brilliant description. We have had occasion heretofore to speak in terms of highest praise of the masterly characterization of Sidney Norcott by Mr. Frank Evans, and have nothing to add to the words of commendation before spoken. Of the other principal characters in the play the Baron le Bois of Mr. Harry Colton, the Cicely Blaine of Miss May Wilkes, the Francesca of Miss Eda Clayton, and the Psyche Gay of Miss Laura Bascombe were likewise worthy of appreciative recognition. It is a pleasant duty to commend the performance to the generous consideration and patronage of the playgoers of Brooklyn. Liberal applause and numerous recalls were showered upon the principal artists in last night's performance, the audience being unwontedly enthusiastic.

"MICHAEL STROGOFF" IN BROOKLYN.

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 26.]

The famous spectacular play, "Michael Strogoff" had a most admirable presentation at Haverly's Theatre last night, the house being crowded to its utmost capacity. During the past Summer the drama has been entirely rewritten by Mr. Edeson and Mr. Kiralfy, and with decidedly beneficial results. The story has now a continuity which was wanting in the former version; and while none of the familiar incidents have been omitted, several new situations have been introduced which add greatly to the general effectiveness of the whole. This is notably the case in the denouement of the play, where a thrilling scene between Ogareff and Sangara leads up to a climax of tremendous intensity. The heroic courier, Michael Strogoff, had a manly and able representative in Mr. Frank Kilday, in whose behalf the sympathy and appreciation of the audience found frequent expression. Mr. George R. Edeson and Mr. James L. Mason, as the rival war correspondents, kept the house convulsed in roars of laughter, while the Ivan Ogareff of Mr. George Wessells and the gypsy Sangara of Miss Josie Loane were well sustained—the latter being especially good. A special word of commendation is due the Massa Strogoff of Miss Adele Paine and the Nadea of Miss Rose Wilson, which were really clever bits of acting, artistic and conscientious throughout. It is a genuine comfort in these times, when the members of combinations are content to perform their parts in a purely perfunctory manner, to discover actors who are satisfied to merge their individuality in the character they assume, and bend their best efforts towards an intelligent portrayal of the work in hand upon the stage instead of playing to the audience. The play is splendidly mounted and magnificently costumed, and a number of superb scenes are shown. The skill af the scene painter and the ingenuity of the stage carpenter and machinist have been drawn upon to their fullest limits in the gorgeous setting of "Michael Strogoff."

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S THEATRE, BROOKLYN.

[From the Brooklyn *Eagle*, Sept. 26.]

A spirited performance by the Rentz-Santley burlesque company was given last night at Messrs. Hyde & Behman's Theatre, to the nnmistakeable delight of a very large audience. Miss Mabel Santley, Miss Lottie Elliot and all the old favorites of the company were accorded a hearty welcome, the newcomers meeting with a generous reception. Since last season the company has been reorganized, preliminary to its proposed continental tour, and is now very complete in its various departments, which comprise nearly every possible phase of variety and specialty performance. A decidedly amusing burlesque extravaganza, entitled "The Daughter's Banker." a palpable hit on the well-known popular play, elicited roars of laughter.

HOT SHOT FOR OLD FRIENDS.

[From the Boston *Post*, September 26.]

Mr. John T. Raymond appeared at the Park Theatre last evening as Col. Sellers, in Mark Twain's comedy of that title. It is in this role that Mr. Raymond is best known, and it is only necessary to say that he plays it, if possible, better than ever. Miss Boniface had to sustain a role almost as prominent and quite as difficult as that of the star, and while she cannot be credited with an ideal performance, she certainly deserves great praise. Her conception was correct and she only lacked physical force to carry it out. And in this respect she was not so lacking as to appear weak or unsatisfactory. Mr. De Vere was not happy in his portrayal of the villainous Colonel. He was stiff, cold and awkward, and seemed disposed to shout his lines, regardless of their meaning. The remainder of the cast was very good, except Mrs. De Vere, who was absurdly juvenile in appearance for a woman of 50 years. Mr. Dean deserves special mention for a quiet, natural character sketch. The audience was very enthusiastic and recalls were numerous.

"CHISPA" MAKES A "HIT."

[From the Chicago *News*, September 26.]

"Chispa," regardless of critics and qualified notices, has decidedly caught on, and the crowd and the dollar are the most potent criteria by which to judge of a play. Hooley's was crowded again last night, and the applause with which the little lady was greeted was loud, long, and frequent. In spite of its many incongruities, there are elements of success in the piece, and its drawing such houses at Hooley's, marked by its cultured audiences, shows that it has about it something of the true grit. Doubtless the picturesque scenery and catching music has much to do with its instantaneous popularity.

FRANK MAYO IN SAN FRANCISCO.

[From the *Alta California*, Sept. 19.]

Frank Mayo, an old-time favorite to California audiences, began a two-weeks' engagement at this favorite theatre last evening, in Murdock's idyl of the backwoods, "Davy Crockett." There was a large and fashionable audience present, who generously welcomed Mr. Mayo's reappearance in this city. In the character of Davy Crockett, Mr. Mayo has achieved his greatest success, having made it his masterpiece and winning fame and fortune by a number of years' persistent application to his chosen role. The piece has been produced in nearly every large city throughout the United States to crowded houses, which is ample evidence of the appreciation of the public of the successful efforts of an assiduous and meritorious delineator of an odd phase of the human character. Mr. Mayo returns to the scenes of his earliest struggles in the dramatic art, ripened and improved with years and experience, the ardor of his nature undimmed by years of acting, and unchanged by his rapid rise in his profession. As a piece of character acting the Davy Crockett of Mr. Mayo will always stand in the first rank of dramatic achievements. The piece is well put on the stage and the company has been selected with care and judgment. Miss Laura G. Claney sustained the leading role of Eleanor Vaughn very creditably, and materially added to the success of the performance. The remainder of the company also rendered their roles quite acceptably. "Davy Crockett" will be repeated every evening this week.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S "FRIEND AND FOE."

[From the Toronto *Truth*, Sept. 16.]

"Friend and Foe," although a strong play in parts, is scarcely worthy of the author of "My Partner," "The Galley Slave," and "My Geraldine." The characters are devoid of that strong individuality which marks his other plays. The story drags somewhat in places, and the final act is singularly weak and ineffective. Mr. Scanlan, as Carroll Moore, gives an admirable impersonation of the warm-hearted Irishman—not the proverbial stage Irishman with flourishing shillelah and trailing coattails—meeting with deserved applause both for his acting and singing. The support is not very strong, but on the whole good. Miss Arnold is a pretty and attractive Andrea; Mr. White, as Le Font, makes a good villain, and Mr. McCrary an admirable German jailor.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The first concert of the Music Festival at Worcester, Mass., was given on Monday afternoon, the programme introducing a full orchestra of forty pieces and a chorus of five hundred selected voices. The soloists were Hattie Louise Simms, soprano; Antonio Henne, contralto; J. C. Bartlett, tenor, and Franz Remmertz, basso, in place of Edward J. O'Mahony, who was unable to appear because of illness. There were ten numbers on the programme, and all the soloists were most enthusiastically received, the opening concert being conceded to be superior to that of last year. At the evening concert the hall was crowded, and the audience was enthusiastic throughout. The full orchestra and chorus were again introduced with marked effect. The soloists were Mme. Anna Bishop, Miss Simms, Miss Henne, Miss Addie L. Chickering, contralto; Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Remmertz; Edward Remenyi, violinist; E. M. Bagley, trumpet, and the Shubert Club. The programme consisted of sixteen selections, and the concert was regarded as a great success in all particulars. During the week many distinguished artists appeared, including Frederick Archer, the English Organist; Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Winant, Miss Beebe, Miss Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Herschel, Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Adams, Mr. Jordan and Mr. Toedt. The festival throughout was a great success.

Miss Emma C. Thursby made her first appearance on the American stage since her return from Europe in Music Hall, Boston, on Thursday evening, in a concert under the management of Mr. George W. Wheeler, of the Bay State Lecture Course. Miss Thursby sang nine different selections during the evening, and rendered them with great success. She had a very cordial reception and three encores. She was assisted by Miss Maud Morgan, Signor Ferranti, Mr. Fritsch, and the New York Philharmonic Club.

On the 28th of October Mr. Joseph Jefferson takes his company, now playing at the Union Square Theatre, to Boston, to play a morning performance at the Boston Museum. On that occasion Mr. William Warren will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage, and Mr. Jefferson, with his company, will make the trip as a compliment and tribute to the veteran actor. The company, after the performance, will return to New York by special train, and play the same night at the Union Square Theatre.

Jerome Hopkins' late tour of over three months' piano lecture concerts, entirely unassisted, has been exciting the wonder of various broken managers and musical tourists. Mr. Hopkins originated the Lecture Concert, and got it copyrighted in 1867, and although he has had several imitators they have all come to grief. He writes and delivers his own lectures, and illustrates them by piano playing from a printed list of 140 pieces, all committed to memory. Mr. Hopkins appears in Chicago next week.

A St. Louis dispatch announces that Miss Pearl Eytinge opened her season there in the new drama, "Brentwood," to a house packed to the doors, and full of enthusiasm. "The play," says the telegram, "is a gem, and the star a complete success."

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE.

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38 Vesey street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 30, 1882.

NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS

FOR NEXT WEEK.

Abbey's Park Theatre.—John T. Raymond in "Fresh."
Booth's Theatre.—"The Romany Rye."
Bijou Opera House.—"Patience."
Bunnell's Museum.—Curiosities.
Belgian Panorama Co—Siege of Paris.
Daly's Theatre.—"Mankind."
Fifth Avenue Theatre.—"The Vicar of Bray."
Grand Opera House.—Strakosch English Opera Co.
Germania Theatre.—Marie Geistinger in "Fatinitza."
Haverly's Theatre.—"The Merry War."
Harry Miner's New Theatre.—Variety.
Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre.—Variety.
Koster & Bial's Hall.—Concerts.
London Theatre.—Variety.
Madison Square Theatre.—"Esmeralda."
Metropolitan Alcazar.—Ballets.
Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem—"Mrs. G. C. Howard in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Niblo's Garden.—The Kiralfy Bros.' "Around the World in Eighty Days.'"
Parker's American Theatre.—Variety.
Standard Theatre.—D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company, in "Les Manteaux Noirs."
San Francisco Minstrels.—"De Lights o' New York."
Theatre Comique.—"The Blackbird."
Thalia Theatre.—Madame Gallmeyer in "Sarah und Bernhardt."
Tony Pastor's Theatre.—Boston English Opera Company, in "Donna Juanita."
Tivoli Theatre.—Variety.
Union Square Theatre.—Joe Jefferson, in "The Rivals."
Wallack's Theatre.—"The Parvenu."
Windsor Theatre.—Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue."

The Theatre List.

ADA GRAY.—Richmond, Va., Oct. 2; Petersburg 5, Norfolk 6, Lynchburg, 9, Danville 10, Raleigh 11, Goldsboro 12, Wilmington 13.

ALEXANDER CAUFFMAN CO.—Norfolk, Va., Oct. 2; Petersburg 4, Richmond 5, Lynchburg 9, Charlotte, N. C., 10; Greeneville, S. C., 11; Columbia 12, Charleston 13, Savannah 16, Augusta 18, Macon 20, Atlanta 23, Columbus 25, Opelika, Ala, 26; Montgomery 27, Lake Charles 30.

ADAMS AND STOCKWELL'S PANTOMIME CO.—Des Moines, Oct. 2; Atlantic 4, Red Oak 5; Plattsmouth, Neb., 6; Nebraska City, 7.

ALICE OATES CO.—Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

ANNIE PIXLEY.—Providence, Oct. 2, Taunton, Mass., 9, Fall River 10, New Bedford 11, Brockton 12, Waltham 13, Lowell 14, Haverhill 16, Biddeford, Me., 17; Lewiston 18, Bangor 19, Portland 20.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—Denver, Col.

ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO.—Kansas City, Oct. 2.

ADA DYAS' STANDARD OPERA CO. will open at Hartford, Ct., Oct. 2. The route will then be: Holyoke, Mass, 3; Norwich, Ct., 4; Worcester, Mass., 5; New Haven, Ct., 6; Bridgeport 9, South Norwalk 10, Waterbury 11, Stamford 12; Newark, N. J., 13; Jersey City 16, Paterson 19, New Brunswick 20, Yonkers, N. Y., 21; Newburg, 23; Trenton, N. J., 24; Easton, Pa., 26; Scranton 27, Wilkesbarre 28; Buffalo, New York, 30, Brooklyn, Nov. 6. The company will comprise: Barton Hill, A. H. Warren (from Drury Lane Theatre, London, his first appearance in America), George Holland, Sidney Drew, Ian Robertson, E. Murray Day, Leighton Baker, Edward Milton, James B. Kaye, Constance Murielle and Alice Mansfield. Business manager, W. G. Hunter, Jr.; stage manager, E. Murray Day; business agent, Harry A. Froom; assistant agent, W. Montross.

BARRY AND FAY.—Chicago, Oct. 2; Fort Wayne 16, Bellfontaine 17.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life."—Ypsilanti, Oct. 2, Toledo, O., 3, Detroit 5; Sandusky, O., 9; Elyria 10, Painesville 11, Oil City 12, Titusville 13; Jamestown, N. Y., 14; Bradford, Pa. 16; Bolivar, N. Y., 17; Olean 18, Rochester 19.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 1, Baltimore, Oct. 2, Washington 9.

BOSTON.—Museum, "The Parvenu"; Park, John T. Raymond as Colonel Mulberry Sellers; Oct. 2, Maggie Mitchell in "Pearl of Savoy"; Boston, "Youth"; Globe, Annie Pixley in "M'liss'; Oct. 2, Modjeska; Howard Athenæum, Oliver D. Byron in "Across the Continent."

BARLOW, WILSON AND CO.—New Orleans, Oct. 2, Memphis 11, Nashville 13, Indianapolis 21, Terre Haute 25.

BUFFALO BILL.—St. Louis, Oct. 2.

BARON SEEMAN.—Adrian, Mich., Oct. 27; Coldwater, 30; South Bend, Ill., 31; Joliet, Ill., Nov. 1.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.—Utica, Oct. 2, Auburn 3, Rochester 4, Lockport 6, Erie, Pa., 7, Pittsburg 9.

CLAIRE SCOTT.—Columbia, S. C., Oct. 2, Charleston 4, Savannah 6, Augusta 9, Milledgeville 11, Macon 13, Americus 16, Eufaula, Ala., 17; Columbus, Ga., 18; Opelika, 20.

C. B. BISHOP IN STRICTLY BUSINESS.—Greenville, Oct. 2, Athens, Ga., 3, Macon 5, Atlanta 6, Rome 9, Talladega, Ala., 10; Selma 11, Montgomery 12, Mobile 13, New Orleans 16.

C. A. GARDENER'S KARL CO.—Grand Haven, Mich., Oct. 2; Muskegon 3, East Saginaw 4, Bay City 5, Port Huron 6, Flint 7, Ann Arbor 9, Ypsilanti 10, Adrian 11, Lansing 12, Jackson 13, Defiance, O., 16; Toledo 17.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE.—Cleveland, Oct. 9; St. Louis 15, Cincinnati 23.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTS O' LONDON," NO. 1.—Montreal, Oct. 2, Toronto 9, Buffalo 16.

CARTLAND-MURRAY CO.—Lincoln, Oct. 2; Red Oak 5, Creston, 7, St. Joe, Mo., 9; Leavenworth, Kas., 12.

CALLENDER'S NEW COLORED MINSTRELS.—Michigan City, Ind., Oct. 2; La porte 3, Plymouth 4, Peru 5, Kokomo 6, Muncie 7.

CHICAGO.—Grand Opera House, Hess Acme Opera Co.; Hooley's, Marion Elmore in "Chispa"; Oct. 2, J. K. Emmet in "Fritz among the Gypsies"; Haverly's, John McCullough as Virginius; McVicker's, Hanlon Brothers in "Le Voyage en Suise"; Oct. 2, Jeffreys Lewis in "La Belle Russe"; Olympic, Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty Co.; Oct. 2, S. H. Barrett's Jesse James Combination; Shelly's Academy of Music, W. J. Scanlon in "Friend or Foe."

DOWLING COMBINATION.—Baltimore, Oct. 2.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS.—Jersey City, Oct. 2.

ENSIGN COMEDY CO. in "Rooms For Rent."—Columbia, Oct. 2; Fulton 3, Mexico, 4.

ERNEST STANLEY'S ALLIED SHOWS.—Newark, Oct. 2; New York city, Oct. 9.

EXODUSTERS.—Beloit, Wis., Oct. 2; Waukesha 3, Milwaukee 4, Waukegan, Ill., 6; Kenosho, Wis., 7; Racine 9, Sheboygan 10, Manitowoc 11, Green Bay 12, Menomonee 13.

FRANK I. FRAYNE COMPANY.—Wilkesbarre, Oct. 2; Pittston 3, Pottstown 4, Lebanon 5, Columbia 6, Harrisburg, 7, Lancaster 9. Wilmington, Del., 10; Trenton, N. J., 11; Newark 12, Brooklyn 16, Baltimore 23.

FRANK EVANS' GALLEY SLAVE CO.—Morristown, N. J., Oct. 2; Orange 3, Norwalk, Conn., 4; Danbury, 5; Paterson, N. J., 7; Harlem, N. Y., 9.

FRANK MORDAUNT, in "Old Shipmates."—San Francisco, Oct. 2.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.—Atchison, Oct. 2, Preston, Ia., 3; Omaha 5, Lincoln 9, Council Bluffs 11, Atlantic, Ia., 12; Des Moines 13, Oskaloosa 14.

FIELDING DRAMATIC CO.—Altoona, Oct. 2; Lockhaven 3, Lancaster 4, Harrisburg 5, Reading 6, Philadelphia 9.

FORD'S COMIC OPERA CO. Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 2.

FIFTH AVENUE COMEDY CO.—Fall River, Oct. 2.

F. B. WARDE.—Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 2.

GUS WILLIAMS, in "One of the Finest."—Washington, Oct. 2,; Philadelphia 9, New York 16.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT.—Ithaca, Oct. 2; Elmira 3, Willimsport, Pa., 4; Danville 5, Wilkesbarre 6, Pittston 7, Scranton 9, Mauch Chunk 10, Pottsville 11.

GOODWIN AND THORNE'S "BLACK FLAG."—Toronto, Oct. 2, Montreal 9.

GERMANIA THEATRE CO.—Buffallo, Oct. 4, Rochester 9, Cleveland 11, Toledo 13, Detroit 16. Cincinnati 20, Louisville 23, Pittsburg 27, Washington 30, Baltimore, Nov. 1.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.—Cincinnati, Oct 2; Pittsburgh 9, Washington 16, Baltimore 23.

HARRY WEBBER.—Whitby, Ont. Oct., 2; Lindsay 3, Peterboro 4, Port Hope 5, Cobnrg 6.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S CONSOLIDATED CO.—Altoona, Pa. Oct. Lebanon 3, Pottsville 4, Scranton 5, Reading 6, Norristown 7, Trenton, N. J. 9, Newark 10, Patterson 11, New Brunswick 12 Burlington 13, Camden 14, Philadelphia 16, Brooklyn 23.

HOLMAN OPERA CO.—Seneca Falls, Oct. 2; Syracuse 3, Cortland 5, Ithaca 6, Binghamton 7. Danville Pa. 9, Shamokin 11, Pottsville 12, Mauch Chunk 13, Bethlehem 14.

HERRMANN.—Logansport, Ind., Oct. 2, Ft. Wayne 3, Jackson, Mich., 4, Detroit 5.

HANLEY'S "Squatter Sovereignty" CO.—Toronto, Oct. 2, Hamilton 5, Syracuse 6.

HELEN COLEMAN'S "Widow Bedott."—Moravia, Oct. 2, Waterloo 3, Canandaigua 4, Le Roy 6, Batavia 7, Buffalo 9.

HASWIN AND STEPHANY CO.—Pittsburg, Oct. 2.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—Rockland, Oct. 2, Plymouth 3, Bridgewater 4, Warren 5, Bristol, R. I., 6, Pawtucket 7, Westerly 9.

HAZEL KIRKE (Original Co.).—Laramie, Wy. T., Oct. 2, Cheyenne 3, Ft. Collins, Col., 4, Boulder 5, Georgetown 6, Central City 7, Denver 9.

HAZEL KIRKE (East and West).—New Britain, Oct. 2, Meriden 3, New London 4, Norwich 5, Willimantic 6, Woonsocket, R. I., 7, Milford, Mass., 9, Pawtucket, R. I., 10, North Attleboro, Mass., 11, Taunton 12, Newport, R. I., 13, Fall River, Mass., 14, Brocton 16, Marblehead 17, New Bedford 18, Salem 19, Gloubester 20.

HAZEL KIRKE (No. 3).—Aloomfield, N. J., Oct. 9, Plainfield 10, Perth Amboy 11, Keyport 12, Red Bank 13, Asbury Park 14, Long Branch 16, Freehold 17, Burlington 18, Salem 19, Bridgeton, 20, Millville 21.

HARRY MINER'S COMEDY COMB.—Baltimore, Oct. 2.

HANLONS.—Jackson, Mich., Oct. 2, Grand Rapids 4, Lima, O., 6, Detroit 9, Sandusky, O., 11, Toledo 13.

HEARNE'S "Hearts of Oak."—Newark, Oct. 2, Paterson 4, Jersey City 6.

JUDGE SLASHER COMEDY COMBINATION.—Louisville, Ky. Oct. 2, Dayton, O., 3, Xenia, 4, Greencastle 5, Muncie 6, Anderson 7.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION.—Chicago, Oct. 2, Louisville 9, Indianapolis 12, Cincinnati 15, Cleveland 23.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King."—Easton, Pa, Oct 2, Scranton 3, Elmira, N. Y., 4, Williamsport, Pa., 5, Harrisburg 6, Wilmington, Del., 7, Norfolk, Va., 9, Richmond 11, Wilmington, N. C., 16, Charleston, S. C., 17, Savannah, Ga., 20, Augusta 23, Atalanta 25, Montgomery, Ala., 27, New Orleans 29.

JAY RIAL'S UNCLE TOM'S CABIN CO.—Galveston, Oct. 2, Austin 3, Waco 4, Corsicana 5.

JOSEPH F. WHEELOCK'S CO.—Indianapolis, Oct. 2, Louisville 4.

JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—New York city, October 2, Philadelphia 9, Boston 16, Troy, N. Y., 23, Schenectady 26, Amsterdam 27, Utica 28.

JEFFREYS LEWIS.—Chicago, Oct. 2.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH.—Chicago.

JANAUSCHECK.—Baltimore, Oct. 2.

KATHERINE ROGERS opens in Newark, N. J., Oct 6; Paterson 9, Port Jervis, N. Y., 10, Wilkesbarre, Pa., 11, Scranton 13.

KATE CLAXTON.—Albany, N. Y., Oct. 2, Troy 5.

KIRALFY'S BLACK CROOK.—Washington, Oct. 2; Baltimore 9, Philadelphia 16.

KENDALL COMBINATION.—Brownville, Neb., Oct. 2; St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 6.

KITTIE RHOADES COMBINATION.—Carrollton, Oct. 2; Orville 9.

KATIE PUTNAM.—Hopkinsville, Ky., Oct 2; Richmond, Ind., 4; Lexington, Ky, 6; Winchester 9, Frankfort 10.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.—Worcester, Mass., Oct. 2; Springfield 3, Holyoke 4, Hartford 5, New Haven 6, New York city 9.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMBINATION.—Council Bluffs, Ia., Oct. 2; St. Joe, Mo., 3; Atchison, Kas., 4; Leavenworth 5, Topeka 6, Sedalia, Mo., 7; St. Louis 8.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Albany, Oct. 2; Amsterdam 3, Troy 4, Saratoga 5, Rutland, Vt., 6; Burlington 7.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Canton, Oct 2; Gouverneur 3, Oswego 4, Fulton 5, Oneida 6, Auburn 7.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Philadelphia, Oct. 2.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO.—Buffalo, Oct. 2, Chicago 9, Davenport 23, Rock Island 31, Peoria, Ill., Nov. 1.

MLLE. RHEA.—Pottsville, Oct. 2; Reading 8. Allentown 5, York 6, Lancaster 7, Philadelphia, 9, Boston 14.

MINNIE MADDERN.—Lake Charles, Oct. 2, Houston, Tex., 3, Galveston 5. Shreveport, La., 9, Marshall, Tex., 10. Texarkana, 11, Little Rock, Ark., 12, Memphis 13, Cairo, Ill., 16, Decatur 17, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 18, Grand Rapids, Mich., 19, Bay City 20, East Saginaw 21.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House, New York October 23.

MME. THEO.—Philadelphia, Oct 2.

MCKEE RANKIN.—Milwaukee, Oct. 2; St. Paul 9, Stillwater 12, Minneapolis 13.

MILTON NOBLES.—Des Moines, Oct. 2; Atlantic 4, Red Oak 5, Plattsmouth, Neb., 6, Nebraska City 7, Topkeka 9, Kansas, City, 12, 13, 14.

MARGARET MATHER.—Columbus, O., Oct. 2.; Indianapolis 5, Cleveland 9.

MANCHESTER AND JENNINGS CO.—Indianapolis, Oct. 2.

MAGGIE MITCHELL.—Bos on, Oct. 2.

MABEL MORTON COMBINATION.—Hope, Oct. 2; Texarkana, Tex., 5, Marshall 9.

MARION ELMORE.—Bloomington, Ill., Oct. 3.

M. B. CURTIS.—Cincinnati, Oct. 2.

METEORS.—St. Louis, Oct 2; Indianapolis 9, Richmond, Ind., 12, Muncie 13, Springfield, O., 14, Columbus 16.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—("Esmeralda"): Nyack, N. Y., Oct. 2; Yonkers 3, Sing Sing 4, Rondout 5, Catskill 6, Hudson 7, Ballston 9, Saratoga 10, Fi. Edward 11, Glen Falls 12, Whitehall 13, Rutland, Vt., 14, Montpelier 16, Bellows Falls 17, Keene, N. H., 18, Hinsdaln 19, Northampton, Mass., 20, Florence 21.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda) No. 2.—Lancaster, Pa., Oct. 2 Harrisburg 3, Columbia 4, Reading 5, Lebanon 6, Wilkesbarre 7, Bethlehem 9, Allentown 10, Easton 11, Pittston 12, Scranton 13, Binghamton, N. Y., 14; Elmira 16, Hornellsville 17.

MADISON SQUARE (Professor).—Morristown, N. J., Oct. 9; Rahway 10, Elizabeth 11, Jersey City 12; Hudson, N. Y., 16; Gloversville 17, Canajoharie 18, Ft. Plain 19, Little Falls 20, Ilion 21.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (South).—Wilson, N. C., Oct. 2; Newbern 4, Wilmington 6; Sumpter, S. C., 9; Columbia 10, Newberry 12, Union 14, Spartanburg 16, Charlotte 18, Greenville 20.

OUR PLEASURE PARTY.—Woodstock, Oct. 2; Oshawa 3, Cobourg 4, Napanee 5, Kingston 6, Gananauqua 9, Brockville 10, Morrisburg 11, Cornwall 13, Ottawa 16.

ONLY A FARMER' DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe).—Corry, Pa., Oct. 2; Titusville 3, Oil City 4, Franklin 5; Youngstown, O., 6; Warren 7, Akron 9, Tiffin 10; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 11; Logansport, 12.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon).—Philadelphia, Oct. 2; Williamsburg 9, New York city 16.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON.—Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 2.

PEARL EYTINGE.—Detroit, Oct. 2; Ann Harbor, 5; Jackson, 6; Albion, 7.

PALMER AND ULMER'S DANITES.—Newburyport, Oct. 2; Amesbury 3, Gloucester 4, Portsmouth, N. H., 5; Portland, Me., 6.

PHILADELPHIA.—Haverly's, "The White Slave"; Oct. 2, "Only a Farmer's Daughter"; Chestnut Street Opera House, Daly's Co. in "The Passing Regiment"; Oct. 2, Theo; Arch, James O'Neill in "An American King"; Oct. 2, Wilbur Opera Co.; Lyceum, Boston Miniature Ideal Opera Co.; Oct. 2, "The Haymakers"; Walnut, Alice Oates' Opera Co.; Oct. 2, Rices' "New Surprise Party."

ROBSON & CRANE.—Brooklyn, Oct. 2.

ROLAND REED.—Cleveland, O., Oct. 2; Toledo, 9; Jackson, Mich., 11; East Saginaw 12, Bay City 13, Flint 14, Detroit 16, Port Huron 19; London, Ont., 20; Brantford, 21.

RICE AND HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS.—Yankton, Dak., Oct. 2; Council Bluffs 3.

ROSE EYTINGE.—Chicago, Oct. 2; Burlington, Ia., 9; Peoria, Ill. 10; Bloomington 11, Decatur 12, Springfield 13, Quincy 14.

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.—Philadelphia, Oct 2.

STEVENS' JOLLY BACHELORS.—Selma, Ala., Oct. 2; Montgomery 3, Atlanta, Ga., 4; Mobile, Ala., 6; New Orleans, 9.

SALISBURY'S TROUBADORS—Detroit, Oct. 2; Adrian 5, Toledo, O. 6; Chicago 9.

THE HARRISONS—Brooklyn, Oct. 2; Williamsburg 9.

THATCHER, PRIMROSE AND WEST'S MINSTRELS.—Eufaula, Oct. 2; Columbus, Ga., 3; Macon 4, Savannah 5; Charleston, S. C., 6; Augusta, Ga., 7.

TONY PASTOR'S CO.—Brooklyn, Oct 2.

T. W. KEENE.—Cincinnati, Oct. 2.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS.—St. Louis, Oct. 2.

WALDRON'S M'LISS CO. No. 2.—Hornellsville, Oct. 2; Attica 3, Brockport 4, Albion 5, Medina 6, Lockport 7.

WM. HARRIS' MRS. PARTINGTON CO.—Youngstown, O., Oct. 2; Reliance 3, Canton 4, Massillon 5, Mt. Vernon 6, Newark 7, Columbus 9.

W. J. SCANLAN in "Friend and Foe."—Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 2, Toledo 4, Sandusky 6, Youngstown 7, New York 16.

WILLIAM STAFFORD.—Newburg, N. Y., Oct. 2; Poughkeepsie 3, Rondout 4.

WILLBUR OPERA CO.—Philadelphia, Oct. 2.

NEW PLAYS.

Miss Minnie Maddern has finally shelved "Fogg's Ferry," and is to produce a new play called "Rexina," in New Orleans, her native city.

Willie Edouin has accepted a new play from Charles H. Hoyt, of the Boston *Post*, well known as a paragrapher and critic. It will shortly be produced.

Cazauran is busy writing a play from the French novel "Serge Panine." The subject of the novel is a lurid one, though the plot is strong.

Messrs. James C. Roach and Daniel O'Connell have composed and completed an Irish Drama, entitled "Na Modheroo," which means red dog or fox. The scene is laid in the South of Ireland, and the plot is based on the affection and devotion of a master of hounds to the people of the house he serves.

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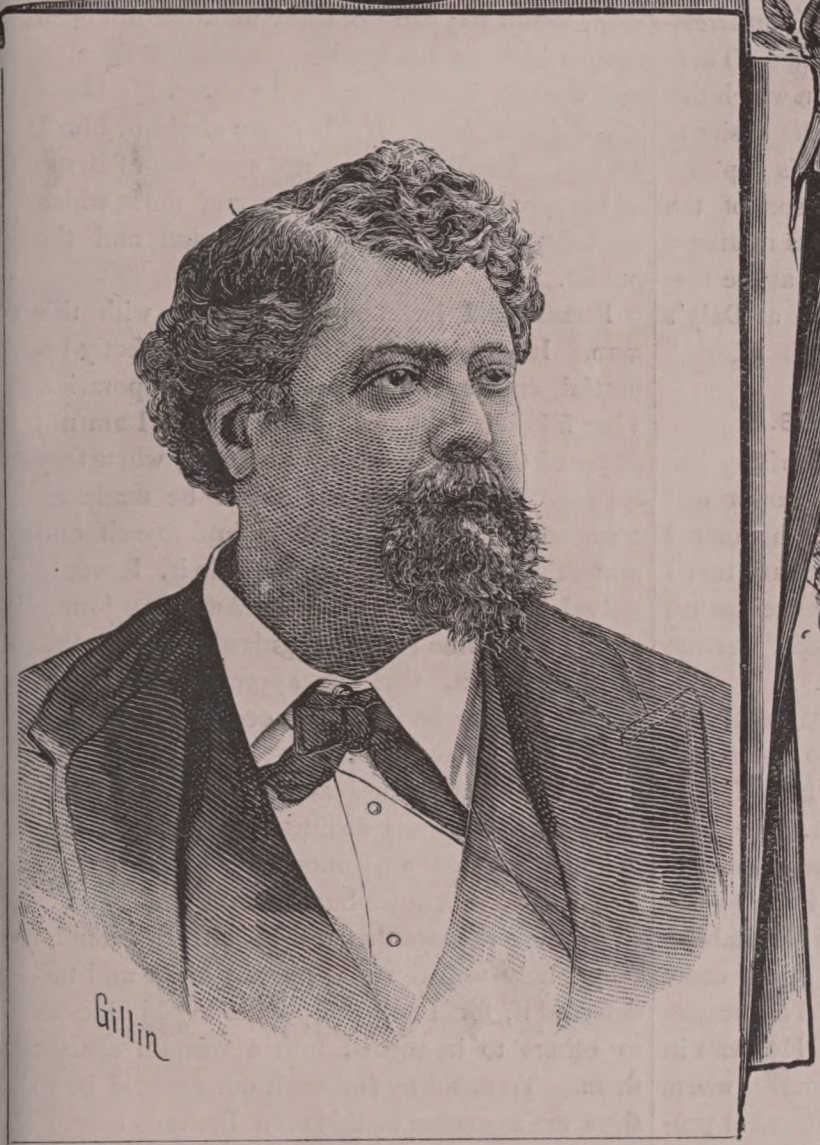
THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.



Twenty-five Years' Management.

One of the best known and most successful managers in the United States is one who never sought the control of a New York theatre, and who has generally used the metropolitan places of amusement, when he used them at all, for the purpose of bringing forward special attractions.

It is just a quarter of a century since he began his managerial career, and in that time he has not only put a theatrical girdle round the earth, but he has made the reputation of numerous stars, and done as much to place the business, as a business, upon a paying basis as any man who ever engaged in it. No man is better known either to the public or the profession, and yet in placing his portrait in the title of this week's THEATRE we feel impelled formally to introduce Mr. Samuel Colville to our readers.

Mr. Colville began management in California in the early days of the history of that State. He had been trained to commercial pursuits, but a taste for the stage soon led him to utilize his capacity for business in theatrical ventures in Sacramento. Success attended his first efforts and led him, in the year 1856, to undertake the management of the Sacramento theatre in that new city. Engaging a company, of which Mr. Benjamin A. Baker was stage manager, he had a successful season; but he soon gave up local management to engage in the direction of a promising young star, who had just come to the Pacific slope after a short but successful career in the East and South.

This was Mary Provost. She was a Brooklyn girl, who made her debut at the Chatham Theatre, in this city, March 21, 1848, as Mariana, in "The Wife," A. A. Addams playing Pierre. Subsequently she played Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," at the Federal Street Theatre, in Boston, and undertook her first star engagement in New Orleans, in 1854. In 1856 she went to California, where Mr. Colville met her and became her manager. From San Francisco they sailed for Australia, the lady appearing in all the principal theatres of the British colonies and remaining three years. In 1861 Miss Provost appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It," at the Princess' Theatre, in London, from which she came to New York the same year, and opened at Wallack's old Theatre at the corner of Broome street and Broadway. This engagement was a very successful one, and it was followed by a tour of the country, the actress' fame becoming firmly established. In early life Mary Provost married John P. Addams, and it was to educate her daughter for the lyric stage that she finally retired.

Mr. Colville's next important venture was the introduction of the Lydia Thompson Troupe to this country. Previously, however, he had gone into the management of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, which he succeeded in lifting from the decay into which it had fallen, to such popularity that he was enabled to sell his lease at a profit of $23,500. It was then he returned to New York, and in the Autumn of 1868 became associated with George Wood, in the establishment of Wood's Museum, now Daly's Theatre. The first engagement with the Thompson Troupe was made when he went abroad in that year for attractions for the new establishment. It was one of the luckiest hits a manager ever made. By an accident the phrase "British Blondes" was applied to the ladies of this company soon after their appearance in New York. Although the phrase was at first distasteful to those to whom it was applied, Mr. Colville seized upon it as a trade-mark, and all of us can remember the furor created by the "British Blondes" wherever they went. Much of the success attending this troupe in this country was due to Mr. Colville's management, and it need scarcely be said that he made a great deal of money by means of his "British Blondes."

It was after this that Mr. Colville undertook, in connection with the late James E. Hayes, the management of the Olympic Theatre in Broadway. A short experience thought him that there was no money in that house at that time, and he relinquished it for ventures in which he saw a better prospect of success. In a single season

he brought forward at Wallacks Julia Mathews in comic opera, and at Booth's George Belmore in the "Flying Scud." Both of these ventures proved unfortunate, because of the illness of the stars, Mr. Belmore dying in this country, and Julia Mathews living only for a brief period after her debut at Wallack's. Subsequently Mr. Colville managed Alice Oates for a season, and the next season, 1877, followed with the return of the Lydia Thompson troupe. This time Miss Thompson remained in the United States only a few months, Mr. Colville reorganizing the company and converting it into the successful organization known as Colville's Folly Company. It remained in existence until May, 1880, when he determined to retire from management altogether.

It is probable Mr. Colville would have adhered to this determination if it had not been for the fact that he was tempted to resume management by witnessing a performance of "Michael Strogoff" in Paris. In spite of himself he bought it, and it was brought out with great splendor at Booth's Theatre in September, 1881, as the opening attraction under Mr. Stetson's management of that house, the cost of the production being over $20,000. At the time he was engaged in procuring the outfit for "Strogoff" in London he purchased the American rights for "The World," which proved one of the most fortunate ventures of his twenty-five years of active management.

Mr. Colville is at present identified with two ventures, "The World" and "Taken from Life." The former started upon its career in this country with the English verdict in its favor, supplemented by a New York endorsement, while the latter began in Chicago successfully but failed to attract in New York. This has led Mr. Colville to believe that a New York endorsement is not necessary after all, especially as in the case of the Wallack cast, the company was not fitted to give effect to the play. In these conclusions we thoroughly agree with him, and we shall be pleased if he finds the New York endorsement unnecessary. "Taken from Life" is one of the best works of its kind now on the stage, and it was unfair to condemn it only because it is melodrama, especially when it was played by a comedy company.

Only one thing more need be said of Mr. Colville—he is his own private secretary, and he holds the reins of his business in his own hands, directing the movements of his companies in a manner that is as unostentatious as it is admirable.

A Police Outrage.

At a late hour on Tuesday night, the police made a descent upon Parker's American Theatre, in 3rd Avenue, arresting the performers and compelling the audience to depart. The raid was in the nature of those which are sometimes made upon disorderly houses, but as it was entirely unnecessary it can only be characterized as an outrage.

The cause alledged for the raid was the improper character of a piece called "The Bashful Venus" It may be that this piece was immoral, but it strikes us that in any case of a public performance, where arrests are made upon allegations of immorality, they should be by warrant. All the persons implicated could have been arrested either before or after the performance. There was only one reason for the manner in which this affair was conducted, and that was the desire of the police for notoriety. To gain this a police captain resolved himself into a censor of the stage, and raided a theatre as if he was raiding a gambling house. If this can be done at the theatre in Third Avenue, it can be done at Daly's or the Union Square or Wallack's.

On Charles A. Byrne.

I have known Mr. James W. Morrissey just ten years, and it is certainly to his honor that Charles A. Byrne abuses him simply because I speak well of him. It is unnecessary that I should come to Mr. Morrissey's defence against this assault, because all that is said against him by Byrne is words—only words.

Byrne's tirade, however, suggests a timely topic, which I shall take occasion to discuss—it is the difference between Byrne and myself as to what constitutes dramatic journalism.

In a certain sense Byrne is the founder of American dramatic journalism. Before him many capable writers had attempted to establish theatrical newspapers and failed. Byrne came after them, tried, and succeeded. The reason of his success is easily understood. He dealt in filth, and his filth sold readily in a market where it is prized. For seven years the theatrical profession has supported Byrne because it has been his mission to degrade it. He has puffed the unworthy and held the worthy up to the scorn of the slums. He has catered for blackguards and invaded the sanctities of private life that his circle of readers might be regaled with scandal. The result of his course is a condition of things that is lamentable, for it gives decent people an idea that all actors are vagabonds, and that the stage is contamination.

If Charles A. Byrne had pursued a similar policy with any other class in the community he would long ago have been the subject of an interesting inquest. He chose to malign, abuse, and scandalize actors, actresses, and managers, because he assumed upon their utter defencelessness before the community. Throughout his long career actors have been his instruments and his victims. They have furnished him with a weapon against themselves. If they had a sore they exposed it to him, and he became the scab upon it. Impunity made him bold, and he rejoiced in being the terror and the shame of the theatrical profession.

I know Mr. Byrne well, and I confess it was with the design that such as he might be suppressed that I undertook the publication of THE THEATRE. I know, as does every man who knows the theatrical profession, that there is no man in the community who is so hated and despised as is Charles A. Byrne. He is an Ishmaelite among men, and if the hand of every man has not been against him, as his has been against both men and women, it was because he aimed his blows at the defenceless. If others are afraid of him I am not. In all this I am not speaking of Byrne in his private relations, but only of those which he holds to the theatrical profession and the public.

Personally I have had no quarrel with this man. It is my policy to pursue a perfectly respectful course toward all my contemporaries. They fill their field and I fill mine, but I am not disposed that my words of kindness, when they are deserved as in this case, shall be made an occasion for abuse. I can defend myself and protect my friends and I mean to do it. It would indeed be a pretty condition of American journalism, if it came to be recognized as a principle in its conduct, that the appreciation of one journal was to be made the occasion for depreciation and lies by another.

This is what Byrne's assault upon Mr. Morrissey means. I say distinctly that it must not be done where I am concerned. If it is done I shall have no choice but to strike back, and to strike back in ways that will be felt. Byrne must be publicly told this that he may know and understand it, for I will not permit my kindnesses to others to be turned into a weapon against them. To stand by and see it done would be to show me as craven as this man Byrne is base.

In taking this course I know I shall have the sympathy of the community and the profession. This is no personal warfare between me and Charles A. Byrne. He has a newspaper to which he attaches his name, and which he calls his own. It is a newspaper of which men and women in the theatrical profession are in terror, and whatever success it meets with is owing entirely to the fact that an illiterate man is its owner and uses it to launch wild torrents of hate and abuse upon men and women whose business compels them to live in the public eye.

I know that Charles A. Byrne will laugh scornfully at my threat to suppress him. It is a case where he cannot afford to laugh. The American people are full of chivalry, and there is not a decent man or woman in the profession who does not feel that the malign influence of this man over it, is a thing to be extinguished. Exposure will do it. A bad man may go on in his evil course for a long time, but the courage

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to tell the truth of him is a sure road to his downfall. In Byrne's case, it only needs that a man who knows him should speak, and if he forces me to do this of him by his unjust assaults upon others, the consequences will be upon his own head.

There is scarcely a man or woman in the theatrical profession who has not been subjected to the lash of this vilifier. Neither the highest nor the lowest station in the theatre has been secure against his malignity and falsehood. If his course continues, I mean to make it disreputable to be seen in his company and honorable to be condemned in his weekly journal of misrepresentation and slander. Charles A. Byrne knows me well enough to know that when I make a promise I keep my word, and that before I get through with him, I shall make all men ashamed to speak his name.

As to Byrne's tirade against Mr. Morrissey, I need only add that his hostility comes out of his differences with Brooks & Dickson, whose business he is persistently seeking to injure for reasons that ought to be told.

G. O. Seilhamer.

Mr. Bergh's Latest.

Mr. Henry Bergh is one of the few men in this community who can attend to other people's business with sufficient impunity to allow him to make it his own. Mr. Bergh's latest attempt of this kind resulted, as they are apt to result—in a victory for Bergh; but there was just sufficient show of uneasiness and opposition to indicate that Mr. Bergh's self-imposed tasks are not always a source of pleasure.

Mr. Bergh wrote to the Fire Commissioners, complaining of the width of the aisles at the Standard Theatre and the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and of obstructions placed in those of the latter. No reply was made, and Mr. Bergh wrote again. After waiting a reasonable time, and learning that the dangerous seats in the Standard Theatre still remained, Mr. Bergh grew irascible and wrote a third time.

"I fear," Mr. Bergh wrote to Commissioner Esterbrook, "that you regard me as being officious, if not impertinent, in addressing no less than three letters to you on this subject, or at least I infer as much from the fact that no official notice has been taken of my communication. I beg you to believe that I am not troubling you with this subject for the simple pleasure of correspondence. The subject is a grave one, and merits your prompt action, and your neglect to acknowledge the receipt of my very respectful letters I could very easily excuse, provided the public danger was attended to. The former is a matter of taste and usage, the latter a question of life and death. Two communications to me from the Fire Department on the subject are in keeping with the splendid efficiency of that service, which has no equal, perhaps, in the world. It offers to do all in its power.

"It is not my custom to attempt a pressing reform and abandon it until all reasonable and legal efforts fail. I again earnestly call your attention to the chairs in question, and suggest you to cause the passageways to be made the width required by law."

Inspector Esterbrook lost his temper, but he replied to Mr. Bergh, saying, that the matters complained of had been attended to. The aisles in the Fifth Avenue Theatre next the boxes had already been increased in width, he said, and those in the Standard would be made the legal width this week. As to the case of the obstructions placed in the aisles, Mr. Esterbrook said it had been sent to the attorney of the Department for prosecution. All this was well enough—it was even in the nature of a courtesy, for the Department can hardly be expected to answer communications like Mr. Bergh's, but in conclusion, the Inspector replying to an "implied threat," declared that he did not "frighten easily." There is something so "fresh" and boyish in this, that we cannot refrain from expressing the regret that the public safety is in such hands. We can see no implied threat in Mr. Bergh's communication to warrant this unnecessary retort upon the only man in the community who is allowed to attend to other people's business with impunity, and Mr. Esterbrook saw it only because of the persistence with which Mr. Bergh was pursuing his object.

Death of Adelaide Phillips.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, the favorite contralto, died at the Hot Springs, in the South of France, where she had gone for the benefit of her health.

Miss Phillips was born at Stratford-on-Avon in England, in 1833, but was brought to this country in her infancy, and taken to Boston, where she made her first appearance on the stage as Little Pickle in "The Spoiled Child" before she was ten years of age. In 1843 she came to New York, appearing at the Chatham Theatre in the "Four Mowbrays," the "Brigand's Son" and the "Spoiled Child." As a child-actress she displayed remarkable gifts, but her musical talents were found to be greater even than her talents for the dramatic stage, and her Boston friends determined to send her to Italy to study for the lyric drama.

Miss Phillips made her operatic debut in New York at the Academy of Music, March 17th, 1856, as Azucena in "Il Trovatore." Her first appearance was advertised for March 10th, in conjunction with Amodio, Brignoli and Mme. La Grange, but her illness caused it to be postponed for a week. The part is one in which she never was surpassed, and for a number of years she was one of the chief attractions of the Academy of Music, under the management of Mr. Maretzek and others. Miss Phillips sang in Italian opera in Paris in 1861, where she gained a great triumph. Her last appearance under befitting circumstances was the great Boston Jubilee in 1869. Her career closed with her appearances with the Boston Ideal English Opera Company, with which she was identified during its first season.

Miss Phillips was a great favorite, a trained and skillful artist and a worthy woman, and her death will be lamented by a large circle of friends and admirers.

"There's a chiel amang 'you takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

I noticed Mr. Henry Bergh at Niblo's on Tuesday evening. His visit was probably to look after the welfare of the elephant, Bamboo, as well as to enjoy the performance, for Mr. Bergh, I believe is, a lover of the drama, as well as of all living creatures. I trust that Mr. Bergh found everything to his satisfaction, although, for my own part, I think Bamboo undergoes a certain amount of suffering every evening. Mind, I do not give this for a positive fact, but only as my opinion. I know I should suffer if I was in his place. I am certain I should feel perfectly wretched if I had to endure Mr. Kilday's wonderful brogue night after night, as Bamboo has to do, and to compel him to listen to that gentleman's performance of O'Pake eight times a week is certainly cruelty to animals.

Did I go to see "The Vicar of Bray" on Monday night? Why of course. I would not miss a first night for a great deal. Did I enjoy myself, you ask? Well, I generally manage to do so, but that opening act tried me pretty sorely. As Mark Tapley would say, "there was some credit in feeling jolly there," for really it was very tiresome.

The youug man who sat next to me, however, seemed determined that I should not go to sleep at any rate, for he kept up a running comment on the performance, which he addressed to yours truly in a tone of voice that caused several gentlemen in our part of the house to glare rather fiercely at him. They would liked to have sat on him. no doubt, and I should have liked to have seen them do it.

Did I know the young man? Not exactly. He made my acquaintance by asking me what time the "show" commenced, and as I gave him my little finger by answering, he took my whole hand by opening a conversation, and keeping it up all by himself until the act drop fell and I fled.

What did he talk about? Everything and everybody. He lived in the same house with

Rose Coghlan he informed me, posssibly hoping to thereby gain my esteem—he had entered the theatre by means of a lithograph ticket, he confidentially added—reserved seats ought to be given to persons with such passes, he thought, without their being obliged to pay fifty cents extra; the house was full of deadheads—he knew most of 'em; that was George Edgar over the way—no, not that one—that's Bob Morris—the one talking to the big man—that's Edgar—he's a good actor—saw him play King Lear—it was b-o-s-s—lots of actors in the house, weren't there?—did I know many?—no?—he did—ah, there goes the curtain—them kids ain't bad, are they?—really, this is interesting—Miss Jansen's not bad-looking—that chorus was not half badly done—them girls dressed like huntsmen were pretty—didn't I think so too?—ha! ha! ha!—that's the best we've seen yet—etc.

That young man was a capital talker, but when he told me that there were "plenty of reporters" in the audience, I pitied his ignorance in making no distinction between critics and reporters. But when I saw the daily papers next morning, most of which tried to conceal the only too-evident failure of Mr. Solomon's opera by indiscriminately praising everybody and everything concerned in it, I was bound to confess that the young man was possibly right in not calling the "critics" critics. At the same time he was wrong in terming them reporters, for the latter would have, at least, given their readers truthful reports and not disguised facts.

In "The Vicar of Bray" there is a bit of realism which almost outdoes the gypsies in "The Romany Rye." While the ladies in the teachers' chorus and the huntsmen's chorus are as a rule good-looking, those in the chorus of the ladies of the ballet are the reverse. It was the latter bit of realism which excited my admiration. I wonder if this "holding the mirror up to nature" was done intentionally.

The Actors' Fund.

A meeting of the trustees of the Actors' Fund was held at the Union Square Theatre on Tuesday morning. There were present Messrs A. M. Palmer, Joseph Jefferson, Mallory, Daniel Frohman, William Birch, H. Miner, John F. Poole, Edward Harrigan, H. E. Abbey, &c. Mr. A. M. Palmer occupied the chair. The trustees for some time have been considering the propriey of securing a room in which to transact the business connected with the fund. Inquiries had been made with a view of renting a proper place, but the matter was settled by Mr. Edward Harrigan tendering the use of apartments in the Theatre Comique, rent free, for the use of the secretary and trustees.

A resolution was adopted instructing the secretary to correspond with the managers in the different cities throughout the country, asking them to appoint a resident or local secretary, so that whenever any persons in their neighborhood entitled to relief should need assistance they could apply immediately to the person appointed for that district, who would forward the request of the applicant to the central office in this city. The fund has already accomplished a great deal of good, and the greatest interest is manifested for its continued prosperity.

Letters of a Print Collector.

X.

"HODGE."

As this series of papers has somehow revolved around the personality of John Hodgkinson, I cannot do better than to close it with some further account of this extraordinary man. We have seen that when he was first engaged for America, he was an actor of only provincial repute in England, but Bernard said of him, that if he had chosen to go to London instead of to New York, he would have achieved a reputation second only to that of Garrick.

In New York he was from the beginning the delight of the New York audience. From Jaffier to Dionysius—from Vapid to Shelty, he was the favorite. He played everything from Harlequin to Clown—from the fine gentleman to the 'footboy. He sung both serious and comic songs, and while he was the companion of the wits of the town, he was the soul of the musical societies. Outside of his art his ignorance was profound.

"Who is this Anon you have got in your bill?" Judge Cozine once asked him when he was making up a programme for poetical recitations.

"Oh, sir, he is one of our first poets," Hodkinson answered with all seriousness.

In a single year this brilliant actor managed to make his influence supreme inside the theatre and out of it. "Hodge," as he was familiarly called, was especially popular with the young bucks of the town, because of his convivial dinners and suppers. It was the custom to speak of his "splendid talents," and to do his bidding in everything. At the same time it must be added that Hodgkinson was singularly unscrupulous. He drove John Henry who had engaged him for America from the stage altogether. He appropriated Lewis Hallam's best *roles*, and even compelled Hallam to withdraw his own wife from a theatre of which they were managers. He pretended to have lost a manuscript play, by Dunlap, and afterwards produced it as his own. He cherished the influence of adventurers like Pasquin, and cheated his associates in business.

One of the most remarkable things in Hodgkinson's career in New York was the production of a comic opera entitled "Tammany," written by Mrs. Hatton, a sister of Mrs. Siddons. Being a Kemble the lady had no difficulty in making friends in New York, and at the instance of Hodgkinson the whole Tammany Society became her supporters and partizans. It was produced at the old theatre in John street, in 1797, and was drama, opera and spectacle combined. As to its merits there was much difference of opinion. It was filled "with simple and virtuous sentiments" according to Mrs. Hatton's friends; it was "a melange of bombast, swelling with rhodomontade" according to less friendly authorities. The opera was received with unbounded applause, as well it might be, when it was produced under pressure from the sons of St. Tammany, who, on that night, attended the theatre in a body.

A writer on the *Daily Advertiser* placed the drama among the highest efforts of genius, while another scribe, who evidently did not belong to that remarkabe organization, which as Tammany Hall has directed the destinies of New York for almost a century, laughed at such pretensions, and described the audience as made up of "the poorer class of mechanics and clerks." A ruse which was adopted to fill the house shows that the spirit which may be aroused in Tammany Hall at the present day was in existence in 1794. The Tammany organ called upon Republicans to support the play, and following this a rumor was circulated that a party had been made up to hiss it. The play was not hissed, but James Hewitt, the leader of the orchestra, was, because he refused to play a popular air at the demand of the "boys."

Hodgkinson of course had the title *role*, and it must be confessed that he played the Indian Chieftain with judgment and dressed him with taste. Mrs. Hodgkinson had the best female *role*, and it is worthy to remark that two Indian dancers were represented by Messrs. Durang & Miller, the former a Pennsylvanian, who began his theatrical career in the ballet, and the latter a young New Yorker, whose father was a grocer, and who left the stage and became an alderman. The scenes were painted by Charles Ciceri, the first regular scene painter employed in this country, and they were the first set of scenery ever specially painted for a play in America. According to the testimony of the time, they were gaudy and unnatural, but their

brilliancy of color compelled the exclamation, "What a beautiful sight!"

Hodgkinson died at Bladensburg, of yellow fever, in 1805, and was buried by two negroes, who wrapped his body in a blanket and carried it to a nameless grave. Now even the name of John Hodgkinson is forgotten, but at the time of his death, a poetaster of the day, "at the request of his theatrical friends," wrote a eulogy as fulsome as even a man as vain as he could have desired:

Shrined mid the ashes of the wise and just,
Here Roscius sleeps in the primeval dust!
That tongue is mute, which charmed a polished age,
Gave jest to wit and dignity to rage;
Those eyes no more will issue lambent fires,
Nor taste refine the tide of his desires!
Th' obedient passions hail'd his mimic sway,
The Muses breathed their influence on his lay;
With pond'rous apothegm and attic jest,
He smote the demons of the guilty breast;
Bade Virtue consecrate what Science saw,
And nerved the system of our moral law.
Though Death has triumph'd, Destiny has given
His fame to Honor and his soul to Heaven.

THE END.

Col. Mapleson's Season.

Col. Mapleson is hourly expected in this city to begin his season of Italian opera, which opens at the Academy of Music on Monday evening, October 16. with Bellini's opera, "I Puritani," with Mile. Laura Zagury, who will make her reappearance as Elvira. Mlle. Zagury—otherwise Miss Laura Harris—is a native of this city, and appeared at the Academy of Music about twelve years since when a mere girl, in "Lucia" and "Robert," these being her first appearances on any stage. She has sung with success in Lisbon, Madrid, Milan, St. Petersburg, Florence and Berlin.

The following is a list of the artists whom Manager Mapleson has secured for the season of 1882-3:—Prime donne—Soprani and contralti, Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Sofia Schalchi (her first appearance, Madame Galassi, Madame Lablache, Mlle. Filomena Savio (her first appearance, Mlle. Emma Juch, Mlle. Laura Zagury, Mlle. Paolina Rossini, Mlle. Dotti, Mlle. Olga Berghi (her first appearance), Mlle. Valerga and Mlle Lauri. Tenori—Signor Nicolini, Signor Mierzwinski (his first appearance), Signor Ravelli, Signor Bieletto, Signor Clodio (his first appearance) and Signor Rinaldini. Baritoni—Signor Lherie (his first appearance), Signor Caravatti (his first appearance) and Signor Galassi. Bassi—Signor Ronconi (his first appearance), Signor Monti, Signor Corsini, Signor Costa and M. Durat (his first appearance). The director of the music and conductor will be, as on previous seasons, Signor Arditi. Mme. Malvini Cavalzzi will be the premiere danseuse, and the stage manager is to be M. Debreuil.

The successful revivals of last season—"L'Africaine," "Ernani" and "William Tell"—will be given with the same degree of *mise en scene* as during last season. It is proposed to produce "Romeo and Juliet," with Mme. Patti and Signor Nicolini in the principal *roles*, and Mlle. Juch, Mme. Galassi and Signor Ronconi in the cast. "Semiramide" is also announced for production, with Patti as Semiramide. "Lucrezia Borgia" will also be given, and will be cast with Mlle. Filomena Savio as Lucrezia, and Ravelli, Galassi and Ronconi. "Le Prophete" will also be produced, with entirely new scenery, costumes, armor and stage appointments, with Signor Mierwinski as Jean of Leyden. Mme. Patti will arrive during the latter part of the month, and will make her appearance in a favorite *role*, and continue to sing twice each week during the entire season.

Negotiations are also in progress with Mme. Albani, and Mr. Mapleson hopes that he will be able shortly to announce her *rentree* during the second part of the opera season of 1882-83.

Out of an Engagement.

CHAPTER VI.

"ALMOST LOST," AT THE KIDLEEKUM.

N the same Sunday morning, when Mr. John Mildmay was soliloquising in bed, with his coffee, and Miss Martha Gibbs was making her toilet and her reflections, Toby Belch awoke, and finding the *Jackdaw* by his bedside, began industriously to peruse the theatrical advertisements.

It was a characteristic of the Sunday *Jackdaw* that its advertisements were the most interesting part of it, especially its theatrical advertisements, and everybody who had any taste for or interest in the theatres, always read that bright and "newsy" page first thing. The "Theatrical and Musical Notes" were dull in comparison, as well they might be, since they were only a tame recital of the announcements which Commodore Programme and other "business managers" knew so well how to present in flowing language, burning capitals, and startling display lines in an "ad."

For a while Mr. Toby Belch seemed to find the theatrical page of the *Jackdaw* stupid enough, but suddenly he raised himself up in his bed and exclaimed, "Hello! What's this?"

KIDLEEKUM THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, April 9.

The Management takes pleasure in announcing the long promised production of Mr. Toby Belch's New Comedy,

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 A     L     MM  MM    OO     SSS   TTTTT
AA     L     MN  NM   O  O   S  S     T
A A    L     M N N M  O  O   S        T
AAA    L     M N N M  O  O    SSS     T
A   A  L     M MM M  O  O       S    T
A   A  L     M NN M  O  O   S  S     T
A   A  LLLL  M  M  M   OO     SSS     T

L      OO     SSS    TTTTT
L     O  O   S  S      T
L     O  O   S         T
L     O  O    SSS      T
L     O  O       S     T
L     O  O   S  S      T
LLLL   OO     SSS      T
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"Long promised! By Jove, I thought they were going to shelve that. It is true it has been in rehearsal over a month, but so has Harbrett's 'Two Hoodlums of Fever Gulch.' It is a good thing for Potter and Shakem both that they have pushed 'The Hoodlums' aside for 'Almost Lost.' I have read the manuscript of Harbrett's melancholy play, and it has none of the humor of the 'Heathen Chinee' in it, I must say, although he still clings so tenaciously to his first success that he has actually associated a Chinaman with his two hoodlums. A worse piece of dramatic writing I believe I never saw. As an acting play it won't do at all, and it doesn't even read well. It is impossible even for Harbrett to give dramatic expression to rum and reformation, and that is a thing Toby Belch never tried. Love with a spice of sin is what tells with New York audiences, and they shall have it done to their taste in 'Almost Lost.' I am glad it is to be produced, but why so very soon, I wonder? That is a surprise; and the strangest part of it is that I knew nothing about it until I saw this advertisement. Toby Belch does not often regard his interests in this careless manner. Potter must have made up his mind at the last moment and thought to surprise me with this announcement, or why the devil didn't he speak of it last night at Chizzlem's. Well, it will do no good to keep muttering about it in bed, and so I'll be out and seeing after the mine the fellow has sprung upon me."

Belch was out of bed in an instant, and after pulling the bell he began to dress hastily. He had not finished his toilet when his secretary, Mr. McDonough Stanton, tapped at the door and was invited to enter.

Stanton was a dapper fellow, not overwise, perhaps, nor overlearned, nor overcapable, nor overscrupulous even, but he was a good shorthand writer, who generally did what he was told and was reasonably subservient. He had not seen the *Jackdaw* as yet, but he had met a proof-reader from the *Jackdaw* office at a late hour of the night before, and so he knew the excitement the morning would bring to Mr. Toby Belch.

"I say, McDonough, old boy, have you seen this," said Toby, thrusting the paper into Stanton's hand, and pointing to the announcement of the production of "Almost Lost."

Stanton simply muttered, "all right."

"By the way," continued Belch, taking back the paper, "I haven't looked at the cast yet. Let me see: Count Rudolph, Mr. Charles Haldom; Constance, Miss Rose Ettinger; Captain O'Hara, Mr. Henry Crane; Miss O'Hara, Miss Minnie Featherstone. Miss Minnie Featherstone. Stanton, who is she? I thought I knew the profession pretty well, but I never heard of her before."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Stanton, shaking with merriment, "that is a good joke on Carew and Square and Potter—or rather it will be when it gets out. It was arranged by Mildmay and Mrs. John De Forrest, as a practical test of the rules which guide these distinguished managers in the selection of actresses."

"What do you mean, Stanton?" inquired

Belch. "Not that I am to be made ridiculous and my play ruined by some foolish freak of these fellows?"

"Oh, no, certainly not," Stanton answered. "That is the joke of it. They got an actress when they thought they were getting an aspirant. The story was told to me by that old gossip, Wykoff, to whom De Forrest was foolish enough to tell it."

"Well, well, old fellow, let me hear it," said Belch. "Don't take up the whole morning with the preface."

"It is laughable, very laughable," pursued Stanton, not heeding Belch's interruption. "A young lady called on Carew one day, not long ago, when Square happened to be with him, to ask for an engagement. She was poorly clad and had left a starving mother in a wretched garret somewhere up-town. In her hand she held a roll of play bills, showing splendid engagements at the London theatres—the Olympic, the Holboran and the Gaiety. She had made her mark in burlesque, comedy, drama, everything—by Jove she had played both the young lord and Katy in your "Scudding Fly"—but it was all of no avail with Carew and Square."

"'Do you know who I am,' Carew asked her, 'and that I can't talk to, much less engage people I don't know.'"

"'These things are no good in America,' said Square, contemptuously, tossing the bundle of playbills back to her. 'You are not in society, and so there is no draw in you. There is no place in a theatre in this country for mere actresses.'"

"In despair the poor girl went to De Forrest and told her this story. De Forrest at once sent for Mildmay and asked him to go to Carew, and seek an engagement for that Gibbs protege of his. Carew refused of course. She then tucked out her poor applicant in the best her own wardrobe afforded, provided her with a carriage and sent her back as a 'society lady.' Carew was responsive, and almost engaged her on the spot. Square was again present, and he and Carew were so captivated by the society widow—her face was covered with Magnolia Balm and her pale lips were painted the color of health—that they have not left a stone unturned in her behalf, and although all this happened only a little more than a week ago, here is Potter bringing her out in 'Almost Lost,' on the plea, I suppose, that he had no on else, or could find no one else to whom to entrust the part."

"This is devilish strange, Stanton—that's all I have to say about it—but even if they do try to put aspirants into a fellow's plays, one thing is clear enough they can't get on without Toby Belch," said the only great dramatist of the last quarter of a century. "They try it sometimes, but it won't work, and they are always sure to come back to the old shop when they fail in other directions. Potter hemmed and hawed for months over 'Almost Lost,' and it was not until I began to think seriously of 'The Spalpeen,' that he made up his mind to produce it. You must find him this morning, and tell him to come round here if he wishes to avoid any misunderstanding. And tell him especially that I must have an opportunity to write something for the house-bill to-morrow night—think of it, Stanton, to-morrow night—for a new play that I did not believe was to be done at all. Chizzlem's success must have driven Potter to this, and see here—here is a letter from Carew, wanting to know if we can't have 'The Spalpeen' ready for Easter. All this is business, my boy, and will keep us pretty active for a week or two. Go for Potter, quick, and mind, sharpen your pencils on the way back."

It was a busy day for Toby Belch. He first outlined his article for the Kidleekum Bill of the Play, then gave an hour to writing a scene for "The Spalpeen," and then breakfasted. After breakfast he rummaged for a while over a lot of old playbooks and a collection of disordered novels, and at last, selecting half a dozen, he again sat down to work on "The Spalpeen," using a pair of scissors with great dexterity. Then followed a mass of instructions to Stanton, an interview with Potter and a call from Carew. The Pet came to dinner, and the wine and cigars closed a busy day of a busy dramatist.

All the next day the preparations for the production of "Almost Lost" went forward, and they were not yet complete when the bell rung for the overture to Toby Belch's latest attempt at playwriting. It never surprised anybody when a new piece by this great man was announced, and so thoroughly had the news regarding the Camille project absolved the attention of theatrical people, that there was scarcely an allusion to the unexpected production of "Almost Lost," all day Monday. When the hour came for lifting the curtain, however, the scenes were set, the actors were in their places and everything was ready. The audience was there, too, for Toby Belch never did anything, good or bad, which failed to attract the usual crowd of "first night" theatregoers.

A first night at the Kidleekum differed somwhat from a first night at the other theatres. We have seen the kind of audiences which went to see Chizzlem's new pieces. At Carew's there were more club people and men from "the street"—that is Wall street—than at any of the others, and especially was it noticeable that the old *roues* who confessed to an admiration for the actresses of the Carew school, were there in force on these occasions. At Plum's there would be a regiment of soldiers—carpet soldiers—an Irish regiment if the "star" happened to be an Irish tragedian, or some organized demonstration of some kind as an aid to the advertising schemes of the management. For McFallen's engagement, the "Old Californians," with Harbrett at their head, were to be used, because McFallen happened to own a theatre in California, and even Carew and Belch "assisted" at the celebrated Cushman farewell, and not only Golightly, but the whole of the Palette Club held torches in their hands, while the distinguished tragedienne addressed the mob from the balcony, which Plum, the actor, had built in the outer wall of his theatre for such great ovations to genius. At the Kidleekum there was comparatively little of this kind of thing, for Shakem, the proprietor, was a politician, and Potter, the manager, was compelled to welcome Mr. Shakem's political associates whether he liked it or not. On this evening, these servants of the people, including some also who had found it impossible to become the servants of the State, were in attendance in great numbers at the Kidleekum, and Shakem was happy, because his influence in the wards could be extended at no greater expense than a few "deadhead" tickets, which he would have been compelled to give away at any rate.

It must not be supposed, however, that Shakem's political friends were confined to the local magnates. There were several members of Congress among them, one or two United States Senators even in the audience, and especially noteworthy was the tall form of the venerable Albany Thurlow, equally well known to three generations of politicians, and now, although bent with age and tottering on the verge of the grave, as much a politician as ever.

"Belch," said the venerable Thurlow, meeting the great dramatist in the middle aisle, on his way to his seat, "you are as full of surprises as a political manager. In my best days I could not manufacture new parties or new party platforms more rapidly than you create new plays. I like the theatre, and I am glad Shakem has gone into the business, although, until lately, I confess not to have given much attention to theatrical affairs since I paid my shilling for a seat in the pit at the old Park, when I was a printer's apprentice sixty years ago."

The venerable politician might have yielded to the impulse to favor Toby Belch with a whole chapter of his reminiscences, and even call Shakem in to share them, had not the orchestra struck the lively overture which was to usher the first act of "Almost Lost."

The piece was what an American always calls "Frenchy" when he wishes to indicate moral rottenness in a dramatic production. It is unnecessary to characterize it further than to say that Count Rudolph used his wife's boudoir as a private post-office for his illicit correspondence, and that the Countess trembled for a long time over the precipice without actually falling, all the while contemplating the following lines composed by her tempter:

> I have another life I long to meet,
> Withont which life my life is incomplete.
> Oh! better self, art thou, like me, astray,
> Seeking with weary heart to find the way
> To mine; seeking, like me, to find the breast
> On which alone can weary heart find rest.

At the end of the first act there was great enthusiasm among the politicians, which was loudly echoed by the paid *claque* of the theatre, and it was even whispered that a Committee of Fifteen had been formed to go for the author of "Almost Lost" and present him to the audience.

This was a surprise to Mildmay, as he knew that Belch was actually in the house at the time. But he was even more surprised at the end of the second act, when Toby came forward and accepted a successful anthor's honors, although no part of the play was his work except the title. With still greater disgust the critic of the *Jackdaw* read the article which Mr. Toby Belch had written the day before for the Bill of the Play, and so it came about that he wrote the famous *Jackdaw* criticism on "Almost Lost." As this essay has something to do with the progress of this story it is reprinted here exactly as it appeared the morning after the performance:

A QUEER LEGITIMATE COMEDY.

Mr. Toby Belch's new drama, "Almost Lost," was produced at the Kiddleekum Theatre last night with a cast including Miss Ettinger, Miss Featherstone, and Messrs. Hawthorne and Crane. All the artists were well up in their parts, but, with the exception of Miss Ettinger, they played as if the morals of the audience were worse than those of the play. Perhaps the dramatist is not to blame for this in the abstract, but as it was whispered in the audience during the first act—an exceedingly stupid one—that Mr. Belch was to be called before the curtain; and as this was the result at the end of the second act, without justification of any kind, it is to be inferred that the company failed to receive the benefit of his suggestions. In thus answering a call, which was far from being general, the dramatist fathers the very remarkable opinion of his merits set orth in the playbill by the managers of this theatre. The manifesto is as follows:

During the last quarter of a century, English dramatic literature has been represented by one individual. If we turn to the highest class of work, on searching its records we find that there are but two or three plays that have held the stage—"Middlesex Impudence," "Big Trees in Little Acorns," and "Louis XVII." These were written by Mr. Belch. If we descend into the wide region of melodrama he nearly monopolises the ground. We seek in vain for any other figure, The journalists of the day affect to ignore, or perhaps it would be more just to say to decry him; but whatever rank he may hereafter assume among the magnates of English dramatic literature, we have one fact clearly established, he is its only representative during one quarter of a century. During that time his works alone have survived to the present hour. The play entitled "Almost Lost," produced at the Kidleekum Theatre, is the first legitimate comedy he has written in many years past. It is now put forward by him with the publicly avowed intention of testing the taste of the day. He is about to submit to the American public, and subsequently to the London audiences, a series of legitimate high class comedies, to ascertain if there be any truth in the loud assurances frequently expressed by the press, that a better kind of dramatic literature would be acceptable. No one but the author of "Middlesex Impudence" is perhaps, capable, of settling the question by practical experiment. We believe Mr. Belch has written three comedies, one of which he presented to Mr. Chizzlem, the second to Mr. Carew and the third to the management of this theatre. The last was first in the field. "Almost Lost" is in Mr. Belch's best vein, full of elegance and sparkling with wit. The subject is simple, and appeals in the broadest manner to onr sympathies. A young romantic girl, with exaggerated ideas of life, is married to the man she loves, with all the wild illusions of a school girl. She wearies his affections with her exactions, and her claim to monopolise his whole existence. Disappointed, and with a wounded heart, she is tempted to go astray. The incidents that lead to mislead her, the traps and pitfalls that tend to cause her fall, form the plot of this interesting drama, the catastrophe of which is one of the most admirable ever invented.

The claims set forth in this are not only astonishing—they are astounding. There need be no question that Mr. Belch has written some sparkling comedies. For these we honor him. As an actor, also, he is worthy of honor, for his Old Sandford in "Sunshine Through the Clouds" is the finest impersonation of the kind ever seen on the stage. But that he should base upon these a baseless claim, that his "Almost Lost" is of the same order as his "Big Trees in Little Acorns," is simply to suppose that all the world but he are dolts and fools. "Almost Lost" is simply a comedy of the worst French type, not well enongh done to be enticing. It may well be doubted whether it is even original. The dialogue is stupid; and in every respect in conception, in plot, in character and in situations it is commonplace. In the selection of the subject matter of a representation, we would allow the widest latitude, but as Mr. Belch just now pretends to be an apostle of purity in these matters, it is shocking that he should be the first dramatist of the season to present the "adulterous drama," seeking, perhaps, to justify his "Almost Lost" by holding his heroine over the precipice, but not letting her fall entirely. And it is preposterous that he should call this play one of "a series of legitimate high class comedies," "put forward by him with the publicly avowed intention of testing the taste of the day," and "to ascertain if there be any truth in the loud assurances frequently expressed by the press that a better kind of dramatic literature would be acceptable." Mr. Belch declares that the journalists of the day affect to ignore or rather decry him. If he classes "Almost Lost" among his "legitimate high class comedies," let his own evil works condemn him.

It only remains to be added that "Almost Lost" was a full translation from the French of M. Octave Feuillet.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"THE VICAR OF BRAY."

Vicar of Bray	Harry Allen
Tommy Merton	George Olmi
Rev. Henry Sanford	L. Cadwalladar
Mr. Bedford Rowe	Harry Brown
Dorothy	Marie Jansen
Nelly Bly	Edith Bland
Mrs. Merton	Jennie Hughes

Messrs. Solomon and Grundy's two act comic opera, "The Vicar of Bray," received its first representation in America at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Monday evening, but failed to prove itself another "Pinafore," or even another "Billee Taylor." The story, which has already been told in the columns of THE THEATRE, is plotless, as is usual with comic operas, but Mr. Grundy has not succeeded in telling it in the simple but fascinating manner peculiar to the brilliant librettist whom he has taken for his model, Mr. Gilbert, and we cannot agree with the gentleman who edits the Fifth Avenue Theatre programme when he tells us that Mr. Grundy's libretto is "one of the cleverest ever written." It is far from reaching this high standard, and although it is by no means bad, the humor is of that doubtful kind for which modern English humorists are noted, The jokes mainly consist in using two words of opposite meaning in conjunction with each other, a favorite style of word-play with Mr. Henry J. Byron and his contemporaries. Here and there, in Mr. Grundy's work, genuine bits of humor peep out, and these appear all the more brilliant because of their surroundings. Mr. Solomon has been more fortunate than his co-laborer, but, nevertheless, has given us nothing new. While his music is generally bright it lacks originality altogether, and will do little to increase the reputation he achieved through "Billee Taylor." Familiar notes are constantly falling upon the listener's ear, and occasionally Mr. Solomon even treats us to very small doses of his earlier work. The first act of "The Vicar of Bray" is uninteresting, and drags, but the second is more lively, and redeems the stupidity of the first.

The acting was not as good as it might have been. In the opening act everybody was unsatisfactory, with the single exception of Mr. Cadwalladar, who played Harry Sanford fairly; but in the second act everybody improved, with the single exception of Mr. Cadwalladar, who seemed to have suddenly regretted having previously acted well, and was endeavoring to atone by playing the remainder of his part in as weak a manner as it could be done, which he succeeded in doing. At one time he almost broke down, and he managed to completely dispell the favorable impression which he had created earlier in the evening. As the Vicar of Bray Mr. Allen was good, but his performance is still open to improvement—although he was the most successful among the gentlemen. Mr. George Olmi may be an actor, but he shows no signs of being such in this performance. Mr. Harry Brown managed to make his part a cross between Marks, the lawyer, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and a circus clown, with the odds in favor of the latter. His grimaces and remarkable attitudes, which he intended to be funny, can only be regarded as painful, and he ought to be suppressed. Miss Jansen looked prettily, sang nicely, and acted fairly. She received a double encore in the second act for the manner in which she rendered "The Silver Line" from Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's opera of "Lord Bateman," which she introduced, and which was the best thing she did. Miss Edith Bland was satisfactory as Nelly Bly, but Miss Jenny Hughes played Mrs. Merton as she might have acted a rather coarse servant girl. The choruses were all good, that of the Huntsman especially, but the feature of the evening was the children's chorus, and the little ones were always heartily welcomed whenever they showed their bright faces upon the stage. The audience, on Monday evening, were inclined to be friendly, but notwithstanding this the piece did not meet with the approval anticipated, and cannot be termed a success. The composer, Mr. Solomon, led the orchestra, and was granted a flattering reception, being called to the footlights at the close of the first act.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—"THE PARVENU."

Claude Glynne	William Herbert
Mr. Joseph Ledger, M.P.	William Elton
Sir Fulke Pettigrew, Bart.	Harry Edwards
The Hon. Charles Tracy	Herbert Kelcey
Lady Pettigrew	Effie Germon
Gwendolen Pettigrew	Ella Wilton
Mary Ledger	Adela Measor

Mr. G. W. Godfrey's comedy, "The Parvenu," produced at Wailack's last Saturday evening, is a charming play, the story of which has already been told in these pages. There is nothing new either in the plot or treatment of the comedy, but Mr. Godfrey has woven the old material together with so deft a hand, that he has given us a play the like of which has not been seen since the days of the late T. W. Robertson.

Unfortunately the acting was unequal to the requirements of the play. Mr. William Herbert as the artist lover, failed to show himself worthy of the place he occupies, as the leading man at Wallack's, and Mr. Elton as the Parvenu, although he was often irresistibly funny, made the part too purely low comedy, and utterly missed the pathos with which the author invested it. Mr. Herbert Kelcey, although more acceptable than Mr. Herbert, was uninteresting, and failed to come up to the Wallack standard. The same thing may be said of Miss Ella Wilton as the heroine. Of the newcomers, the only one who really pleased was Miss Adela Measor, and it must be said of her that she is already an established favorite with the Wallack audience. It only re-

mains to be added that as Sir Fulke and Lady Pettigrew, Mr. Harry Edwards and Miss Effie Germon were excellent. and if the comedy had been as well played throughout, it would have met with the success of "Caste" on its initial production.

THALIA THEATRE.—FRAU GALLMEYER.

Sarah Kohn	Frau Josephine Gallmeyer
Bernhardt	Herr Franz Tewele
Aron Meyer	Herr Schmeidler
Papa Kohn	Herr Lindau
Willie Wahe	Herr Bollman
Nannie	Frl Fuch
The Doctor	Herr Keirschner

Frau Gallmeyer arrived in New York on Sunday, and on Monday evening was welcomed by an audience which completely filled the Thalia Theatre. She was greeted upon her first entrance with a shower of roses and flowers, which singularly enough came down from the "flies." It was all the work of the management, and the result showed that her fame too was more the work of her managers than of her merit. In the introductory sketch, which was descriptive of the annoyances of a journalist engaging a company of singers and actors for a charity performance, she evinced strong powers of mimicry—nothing more. In the farce, "Sarah und Bernhardt," these were displayed to the best advantage, but her imitations of the divine Sarah were broad travestie rather than genuine imitations. Frau Gallmeyer exhibited all of Mme, Bernhardt's mannerisms, but none of the French actress' genius. The whole thing was burlesque of the highest class, belonging to what we call "variety."

Herr Tewele proved himself an excellent light comedian, in the comedietta, "A Delicate Mission," which followed the farce, and in the farce he was an able second for the burlesque Bernhardt.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—"AROUND THE WORLD."

Phineas Fogg	W. F. Clifton
Fix, the Detective	J. J. Wallace
Passepartout	G. R. Edeson
O'Pake	Frank Kilday
Aouda	Cora Tanner

The Kiralfy Brothers reproduced their spectacular play, "Around the World in Eighty Days," at Niblo's Garden, on Monday, to an overflowing house. The piece was put upon the stage in the Kiralfys usual manner, the scenery and costumes being all that could be desired. Much of the scenery was new, and for splendor, far outdid that used at the original production of the piece in this city. The ballet was good, and the premiere danseuses, Mlles. Theodora Gillert and Turry, who made their first appearance in New York on Monday night, made a most favorable impression. They are both graceful dancers, and what is rare with ladies of the ballet, are good-looking in face as well as form. The hit of the evening, however, was that of the elephant, Bambo, who also made his New York debut on this occasion. The dramatic part of the performance was somewhat disappointing, for while the scenery, the costumes, the ballet and the elephant were good, the drama, proper, was acted very badly with few exceptions. As the cold-blooded philosophic Englishman, Fogg, Mr. Clifton was a trifle too cold-blooded, but if he consents to infuse a little more life into his part, he may yet make something of it. Mr. Wallace played the regular stage detective in the regular manner, and Mr. Edeson as Passepartout, was funny enough to cause laughter. Mr. Kilday out-Irished the Irish as O'Pake, and we would advise him to have less flannel about his mouth in the future. Miss Tanner made a pretty Aouda, and as to look pretty is all Aouda has to do, she did it well. Of the numerous minor roles, we need only say they were poorly acted, or rather not acted at all. Nevertheless, "Around the World" is attracting better houses than any other theatre in the city.

WINDSOR THEATRE—"SHAUN RHUE."

Larry Donovan, Shaun Rhue,	Joseph Murphy
Gerald Kavanagh	George S. James
Brian Calligan	Albert Tavernier
Morris Donovan	C. H. Thompson
Patrick Cavanagh	E. S. Tarr
Peter Calligan	John Murphy
Lawyer Waddy	Logan Paul
Summertville	William Se ton
Tim	Belle Dickson
Teddy Phats	William Leary
Kate Donovan	Adele Waters
Dora Kavanagh	Belle Melville

Mr. Joseph Murphy did a week's successful business with his well known play of "Shaun Rhue." The play combines sentiment and humor, and the supporting company was very good.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Arline	Miss Katherine Van Arnhem
Queen of the Gypsies	Mrs. Zelda Seguin Wallace
Thaddeus	J. Perugini
Count Arnheim	George Sweet
Devilshoof	Edward Connell
Florestein	Frederick Dixon

The Strakosch English Opera Company began the week at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening, with Balfe's well-known opera, "The Bohemian Girl." As Arline Mr. Strakosch introduced to the New York public Miss Katherine Van Arnhem, who was found to possess a pleasing voice, but who was very deficient as an actress. Mrs. Zelda Seguin Wallace as the Queen, was as always admirable as an actress, and her singing showed all the merits we have been wont to recognize. Mr. Perugiui, the tenor, sang very well, except when he attempted to force his voice the result of which was an unpleasant vibrato. This fault apparently is only a matter of habit. Mr. Edward Connell made a decided success with Devilshoof, his singing being admirable and his acting not too pronounced. The orchestra was well managed, but the chorus was badly grouped, inattentive and inefficient.

"FATINITZA."

Vladimir, Fatinitza	Mrs. Zelda Seguin Wallace
Princess Lydia	Letitia L. Fritch
General Kantshakoff	Edward Connell
Wasili	Mr. Manara
Osipp	H. Manico
Steipann	Willett Seaman
Ivan	Mary Booth
Nikopher	May Campbell
Feodor	Ellen Vincent
Dimitri	Anna Do ion
Julian	Mr. Morgan
Adjutant	Mr. Reichardt
Winka	W. A. Bower
Izzet Pach	Vincent Hogan
Nourmahal	Helen Seymour
Zuleika	Anna Dorion
Diona	Lizzie Newman
Besika	Ella Vincent
Massaldsha	Miss Booth
Mustapha	John Jurgens
Hassan Bey	Mr. Manara

We need not repeat our praise of Mrs Seguin-Wallace and Mr. Connell, who followed on Tuesday evening in "Fatinitza," with a success equal to that achieved on Monday night in the "Bohemian Girl." Miss Letitia Fritch, as the Princess Lydia, was pretty and interesting, and her singing gained her a recall in the third act. The audience was not a demonstrative one, which is not surprising, as the West Side is not a musical community.

"CARMEN."

Carmen	Mrs. Zelda Seguin-Wallace
Miehaela	Letitia Fritch
Frasquita	Mme. Hun-King
Mercedes	Helen Seymour
Don Jose	J. Porugini
Escamille	George Sweet
Il Dunciaro	Vincent Hogan
Il Remendado	John Jurgens
Zuniga	H. Leone
Morales	Willett Seaman

"Carmen," on Wednesday evening, attracted a large audience, Mrs. Seguin-Wallace singing the music of the title role effectively. Miss Fritch also gained applause, and Mr. George Sweet is deserving of praise,

PARK THEATRE.—MR. RAYMOND AS "FRESH."

Ferdinand Nervy Fresh	John T. Raymond
Baron Alexis Boscovitch	O. H. Barr
Mahomet Ali	Harry Pierson
Achmet Pacha	George F. De Vere
Mathias Manassah	J. F. Dean
Zazarack	John Marble
Adolph	J. Lant
Water Lily	Master Charles
Eremi Almi	Stella Boniface
Flora la Marchesa della Floresta	Lizzie Creese
Helene	Ruth Cowles

Mr. John T. Raymond's return to the Park Theatre with his ever fresh "Fresh," was the occasion for something very like an ovation. It is too late in the day to enter upon serious criticism of this comedy or of Mr. Raymond. If we chose to discuss the company we might find a great deal of fun in Mr. George F. De Vere's performance of Achmet Pacha, and in Mr. J. F. Dean's Mathias Manassah. We prefer not to indulge in this luxury. It is due, however, to Miss Stella Boniface to say that her acting gives promise of excellence in the future, and we shall hail her success with pleasure, because she tries to deserve it.

GERMANIA THEATRE.—"FATINITZA."

Count Timofey Grawrilowitch Kantshukoff	Mr. Schultze
Princess Lydia Iwanowana Ushakoff	Miss Seebold
Izzet Pacha	Mr. Link
Wasil Andrejwitsh Starawieff	Mr. Otto Meyer
Osipp Wasielowitsh Safonoff	Mr. During
Steipann Sidorewitsh Bieloscurim	Mr. Schmidt
Wladimir Dimitrowitsh Samoileff	Marie Geistinger
Julian Von Golz	Mr. Schutz
Hussan Bey	Mr. Metsch
Nursidah (Izzet Pacha's Wives)	Miss Schatz
Zuleika (Izzet Pacha's Wives)	Miss Mellner
Diona (Izzet Pacha's Wives)	Miss During
Besika (Izzet Pacha's Wives)	Miss Beil
Mustapha, Guard of the Harem	Mr. Junker

Marie Geistinger's appearances are always a matter of great interest among our German population, and the rivalry which exists between the two German Theatres only added during the week to the success of the favorite. In the dual role iu "Fatinitza," Fraulein Geistinger was sure to please, and her support was unusually good. Herr Schutz, Herr Link, Herr Schultz, Herr Schmidt and Fraulein Seebold were all deserving of praise, and the chorus and orchestra were notably good.

What Philadelphia Likes.

Philadelphia likes Theo. Philadelphia discovered this fact very soon after the curtain was rung up on "Madame L'Archiduc" at the

Chestnut Street Opera House on Monday night. There is an indefinable something about Madame Theo. a *je ne sais quoi*, which catches on to the admiration of the audience immediately. As for her voice, it isn't that, for there isn't enough of it; although it is sweet and bird-like so far as it goes, it is not strong, neither could you pick out any one, any two, or any three of the details of her method of acting, and say that the charm lay in these, for we have all seen women who were "faultily faultless" in all these respects, and yet froze us away from them. The secret probably lies in the fact that Theo is born to please: that her individuality itself is just the kind to impress itself most favorably upon an audience through a pretty face, a graceful figure, and an intelligent acquaintance with the details of dramatic art. Her charm is almost wholly in her naturalness. It can never be acquired to the extent to which Theo possesses it, by anything like mere training. Theo in opera bouffe makes it like Mr. Bunthorne's beau—French, but not too French. There is nothing coarse or offensive about it, beyond that which the story itself is apt to contain itself, of the "essence de Paris." Even the "Jolie Parfumeuse," under Theo's skillfnl management, looks like a good little girl scandalized by the wickedness of the world. Her Bettina, in the "Mascotte," and her Serpolette, in the "Cloches de Corneville," are delightful. Without meaning to depreciate Theo, these roles are just her size.

"The Merry War," Strauss' latest masterpiece, was produced for the first time in this city, at the Germania Theatre, on Saturday evening. The libretto is in German, but the Thalia troupe none the less render it very intelligently, so that un-Teutonized auditors can thoroughly enjoy the performance. The musie is already popular here, its light Offenbachian characteristics taking hold right away.

We have lots of music this week. Wilbur's Opera Company is playing "Mascotte," "Olivette," and "Patience," at the Arch Street Theatre; and Murphy and Donnelly are producing the goody-goody cantata of the "Haymakers" at the Lyceum. The sun doesn't appear to be shining on the "Haymakers;" in fact it isn't the kind of piece one expects to see in a theatre, even a theatre devoted exclusively to musical productions. There is nothing dramatic about it; it is all music, and might just as well be sung around a grand piano as before the footlights.

"Only a Farmer's Daughter," Elliot Barne's domestic drama, which "Fatty" Stewart, alias J. S. Crossy, brought out at the late North Broad Street Theatre several years ago, has been revived at Haverly's, with Miss Agnes Herndon, the new Southern star, in the leading role of Mme. Laurent. Agnes is crude and unartistic in her methods, but has that which is capable of being educated much nearer to perfection.

Rice's New Surprise Company made a hit in "Pop" at the Walnut Street Theatre.

The Eighth Street Variety Theatre has "bursted" again. The location is too bad for anything but a variety theatre, and the National and Miller's have about absorbed all that it is worth, even for that purpose. George Wood, late of the Museum, has taken it, and will open it as the Bijou Theatre in a few weeks. He is courageous, anyhow.

Col. Joseph Wood, who succeeds G. W. at the Museum, is making some repairs prior to the grand opening. WACK

What do I think of dramatic journalism? That is a hard one, I confess. By Jove, I have been trying to make up my mind on that subject for the last forty years, and I am no nearer a solution of the question now than when I first became a Prompter.

* * *

I guess yes. Wardle Corbyn tried it away back in the forties. His paper died of course—all dramatic papers die sometime.

* * *

Then about 1850 Cornelius Mathews started a little thing he called *The Prompter*. It lived just four weeks.

* * *

Somebody started a magazine called the *Dramatic Mirror* in 1856 or 1865—well I never was good at dates—and published at least one consecutive number.

* * *

In 1872 a paper cal'ed *The Arcadian* made its appearance. It was too Arcadian. Mr. Charles Moss, of Wallack's, was the publisher. He has never forgotten his experience, and he believes to-day that his mistake was that he tried to print a decent paper. Notwithstanding Mr. Moss' paper failed, others which followed it have succeeded, and it is their success which has set me to thinking.

* * *

Yes, I suspect that's it. They call it spice. Spice is only another name for scandal. There are a great many people who enjoy scandalous stories about others, and theatrical papers often succeed simply because they are abusive. "Who comes in for abuse this week?" is a question I have often heard. People often buy papers for the enjoyment they expect from the scandalizing of others. It is a lamentable fact, and there is no remedy for it short of Sing Sing.

* * *

That ought to be true. but somehow it isn't. People take an interest in the private affairs of others in spite of the indecency of the thing. If a respectable paper is put into their hands they toss it aside contemptuously, because it is not abusive. They will denounce the editors of the abusive sheets, and then break their necks almost in shaking these same editors by the hand. These papers could not exist for a week if it was not for the utter lack of manliness among men. For years the air around the Square has been sulphorous with the curses of one man, and yet that man is still tolerated instead of being kicked as he deserves.

* * *

Of course you know who I mean. Don't mention it to anybody that I said anything about him or he'll be giving me a dose next week. He is a vitriol thrower, and vitriol is not a pleasant thing in one's eyes. He is a stabber of reputations, and it has always been my policy to avoid either the praise or blame of such men.

* * *

I do think, however, that the time has come to put an end to all this. It can be done by a grand revival of manhood. Courage is necessary in the suppression of a pest, but of course the man who undertakes to lead will be covered all over with slime.

* * *

By the way, a friend has just handed me a poem which he calls "Two Friends." Here it is:—

Two friends sat facing each other one day;
Said one to the other, "Dear, Sir,
Do you know that 'twas I gave your sweet soubriquet
By which you are known as the cur?"

"And 'twas I," the other then curtly replied,
As he felt himself bridling with spunk,
"Who first gave to you that title of pride,
In which you delight, of the skunk."

* * *

In my opinion the abuse of two alledged men, who gave each other such disgusting titles, with justice no doubt, since they are now hand and glove in abusing the rest of the world, can do no one who falls under their displeasure any real injury.

—The only work so far announeed for production by the New York Chorus Society this season is Gounod's "Redemption," the rehearsals for which have begun.

—Of the "Merry War," which has been sung at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre during the week, it only needs be said that the war was far from merry for the non-combatants. We can only hope that a solid combination will come out of the commotion.

—We do not know that there is any reading quite so dull as that relating to concerts. This is a nice little preface to say that Miss Em na Thursby gave her first concert in this city since her return from Europe at Chickering Hall on Monday evening.

—The musical public always looks forward with interest to the announcement of the programme of the Philharmonic Society for the season. At the first concert a symphony by Alfred H. Cowen, given in Berlin and London last Spring, will be played, and the vorsfeil to "Parsifal" will also be performed. Miss Thursby will be the vocalist. At the second concert Mr. Joseffy will play a new piano concerto, by Brahms and later in the season we are promised a new symphony by Dyorack. It will thus be seen that Mr. Thomas continues true to his old plan of giving us new music as well as old works.

—It is definitely settled that Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., remains wlth the Union Square Theatre this season.

—We regret to announce the death of Dr. John R. Atkinson, who was for a number of years the dramatic critic of the *Daily News*. Dr. Atkinson was 65 years of age. He was born in Englamd, and was a half brother of Dr. Robert Dunglinson, the author of the standard "Medical Dictionary." During the war Dr. Atkinson

was an army paymaster in the West, and at one time manager of a theatre in St. Louis. On account of failing health, he went to Quebec about a year ago, and he died at his daughter's residence there at 12 o'clock on Tuesday night.

—In accordance with an intimation in THE THEATRE of last week, Mr. William Harrigan and Mr. George L. Stout sailed for England, to give the initial performance of Mr. Edward Harrigan's new play in that country. The title of the new play, which is promised in about a month, is "Mordecai Lyons."

—Celia Logan's lecture on "Actresses" will be delivered for the first time at the Park Theatre to-morrow evening. No one is better qualified to speak on this subject than Miss Logan, and an interesting lecture may be expected.

—There are some things about the "Vicar of Bray" which recall the familiar lines:

Solomon Grundy
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took sick on Thursday,
Grew worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Was buried on Sunday,
And that was the end of
Solomon Grundy.

—It is announced that because Mr. Harry Allen's place as the Vicar, in "The Vicar of Bray," cannot be supplied in time "Billee Taylor" will be substituted at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next week. Mr. Allen goes on the road with one of the Madison Square Companies.

—A "success of vogue" is what we are told is counted upon for Mrs. Langtry. Upon this hypothesis her acting is no consequence, but that she will be the fashion there is no doubt, as already the demand for seats has begun. That fashionable people may pay the highest possible price for being in the fashion Mr. Abbey has determined to sell the seats for the first night at auction.

—Mr. A. R. Cazauran joined the Union Square Theatre company at Denver, where he went to put "Les Rantzau" in rehearsal. Stoddart, De Belleville, Parselle, Fawcett, and Miss Jewett, will be in the cast. A great effort was made to obtain the part of Louise for Miss Maude Harrison.

—Mr. Marlande Clarke is an English reciter and lecturer who has just arrived in this country. Mr. Marlande Clarke strikes us on our soft side. He brings with him testimonials from H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, the King of Bavaria, the Princess De Nar Bey and a great many other persons with imposing titles. Welcome, Mr. Marlande Clarke, on account of your great friends.

—Mr. Florence will enact his character of Captain Cuttle in "Dombey & Son," during his engagement at the Park Theatre. We are pleased to hear this, not because he will once more wear the Burton costume, which in itself will be interesting, but for the sake of a character which so largely contributed to Mr. Florence's fame.

—Mr. John A. Stevens returned from Europe on Wednesday, and on the evening of the following day, the J. A. Stevens Association, composed chiefly of the attaches of the Windsor Theatre, gave him a reception at Pythagoras Hall. The orchestra played "Hail to the Chief" as the Unknown entered, and the fun, which included a speech from Mr. Stevens, grew fast and furious.

—Preparations have begun for the production of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Standard Theatre.

—Miss Madeleine Lucette (Mrs. J. H. Ryley) has been engaged by Mr. John McCaull to play the part of Constance in "The Sorcerer," which will be presented at this house on next Monday week.

MODJESKA IN BOSTON.

Maurice De Saxe	Maurice Barrymore
Michonnet	George H. Griffith
Prince De Bouillon	Frank Clements
Abbe Chazeuil	Norman Forbes
Quinault	N. D. Jones
Poisson	M. Mitchell
Servant	Cooper
Call Boy	Saville
Princess De Bouillon	Kate Meek
Duchess D'Aumont	Helen Leigh
Marquise De Sancerre	F. Clarmont
Jouvenot	Clara Ellison

[From the Boston *Herald*, Oct. 2.]

Mme. Modjeska gave the initial performance of her third American tour last evening in the Globe Theatre, where her reappearance, after an absence of three years, was most cordially welcomed by a large audience. The play selected for the occasion was "Adrienne Lecouvreur," a work whose merits scarcely counterbalance its faults, but nevertheless a favorite with actresses of the "emotional" school, since it is especially adapted to display their powers. It was in the role of Adrienne that Mme. Modjeska first appeared in Boston, and she has so often enacted it here that her impersonation is familiar to most habitual playgoers. Certainly, it is not likely to be forgotten by any one who has ever witnessed it, and, until she proves the contrary in a new character, it stands beyond question as the best piece of work she has done in this country; for, among all the parts she has played here, it best illustrates the sincerity of her methods, the delicacy of her art, and her possession of that indefinable quality called, for want of a better name, magnetism. Her performance of Adrienne has gained alike in nicety of detail and breadth of effect. Longer acquaintance with and constant use of the English language has lessened the restraint it was apparent she formerly felt in employing a (to her) foreign tongue, and her accent, once so marked, is now scarcely noticeable save in the occasional clipping of a final syllable in rapid delivery. This naturally gives greater freedom to her acting, as was shown in a marked degree last evening. She labored under the disadvantages incident to a first performance with a strange company (not the least of which was playing with a Count de Saxe, who, in the most important scenes, proved himself lamentably deficient in knowledge of his lines); but she overcame all obstacles and won a triumphant success. She was applauded without stint, would have been recalled to the stage in numerous scenes had her fine sense of propriety permitted her to respond to the demands of the audience, and was summoned before the curtain at the close of each act, in two instances, twice.

[From the Boston *Globe*, Oct. 3.]

Last evening's performance gave evidence in abundance—if, indeed, it were wanted—that Modjeska has returned to Amerlca with all the characteristics as an artiste that established her high reputation in the past. The more exacting scenes were given with an effect that the actress has never rivalled, even in her past successes. The denunciation of the guilty Princess de Bouillon in the saloon scene was magnificent, the lines from "Phedre" being declaimed in most impassioned style. In the closing act the death scene, with its moving portrayal of love for Maurice, and of prayerful entreaty that life might be spared to her, was managed with consummate art; and, all in all, it was an impersonation worthy to be called a great dramatic success. It was not a flawless performance, of course. Modjeska's career in England has not perceptibly modified the accent that gives charm to certain of her stage utterances, but sadly interferes now and then with an audience's understanding of her lines; nor has the artiste as yet overcome the tendency toward too rapid utterance, which occasionally mars her impersonation—a fault noticeable last evening, in the invocation to Corneille, especially. But these are but blemishes on a grand creation of the dramatic art. Her Adrienne remains one of the finest portraitures which our stage affords.

[From the Boston *Advertiser*, Oct. 3.]

During the three years of Madame Modjeska's absence from Boston she has played in many European and American cities, and has achieved, it is reported upon good authority, many splendid triumphs, both social and professional. But we find it as hard now as we found it when she first appeared in Boston to fully understand the secret of her success with her audiences. Judging by last evening, but few changes—and those of degree, not of kind—have taken place in her and her art. She has gained in her English, especially in the ease and fluency with which she speaks it, but has not begun to bridge the fathomless gulf which divides her foreign theory of expession from the utterance of a language in which she can think either not at all or with much difficulty. She has made a decided advance in the freedom of her motions upon the stage, is conspicuously graceful in most of her movements and poses, and makes nnfrequent use of that peculiar combination of sway and totter which used to accompany her histrionic rushes. In gesture she remains, as before, quite ineffective, but has fortunately grown parsimonious. That feature of her impersonation of Adrienne which was formerly its most charming portion is now more charming than ever; the tenderness of her love for Maurice is shown with remarkable skill and grace. In her scenes with him in the second act, almost every look and tone and movement was a caress, even her laughter, when he was its subject, had a melody which sang the same open secret. So throughout the performance there was sparse touches of exceeding beauty, such as appeared in some of her frank directnesses to Michonet, and in the hysterical burst of tears with which she flung herself upon the hearth in the fifth act. But the impersonation as a whole was, as before, deficient in vitality, faulty both in scheme and in detail, bad in its proportions. Madame Mojeska's style shows its former characteristics: its mild artificiality, its gentle dryness, its superficiality and its meagreness, aside from the particulars in which special exception in her favor was made above, her performance is as curiously insincere as ever, the emotion being, as the French say, "just upon the edge of the lips." The illness of proportion in this assumption appeared in the way in which the tenderness of her passion, beautiful as it was, was allowed in the second act to flood her entire part, and to leave no room for the expression of the strong pride, ambition and joy which were equally marked traits of her passion. In separate utterances there was constant inadequacy and incompetency, and it is safe to say that in dozens of Madame Mojeska's lines—some of which were intrusively applauded—there were atrocious mis-emphasis and grossly incorrect intonations, which would have excited the amused displeasure of the audience if a humble member of the stock company had been guilty of them.

[From the Boston *Post*, Oct. 3.]

Mr. Barrymore made a very manly and graceful Maurice, and Mr. Griffith gave an excellent representation of the old prompter. Mr. Clements was rather stiff, but on the whole, acceptable, and Mr. Forbes is another of the vast array of actors who have failed to give a thoroughly satisfactory rendering of the role of the Abbe though he did not seriously offend, and was, if anything, slightly more successful than the average of those who have essayed this seemingly simple but nevertheless entangling character. The other gentlemen of the cast were very good. Miss Kate Meek deserves hearty praise for an intelligent, careful and judicious performance. Misses

Leigh, Clarmont and Ellison were all that was required. The stage was handsomely set, and the play was presented with remarkable smoothness. Manager Stetson may congrutulate himself upon the auspicious opening of Madame Modjeska's American tour.

MADAME THEO IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the Philadelphla *Times*, Oct. 3.]

The spirit of opera bouffe has been interpreted to the American public in many and various ways by as many and as various bright French women—in the exuberant sensuality of Tostee, the diablerie of Aimee, the poetic hoydenism of little Paola-Marie. Theo, who made her first appearance in Philadelphia last evening at the Chestnut Street Opera House, in Offenbach's "Madame l'Archiduc," is different from all of these. The characteristic of her performance is naivete. She is a very pretty woman, with a singularly beautiful neck, a fine brow and great innocent blue eyes, such as we see only in French women. She is not a good singer. Her voice, even in speaking, is not attractive. It is high and thin—a French voice, too—and she does not always supply its defect of quality by her artistic skill or by that peculiar wit and espieglerie that some of its predecessors have shown. But she is, nevertheless, within her range, an admirable artist. Her impersonation of Marietta is that of an ingenue—not an actress pretending innocence, but a sweet, unsophisticated, though very wide-awake girl, carrying everything before her by her audacity and wholly enjoying her hazardous pranks. This is really the secret of her success and of her fame. A less complete artist will seize upon the suggestive points of the operatta and give them an obvious meaning that degrades her art. Theo leaves all that to her audience. Her acting is refined and polished to so high a degree that it seems quite spontaneous. She does not make side glances over the footlights; she does not wink or kick or seek applause by trickery. It is a straightforward piece of light comedy acting, as delicate as it is merry. Yet behind those wide-open blue eyes there lurks a subtle something that is not wholly innocent, a latent power of mischief, a reminder that it is only fooling, after all, and perhaps rather dangerous fooling at that. This is what captivated Paris—this, combined with a very attractive person, entire self-possession, a well-formed method and the charm of a delicate art.

[From the Philadelphia *Press*, Oct. 3.]

Madame Theo is certainly adorable. In fact all the adjectives of flattery which the French language may be applied to the vivacious lady who made her first appearance in Philadelphia last evening at the Chestnut Street Opera House. Perhaps the word "complete" is a trifle extravagant, since she has at least her one failing, and that is in the capability of her voice. So far as it goes it is pleasant and musical, but it is a tiny voice and one which does not easy bear the strain of continual use. It is, therefore, on the strength of her personal comeliness and her refined and piquant acting that Madame Theo can be fairly said to have made an abundant success. Mme. Theo is *tres gentille*, of medium height, elegant figure, graceful and easy, with bright, expressive eyes, and pretty profile, with delicate hands and shapely arms, she flits across the stage the very personification of the French Thalia. Never does she allow herself to forget the proprieties, and it is this self-restraint, paradoxically mixed with the abandon, which gives her acting charming originality. She pleased. Even the musicians of the orchestra, hardened as they are to all impressions from the stage, allowed their solemn faces to relax and cherished an intermittent smile between the rests.

GEN. BUTLER'S FACE SEEN.

[From the Boston *Advertiser*, Oct. 3.]

The principal attraction at the Boylston Museum this week is a clever burlesque entitled "The Earth," in which a number of very funny situations are introduced. The most notable of these is the raft scene, where the rising sun that lights up the ocean is the well-known face of the democratic candidate for governor, and the toy ship that comes to the rescue of the castaways, is taken on the raft and saved from destruction by fire. A hit is made by Harry Le Clair as Mabel Also Hunting-for-it. The other features of the bill are songs and dances by the Howard sisters, Irish impersonations by Dan McCarthy and Kitty Coleman, a novel sketch by the Brindleys, and Hibernian comicalities by Needham and Kelly, all good of their kind. The same programme will be continued every afternoon and evening this week.

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY IN "POP."

[From the Philedelphia *Times*, Oct. 3.]

The author of "It's a Cold Day" and "The White Feather," whose further claim to fame is based upon "Pop," which was first played in this city at the Walnut Street last evening, must be the very bottom of dramatic authors, for he has sought to compress within the limits of four acts a melodrama with a very black-hearted villain and an extremely virtuous and much-persecuted maiden, a comedy with a modern Triplet, together with a liberal allowance of farcical situations, burlesque sketches and variety acts. The result is a hash, rather than a potpourri or a medley, for it is absolutely impossible to tell where melodrama ends and burlesque begins, and the auditor is very soon lost in a maze which leaves him helpless at the mercy of the author and whatever torture he may chose to inflict. There is a very slender thread of a plot for which thanks are due to "The Octoroon," "Around the World in Eighty Days" and "Peg Woffington," and the dramatis personæ are duly transferred in a party from London to New York in order that they may have the opportunity of giving a miscellaneous entertainment on the steamer in mid-ocean. The dialogue is for the most part tedious and commonplace, and the action halting and forced, but at the end it moves with a little more force and becomes entertaining rather than wearisome. It will need a great deal of re-writing, however, to make it anything better than a vehicle for the display of the specialty talent of the actors engaged in it. Mr. Mackey makes most of the fun of the piece in the role of an impecunious dramatic author, and Mr. Fortescue gets an opportunity to put on female apparel, and is as funny as usual when in that garb. Kate Castleton is a good singer and the best actress among the ladies. Miss Irene Perry is a bright and pretty novice with a little experience in burlesque, whose efforts at serious acting are still amateurish to a painful degree when they are not ridiculous, and Miss May Sembler and Miss Lillie Grubb only escape the same harsh criticism because they have less opportunity to invite it. The piece ran fully half an hour too long last evening, and the most hopeful feature of the performance was that the audience sat it through and found the last act the best of the four.

THE DAVENE TROUPE IN PHILADELPHIA.

[From the *North American*, Oct. 3.]

The first appearance of the Davene Combination at the National Theatre last evening drew a crowded house, and the entertainment elicited an almost continuous round of applause from all parts of the house. Encores were the rule, some of the favorites being recalled as many as five or six times. With a list of attractions such as is offered at the National for the week, there is no doubt but the house will be taxed to its utmost, and the engagement can very properly be scored the hit of the season. The programme opens with an Irish sketch by Sheehan and Coyne, followed by Miss Alice Gleason with a number of pretty songs, well rendered; a burnt-cork specialty, by Boyd and Sarsfield; Miss St. George Hussey, the great Irish male impersonator; a charming little sketch by Fred. Hallen and Miss Enid Hart; the Davene troupe of acrobats, with their wonderful feats; Miss Ella Wesner, vocalist; Villion's Bicycle Troupe; the Cawthorns in a most amusing sketch of Irish and Dutch characters; a second thrilling display of gymnastics by the Davenes, and concluding with the farce of "An Everyday Occurrence," by Sheehan, Coyne, and other members of the company. The entertainment will be repeated every evening during the week and at the usual matinees, and must be seen to be appreciated.

MILES ON MATHER.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 30.—Manager J. M. Hill submits the following as Bob Miles' statement in regard to the business of Miss Mather in this city:

To J. M. HILL—DEAR SIR: In reference to the engagement of Miss Margaret Mather, just closed, I feel impelled to express my satisfaction at its success, artistically and financially. The latter is the proof of the former, for in matters dramatic more than in most things, does the proverb hold true, "Vox populi, Vox Dei." With criticism, I have at present, however, nothing to do, but am gratified to say Miss Mather has played to more money than ever did any female star in the same characters at the Grand Opera House, not excepting the famous and beautiful Neilson, whose gross receipts during her last engagement Miss Mather has exceeded by $2,500. Very truly yours,

R. E. J. MILES.

CLEVELAND SNEERS AT NEW YORK.

[From the Cleveland *Leader*, Oct. 3.]

The Opera House was well filled last night by an audience that manifested the greatest interest in the new melodrama by Henry Pettitt, entitled "Taken from Life." Reports somewhat discreditable to the piece have been wafted from New York since its production at Wallack's, but after seeing Mr. Colville's splendid company last night, we are convinced that the blame must rest upon the metropolitan cast. The company is the finest that has been seen on our stage in this class of drama for a good many years. Every actor is well qualified for the role he takes, and all enter into the drama with a vigor and spirit that make it an unqualified success. It is not of the boisterous nature that commonly characterizes melodrama. It gains its strength from much the same basis upon which the "Exiles" is built. There is a remarkably strong villain as its motive power, who steps early on the scene and sways with an unbending tyranny until taken from life. The part is played by J. D. Bever, dge, a very capable English actor, who created it at the London Adelphi, and now makes his first appearance here. With the consummate art of a modern Mephisto his wickedness is positively exhilarating. Gerald Eyre, formerly a member of Wallack's Theatre, takes the part of the hero, Walter Lee, an artist, making it manly and admirable, a striking contrast to that of Philip Radley. M. J. Jordan, who takes the role of William Maguire, a socialist, is another fine actor, first winning the full sympathy of the audience and afterward presenting a totally different phase of human nature. G. H. Leonard, from the London Lyceum, is exactly suited to the part of John Denby, a country gentleman. A comedy role, Titus Knott, is quite cleverly played by Felix Morris. Miss Louisa Balfe, as the heroine, Kate Denby, made an excellent impression. She is an actress of discretion and considerable emotional power. The different spectacular scenes of the play were very handsomely put upon the Opera House stage, the escape on the racer and the blowing down of the prison walls making a decided sensation. The latter scene, for which several thousand brick and three set houses are carried by the company, was especially fine and realistic. The story of the drama compels continuous attention, its action is rapid and exciting, and no one who hears a portion will willingly come away before seeing it through, so enticingly is its theme developed.

NOT IN THE PLAY.

[From the San Francisco *Call*, Sept. 15.]

At the Adelphi Theatre last night while the play was in progress, and just after the villain of the piece had

strangled the heroine and was looking around to see if any one had been watching him, a portion of the plastering of the ceiling fell upon a number of those comprising the audience. This created a panic, and the majority of the people sprang from their seats and rushed for the main door. Those on the back of the stage rushed forward to see what had happened; even the woman who was strangled—in the play—jumped up and rushed to the footlights to ascertain the cause of the commotion. In a few moments order was restored, the audience resumed their seats, and the strangled woman walked back to the spot from which she had hurriedly arisen, sat down on the floor and rolled over, and pretended to be dead, and the play went on.

"THE HAYMAKERS."

[From the Philadelphia *North American*, October 3.]

It was a mistake to place "The Haymakers" upon the stage, for the piece is not in the least adapted to dramatic representation. There is nothing dramatic about it. It is simply a collection of songs and choruses, which are supposed to be illustrative of pastoral life, and which are not strung together upon the smallest thread of narrative. There absolutely no story whatever, nor any action properly so called. The members of the company make believe very hard, but very ineffectively, that they are engaged in working upon a farm. They go through the motions of cutting the grass, and turning the hay and gathering it into barns, and they make frequent efforts individually and collectively to beguile the dreadful tedium by which the spectator is made to feel that they are oppressed, by bursting, or rather—for they have not energy enough to do any bursting—by lapsing into song. The three acts into which the opera is divided is made up of only that and nothing more, and under such circumstances as these it is hardly necessary to say that the performance was a depressing one. It could not be anything else, and the fact that a number of the audience remained to the close, was highly creditable to the performers, who, indeed, did their respective parts in an extremely praiseworthy manner, and made the best that was possible of an unfortunate situation. The music of the piece is really or rather more than average excellence. It is cleverly written, and contains a number of pleasing melodies of an appropriately simple character. Last night the greater part of it was taken much too slowly, the conductor apparently laboring under the not very unnatural impression that he was assisting at a first-class funeral; but if this fault be remedied, the music alone would be well worth hearing. The reason why the audience was disappointed is to be found in the fact that when the people go to the theatre they expect to see something of a dramatic character, and "The Haymakers" uncompromisingly disappointed all such expectations. It is an excellent thing in its way, and it is admirably adapted to gratify that large and respectable portion of the public which has conscientious scruples about theatre-going.

"CHEEK."

[From the Cleveland *Leader*, Oct. 3.]

Roland Reed, in his new play, was welcomed at the Academy of Music last night by an audience that not only filled the house, but compelled many to stand. Large as it was there is every reason to believe it will be equalled many times this week, for it was royally entertained. Seven or eight years ago, as the comedian of Mr. Ellsler's stock company, Mr. Reed won high praise from the best judges in legitimate comedy roles, such as Touchstone, Dogberry, etc., and many predicted his ultimate success when opportunity should offer. In his new play, although the character is not quite the thing to bring out his resources to their fullest extent, he is permitted to take his place among the best comedians of the day. "Cheek," as a title evidently adapted to catch popular taste, really does injustice to the fine comedy by Fred. Marsden, the author of Lotta's "Zip," Joe Murphy's "Kerry Gow," and other popular successes. It is more absorbing in plot than either of them, while the part of Dick Smythe, taken by Mr. Reed, is a deeper, more natural portrait, than any he has yet drawn. He is a perfect type of the careless, rollicking, harum-scarum young man of the metropolis, of questionable antecedents and up to any kind of shrewdness short of crime to make his way in a city where ready wit alone keeps one on the surface. In a character like this there is a world of opportunity, and it has been quite amply improved. It is a better part than Fresh the American, which it somewhat resembles, for it is more closely woven into the plot, and becomes a leading factor. Moreover, it is full of wit, drawn naturally from the character and its surroundings, that keeps the audience in a continuous state of laughter. It is of a kind, too, which the comedian seems to be specially qualified to express, and did we not know that he is equally at home in other parts, we should say that the dramatist has fitted him to a nicety. Of course its comic element is mainly drawn from the dashing, reckless manner in which Dick plunges into every phase of action, but where another actor would let it end with that. Mr. Reed has a way of conveying this dash with imperturable gravity, combined with unctuous humor, that compels laughter while it portrays the character exactly. But it is a hard task to analyze the methods of such a comedian. It is like describing the ripples that chase each other over an ever-changing sea, delighting while they disappear. The merits of the play deserve more attention than we have time to bestow. Unlike the majority of made-to-order dramas, it contains a strong story, which is at no time interrupted for the sake of keeping the star before the audience. Dick Smythe and Ted Brower, a couple of Mo her Winnery's "chickens," are witnesses of the sudden death of Colonel Sandford, the owner of a large estate. Brower takes it into his head to impersonate the heir of the estate, whose identity and whereabouts are unknown, and the plot turns upon the unraveling of the mystery. In this pursuit, Dick is quietly but effectively serviceable, taking up many threads that promise to lead to discovery, until at the end, by a surprise that is admirably handled, he finds that he himself is the heir. This plot gives the comedy a tinge of melodrama intense in its effects upon the audience, while the singing of Mr. Reed and Miss Bishop brighten up the play and add a zest in another direction. The supporting company is first-rate. Miss Frances Bishop has a pretty character in Nell, which she elaborates with much skill. Miss Alice Hastings, who, by the way, dresses richly and with fine taste, plays the part of an adventuress, directly opposite to her line, with charming naturalness. Edwin Tannehill, Miss Adelaide Miller, Oliver Jenkins, and others, play their parts with much credit. "Cheek" will be given all the week, and is sure to become popular.

AN ILLINOISAN ON KELLOGG.

[From the Aurora *Times*.]

The Kellogg concert, as might have been anticipated, was largely attended. The dollar freeze-out was rather rough on the hoodlums, but the audience managed to exist without the customary war-whoops. The divine Louise was resonant as usual, which, by the way, she ought to be, being well seasoned. The editor of this paper makes no great pretensions in the way of musical criticism; but when a genuine $600 grand spiral subsand twist, back action, self-adjusting, chronometer-balanced, full-jeweled, fourth proof, rib-snorting conglomeration comes to town, he proposes to hump himself. Kellogg's diaphragm has evidently not, like wine, improved with old age. Her upper register is up stairs near the skylight, while the lower register is closed for repairs.

The aforesaid Kellogg performed her grand triple act of singing, rolling the eyes, and talking to some one in the wings at the same time. Her smiles on the audience were calm but determined; but her smiles at the "feller" hid behind the scenes were divine. Her singing, when she condescended to pay attention to the audience, to my critical ear (the other ear being carefully folded up), seemed to be a blending of the fortissimo, crescendo, damfino, or care either. Her costume was a harmonious blending of the circus tent and balloon style, and was very gorgeous, barring a tendency to spill some of the contents out at the top. The Italian part of the business was as fidgety and furious as usual, and demonstrated what early associations with the hand-organ and the monkey will accomplish.

The venerable and obese freak of nature, Brignoli, was as graceful as usual. His appearance very nearly resembles a stove in a corner grocery, or a water tank on a narrow guage railroad. He was not fully appreciated until he turned to go off the stage. He then appeared to his best advantage, and to take an interest in getting out of sight as soon as possible, an effort in which he had the hearty approval of the audience.

DEATH OF THOMAS B. GLESSING.

Thomas B. Glessing, scenic artist of the Boston Museum, died last Saturday of neuralgia of the heart, aged sixty-five. A native of London, he came to America in 1841, and being a brother-in-law of the late William E. Burton, the famous comedian and manager, at once went to him on arriving in New York. He had a taste for the stage, and, receiving encouragement from Mr. Burton, tried to become an actor. For a number of years he practiced the historic art, meeting with much success in light comedy roles. In such parts as Dazzle and Glavis he was especially good. Meantime, he did not neglect his art duties, and all the time he could obtain from his duties in the theatre he devoted to painting. Finally he made up his mind to abandon the footlights for the paint frame and took up scene painting as a profession. In this capacity he was engaged in nearly all the largest theatres of the South and West at one time and another, and his work was eagerly sought for. He first went to Boston about ten years ago to accept the position of scenic artist at the Globe Theatre when that house was under the management of the late Arthur Cheney. The theatre having been destroyed by fire in May, 1873, he was immediately engaged by Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., for Booth's Theatre, New York. From there he went at the opening of the following season to the Boston Museum, where he has remained.

Bartley Campbell, the playwright, has a brother who went South in early life, enlisted in the confederate army when the war broke out, and not been heard of again, was supposed to have been killed in battle. But when Bartley became successful and in a degree famous, there came a letter to him from a remote corner in Mississippi, saying: "If you are Bartley Campbell, of Pittsburg, whose father was so-and-so, and whose mother was so-and-so," (giving their full names) "then you must be my long lost brother." Now Bartley is a sixtfooter, and the reply went back: "I am the Bartley Campbell of whom you inquire, and undoubtedly I am your long brother, but as to my being your lost brother I object. You are the one that was lost and I am glad to find you again."

Mr. Walter Pelham, a facial and vocal mimic artist of considerable reputation in London and throughout the British provinces, will make his American debut at the Melodeon, Boston, Mass., October 16, under the management of Pond and Edwards.

To prevent a rush of persons attending the auction sale of tickets for the Warren testimonial at the Museum, merely from curiosity, an admission of 50 cents will be charged each person attending the same, to be deducted from purchase money upon delivery of tickets. When no purchase is made, the money so accruing from the sale of

these admission tickets, will be added to the benefit recespts. This arrangement is in the interest of the paying public, and a protection against speculators.

The first provincial performance of the "Romany Rye" will take place at Haverly's Theatre, Chicago, on November 27. The work on the second set of scenery and mechanical effects for the play will be commenced next week.

Mr. A. S. Anthony has resigned the management of the New Bedford Opera House, but all engagements made by him will be fulfilled.

A London letter says: Mrs. Langtry's appearance as Rosalind has given rise to some controversy; the great majority of the critics, however, strongly condemning the mistaken conception and the inadequate rendering of the character, and consider her deficient in tenderness and devoid of poetical or imaginative quali ies. The *Times* said bluntly that she has no heart. Others declared, "This is not Shakspere at all." This hard judgment has not abated the curiosity of the public, which crowds the theatre nightly, and applauds. The house last night seemed to consist mostly of strangers. I thought Mrs. Langtry's Rosalind full of evidence of careful study in a bad school, reproducing the traditions of the last generation, artificial and wanting in conviction, and rather stagy than amateurish. She is undeniably clever, but is mechanical, and substitutes a comic view of Rosalind for the romantic maiden of Shakspere.

George W. Smalley writes from London: "It is reported that Miss Calhoun, a young lady from South Carolina, and a grandniece of the statesman, who has been studying in London for the last two years, is shortly to appear on the stage as Hester Grazebrook and Rosalind."

The sharp competition of managers for Parisian successes is thus illustrated in London *Truth*: Last Sunday morning Mr. Charles Wyndham secured by telegram the English, and I believe also the American, rights of "Tete de Linotte," the latest success at the Paris Vaudeville. He was but just in time, for the mail of the same day conveyed to Paris another well known London manager, accompanied by his aid-de-camp. Both professed themselves highly pleased with the piece, which they went to see a few hours after their arrival, and before leaving the next morning they gave instructions to a London journalist resident in Paris to treat for it. However, when the latter presented himself at the offices of the Dramatic Author's Society he found Mr. Wyndham's English notes and gold literally staring him in the face.

It is said that Mrs. Langtry, arriving at St. Moritz on a chilly and dismal day, and being warned by a physician that such weather there would impair the delicacy of her skin, packed again immediately in a fright, and got away as soon as possible.

Gounod has returned to Paris from Birmingham. He lives in the Palace Malesherbes. The room in which he works is enormous. There is a large open grate, and by its side Gounod improvises on his piano on one side of the fire-place, or on his organ on the other.

Richard Wagner has gone to Venice. He will again spend the winter in Italy.

Mr. Millais, the artist, is to be one of the directors of the new Comedy Theatre in London, which will open this month.

Mrs. Langtry will leave England on the 14th inst. on the Arizona, and on the same day Mme. Nilsson will sail on the Gallia. The company which is to support Mrs. Langtry will start on the 11th inst. by the Egypt.

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS

FOR NEXT WEEK.

Abbey's Park Theatre.—John T. Raymond in "Fresh."
Booth's Theatre.—"The Romany Rye."
Bijou Opera House.—Madame Theo. Monday, "La Jolie Parfumeuse." Tuesday, "Les Cloches de Corneville." Wednesday, "La Mascotte." Thursday, "La Timbale d'Argent." Friday, "Mme l'Archiduc." Saturday, Matinee, "La Jolie Parfumeuse." Saturday evening, "La Timbale d'Argent."
Bunnell's Museum.—Curiosities.
Belgian Panorama Co.—Siege of Paris.
Daly's Theatre.—"The Squire."
Fifth Avenue Theatre.—"Billee Taylor."
Grand Opera House.—Lawrence Barrett. Monday and Tuesday, "Yorick's Love." Wednesday, Matinee, "The Marble Heart." Wednesday evening, "Hamlet." Thursday, "Richelieu." Friday, "Merchant of Venice," and "David Garrick." Saturday, Matinee, "Yorick's Love." Saturday evening, "Richard III."
Germania Theatre.—Marie Geistinger.
Haverly's Theatre.—"The Merry War."
Harry Miner's New Theatre.—Variety.
Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre.—Variety.
Koster & Bial's Hall.—Concerts.
London Theatre.—Variety.
Madison Square Theatre.—"Young Mrs. Winthrop."
Metropolitan Alcazar.—Ballets.
Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem—"The Galley Slave."
Niblo's Garden.—The Kiralfy Bros.' "Around the World in Eighty Days."
Parker's American Theatre.—Variety.
Standard Theatre.—"Les Manteaux Noirs."
San Francisco Minstrels.—"De Lights o' New York."
Theatre Comique.—"The Blackbird."
Thalia Theatre.—Madame Gallmeyer in "Sarah und Bernhardt."
Tivoli Theatre.—Variety.
Union Square Theatre.—Joe Jefferson in "The Rivals."
Wallack's Theatre.—"The Parvenu."
Windsor Theatre.—"The Lights o' London."

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

Grand Opera House.—Anthony and Ellis' Co. in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
Haverly's Theatre.—Daly's Co. in "The Passing Regiment."
Hyde and Behman's.—Davene's Collosal Allied Attractions.
Park Theatre.—Hearne's "Heart's of Oak."

The Theatre List.

ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO.—Park Theatre, New York, October 30, Boston, December 4, Philadelphia 18, Chicago, Ill., January 1, New Orleans, La., 29.

ADA GRAY.—Lynchburg, Va., Oct. 9; Danville 10, Raleigh 11, Goldsboro 12, Wilmington 13.

ALEXANDER CAUFFMAN CO.—Lynchburg, Va., Oct. 9; Charlotte, N. C., 10; Greeneville, S. C., 11; Columbia 12, Charleston 13, Savannah 16, Augusta 18, Macon 20, Atlanta 23, Columbus 25, Opelika, Ala, 26; Montgomery 27, Lake Charles 30.

ANNIE PIXLEY.—Taunton, Mass., Oct. 9; Fall River 10, New Bedford 11, Brockton 12, Waltham 13, Lowell 14, Haverhill 16, Biddeford, Me., 17; Lewiston 18, Bangor 19, Portland 20.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—Kansas City, Oct. 9; St. Joe, 11; Des Moines, Ia., 13; Peoria, Ill., 16.

ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO.—Omaha, Oct. 9; St. Joe 10, Lincoln 11, Atchison 13, Leavenworth 14, Little Rock 16, Cincinnati 23, Louisville 30.

ADA DYAS' STANDARD OPERA CO.—Bridgeport, Oct. 9; South Norwalk 10, Waterbury 11, Stamford 12; Newark, N. J., 13; Jersey City 16, Paterson 19, New Brunswick 20, Yonkers, N. Y., 21; Newburg, 23; Trenton, N. J., 24; Easton, Pa., 26; Scranton 27, Wilkesbaire 28; Buffalo, New York, 30, Brooklyn, Nov. 6.

ANNIE FIRMIN will shortly star in her own version of "East Lynne." She will be supported by John Jack, Archibald Foster, Delancey Barclay, Herbert Collin, Robert L. Kinkard, Jr., Master Howard Carleton, Miss Ka ie Firmin, Anna Bishop, Kate Francis and Sarah Ashberry. The season will begin at Nyack, N. Y., Oct. 16.

BARRY CONLAN'S GARRY OWEN Company will open season in Milwaukee, Oct. 22.

BARRY AND FAY.—Fort Wayne, Oct. 16; Bellfontaine 17, Springfield 18, Chillicothe 19, Columbus 20.

BERTHA WELBY, "One Woman's Life."—Sandusky, O., Oct. 9; Elyria 10, Painesville 11, Oil City 12, Titusville 13; Jamestown N. Y., 14; Bradford, Pa. 16; Bolivar, N. Y., 17; Olean 18, Rochester 19.

BAKER AND FARRON.—Buffalo, Oct. 9.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE, No. 1—Washington, Oct. 9.

BOSTON THEATRE CO. in "The World."—Providence, R. I., Oct. 9.

BAIRD'S MINSTRELS.—Camden, Me., Oct. 9; Belfast 10, Bangor 11, Waterville 12, Skowhegan 13, Lewiston 14, Boston 16.

BUFFALO BILL.—Cincinnati, Oct. 9; Marysville, Ky., 16; Lexington, 17; New Albany, Ind., 18; Bowling Green 19, Nashville 20; Cairo, Ill., 23; Evansville, Ind., 24.

BENNETT AND MOULTON'S OPERA CO.—Copenhagen, Oct. 9; Providence 11, Richfield Springs 13, Cooperstown 16, Milford 17, Oneonta 19.

BARNEY MCAULEY.—Utica, Oct. 9; Rome 11, Oswego 12, Syracuse 13, Rochester 16, Lockport 19, Toronto 20.

BARLOW, WILSON AND CO.—Memphis, Oct. 11; Nashville 13, Indianapolis 21, Terre Haute 25.

BARON SEEMAN.—Adrian, Mich., Oct. 27; Coldwater, 30; South Bend, Ill., 31; Joliet, Ill., Nov. 1.

BOSTON.—Museum, "The Parvenu"; Park, Maggie Mitchell in "Pearl of Savoy" and "Fanchon"; Oct. 9, "Mignon" and "Jane Eyre"; Boston, "Youth"; Globe, Modjeska in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Frou Frou" and "Camille": Howard Athenæum, Hague's Minstrels.

COL. MAPLESON'S ITALIAN OPERA, with Patti, New York, October, forty nights.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON.—Pittsburg, Oct. 9; Newark, O., 13; Columbus 17.

CLAIRE SCOTT.—Augusta, Oct. 9; Milledgeville 11, Macon 13, Americus 16, Eufaula, Ala., 17; Columbus, Ga., 18; Opelika, 20.

C. B. BISHOP IN STRICTLY BUSINESS.—Rome, Ga., Oct. 9; Talladega, Ala., 10; Selma 11, Montgomery 12, Mobile 13, New Orleans 16.

C. A. GARDENER'S KARL CO.—Ann Arbor, Oct. 9; Ypsilanti 10, Adrian 11, Lansing 12, Jackson 13, Defiance, O., 16; Toledo 17.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE.—Cleveland, Oct. 9; St. Louis 15, Cincinnati 23.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTS O' LONDON," No. 1.—Toronto, Oct. 9; Buffalo 16.

CARTLAND-MURRAY CO.—St. Joe, Mo., Oct. 9; Leavenworth, Kas., 12.

CARRIE SWAIN in "Cad, the Tomboy."—Portland, Me., Oct. 9; Newburyport, Mass., 11; Chelsea 12, Plymouth 13, Brockton 14, Providence 16, New Haven 19.

CORINNE MERRIEMAKERS.—Chicago, Oct. 9.

CHICAGO.—Grand Opera House, Hess Acme Opera Co., Oct. 8 Laura Don in "A Daughter of the Nile;" Hooley's, J. K. Emmet in "Fritz Among the Gypsies," Oct. 8, Salsbury's Troubodours in "Green-Room Fun;" Haverly's, John McCullough; McVicker's, Jeffreys-Lewis in "La Belle Russe," Oct. 9, Miss Mary Anderson; Olympic, the "Jesse James" Combination, Oct. 9, Barry and Fay.

DEFOSSEZ'S FRENCH OPERA CO.—New Orleans, Nov. 10.

ERNEST STANLEY'S ALLIED SHOWS.—New York city, Oct. 9; Philadelphia 16, Pittsburgh 23.

EXODUSTERS.—Racine, Oct. 9; Sheboygan 10, Manitowoc 11, Green Bay 12, Menomonee 13.

FRANK I. FRAYNE COMPANY.—Lancaster, Oct. 9: Wilmington, Del., 10; Trenton, N. J., 11; Newark 12, Brooklyn 16, Baltimore 23.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.—Lincoln, Oct. 9; Council Bluffs 11, Atlantic, Ia., 12; Des Moines 13, Oskaloosa 14, Moline, Ill., 15, Davenport 18, Iowa City 19, Cedar Rapids 20, Waterloo 21, Beloit, Wis., 23, Madison 24, Oshkosh 25, Milwaukee 26, Janesville 30, Clinton 31.

FORD'S COMIC OPERA CO.—Easton, Oct. 9; Wilkesbarre 10, Scranton 11, Danvlle 12, Williamsport 13, Harrisburg 14, Pittsburg 16.

FIELDING DRAMATIC CO.—Philadelphia, Oct. 9.

"FUN IN A BOARDING SCHOOL," by Charles P. Brown, will start on its pilgrimage for the interior towns, Oct. 12. The company is under the management of Luis M. Meyer, and is made up as follows:—John E. Ince, Harry Mack, Frank Richmond, Ellis M. Diver, Lisetta Ellani, Emma Jones, Mrs. Grace Gaylor Claude Williams, business manager; John D. Kelly, musical director. Changes have been made in the play by the author, and new music introduced.

GUS WILLIAMS, in "One of the Finest."—Philadelphia, Oct. 9; New York 16.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT.—Scranton, Oct. 9; Mauch Chunk 10, Pottsville 11.

GOODWIN AND THORNE'S "BLACK FLAG."—Montreal, Oct. 9; Williamsburg, N. Y., 16.

GERMANIA THEATRE CO.—Rochester Oct. 9, Cleveland 11, Toledo 13, Detroit 16. Cincinnati 20, Louisville 23, Pittsburg 27, Washington 30, Baltimore, Nov. 1.

GIBLER'S HUMPTY DUMTTY CO.—Salina, Oct. 9; McPherson 10 Lyons 11, Great Bend 12, Sterling 13, Newton 14, Emporia 19.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.—Pittsburgh, Oct 9, Washngton 16, Baltiimore 23.

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S CONSOLIDATED CO.—Trenton, N. J., Oct 9, Newark 10, Patterson 11, New Brunswick 12, Burlington 13, Camden 14, Philadelphia 16, Brooklyn 23.

HOLMAN OPERA CO.—Danville, Pa. Oct. 9, Shamokin 11, Pottsville 12, Mauch Chunk 13, Bethlehem 14, Allentown 16, Reading 17, York 19, Harrisburg 20, Lancaster 21.

HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY CO.—Albany, Oct. 9; Troy 12.

HELEN COLEMAN'S WIDOW BEDOTT—Buffalo, Oct. 9.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—Westerly, Oct. 9.

HAZEL KIRKE (Original Co.).—Denver, Oct. 9; Council Bluffs, Ia., 16, Des Moines 17, Moline, Ill., 18, Milwaukee 19, Muskegon 23, Grand Rapids 24, East Saginaw 25, Bay City 26, Jackson 27; Kalamazoo 28, Chicago 30.

HAZEL KIRKE (East and West).—Milford, Mass., Oct. 9; Paw, tucket, R. I., 10, North Attleboro, Mass., 11, Taunton 12, Newport, R. I., 13, Fall River, Mass., 14, Brocton 16, Marblehead 17. New Bedford 18, Salem 19, Gloucester 20, Lynn 21, Waltham, Mass., 23, Chelsea 24, Manchester 25, Lowell 26, Lawrence 27, Newburyport 28.

HAZEL KIRKE, No. 3.—Aloomfield, N. J., Oct. 9, Plainfieid 10, Perth Amboy 11, Keyport 12, Red Bank 13, Asbury Park 14, Long Branch 16, Freehold 17, Burlington 18, Salem 19, Bridgeton, 20, Millville 21.

HARRY MINER'S COMEDY COMB.—Pittsburg, Oct. 9.

HANLONS.—Detroit Oct. 9, Sandusky, O., 11, Toledo 13.

HEARNE'S HEARTS OF OAK.—Brooklyn, Oct. 9; Williamsburg, 16.

HARRY MEREDITH.—Detroit, Oct. 9.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION.—Louisville, Oct. 9, Indianapolis 12, Cincinnati 15, Cleveland 23.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King."—Norfolk, Va., Oct. 9, Richmond 11, Wilmington, N. C., 16, Charleston, S. C., 17, Savannah, Ga,, 20, Augusta 23, Atalanta 25, Montgomery, Ala., 27, New Orleans 29.

JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—Philadelphia Oct. 9, Boston 16, Troy, N. Y., 23, Schenectady 26, Amsterdam 27, Utica 28.

JANAUSCHECK.—Cumberland, Oct. 9, Canton, O, 10, Parkersburg, W. Va., 11, Cleveland 13, Adrian, Mich., 16, Jackson 17, Ann Arbor 18, Detroit 19.

JOHN DILLON.—Cameron, Mo., Oct. 9, Chillicothe 10, Palmyra 11, Keokuk, Ia., 13, Galesburg, Ill., 14, Chicago 16.

KATHERINE ROGERS.—Paterson Oct. 9, Port Jervis, N. Y., 10, Wilkesbarre, Pa., 11, Scranton 13.

KATE CLAXTON.—Binghhamton, Oct. 9; Waverly 10, Ithaca 11' Emira 12, Hornellsville 13, Bradford, Pa., 14, Jamestown, N. Y., 16, Rochester 19, Buffalo 22, Toronto, Can., 26.

KIRALFY'S BLACK CROOK.—Baltimore Oct. 9, Philadelphia 16.

KITTIE RHOADES COMBINATION.—Orville Oct. 9.

KATIE PUTNAM.—Winchester, Oct. 9; Frankfort, 10; Sycamore, 11; Greencastle 12, Prris, Ky., 13; Champaign, Ill., 14; Joliet 16, Ottawa 17, Aurora 18, Elgin 19.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Montreal Oct. 9, Ottawa 12, Ogdeneburg, N. Y., 13, Brockville, Can., 14.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Ithaca Oct., 9, Geneva 10, Lyons 11, Newark 12, Palmyra 13, Canandaigua 14.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Baltimore, Oct. 9.

LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.—Buffalo, Oct. 9.

LINGARD'S.—Toronto, Oct. 9, Hamilton 12, Brantford 13, London 14.

LOTTA.—Philadelphia, Oct. 9.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO.—Chicago Oct. 9, Davenport 23, Rock Island 31, Peoria, Ill., Nov. 1.

MLLE. RHEA.—Philadelphia Oct. 9, Boston 16, Pittsburg 30.

MINNIE MADDERN.—Shreveport, La., Oct. 9, Marshall, Tex., 10, Texarkana 11, Little Rock, Ark., 12, Memphis 13, Cairo, Ill., 16, Decatur 17, Ft. Wayne, Ind., 18, Grand Rapids, Mich., 19, Bay City 20, East Saginaw 21.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE.—Grand Opera House, New York October 23.

MCKEE RANKIN.—St. Paul Oct. 9, Stillwater 12, Minneapolis 13.

MILTON NOBLES.—Topkeka, Oct. 9, Kansas City 12, 13, 14.

MABEL MORTON COMBINATION.—Marshall Oct. 9.

MARION ELMORE.—Cleveland, Oct. 9.

M. B. CURTIS.—Piqua, O., Oct. 9, Springfield 10, Columbus 11, Wheeling, W. Va. 12; Johnstown, O., 14; Pittsburg 16, Brooklyn 23, Williamsburg 30.

MINNIE PALMER.—Washington, Oct. 9.

MILN-BURLEIGH DRAMATIC CO. opens at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, Oct. 16; Bloomington 23, Joliet 25, Springfield 26, Peoria 27, Aurora 30, Elgin, Nov. 1; Grand Opera House, Milwaukee, 2, Fond du Lac 6, Oshkosh 7, Eau Claire 8, St. Paul 9, Winona 13, La Crosse 14, Stilwater, 15, Academy of Music, Minneapolis 16, Burlington, Iowa, 20, Davenport 22, Cedar Rapids 24, Dubuque, 25, Des Moines 27, Marshalltown Council Bluffs 30, Plattsmouth, Dec. 1; Lincoln, 2, St. Joseph 4, Topeka 6, Kansas City 8, Atchison, 11, Omaha 12.

METEORS.—Indianapolis, Oct 9; Richmond, Ind., 12; Muncie 13, Springfield, O., 14; Columbus 16, Mansfield 18, Massillon 19, Corey, Pa., 20; Jamestown, N. Y.. 21; Hornellsville 23, Elmira 24, Auburn 25, Syracuse 26, Albany 27, Newburg 28, New York, 30.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE ("Esmeralda").—Ballston, Oct. 9; Saratoga 10, Ft. Edward 11, Glen Falls 12, Whitehall 13, Rutland, Vt., 14; Montpelier 16, Bellows Falls 17, Keene, N. H., 18; Hinsdale 19, Northampton, Mass., 20; Florence 21.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda) No. 2.—Bethlehem, Oct. 9; Allentown 10, Easton 11, Pittston 12, Scranton 13, Binghamton, N. Y., 14; Elmira 16, Hornellsville 17.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda) No. 3.—Baltimore, Oct. 9; Boston, 16.

MADISON SQUARE (Professor).—Morristown, N. J,, Oct. 9; Rahway 10, Elizabeth 11, Jersey City 12; Hudson, N. Y., 16; Gloversville 17, Canajoharie 18, Ft. Plain 19, Little Falls 20, Ilion 21.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (Professor) No. 2.—Troy, Oct. 9; Albany 12, Washington 16, Baltimore 23.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (South).—Sumpter, S. C., Oct. 9; Columbia 10, Newberry 12, Union 14, Spartanburg 16, Charlotte 18, Greenville 20.

MODJESKA.—Boston; Providence, Oct. 23; Hartford 26, Springfield 27, New Haven 28.

MESTAYER'S TOURISTS.—Hornellsville, Oct 9; Jamestown, 10; Bradford, Pa., 11; Batavia 12, Olean 13, Erie 14, Youngstown, O., 19.

NICK ROBERTS' ("Humpty Dumpty").—Springfield, Ill., Oct. 9; Jacksonville 10, Quincy 11, Palmyra, Mo., 12; Chillicothe 13, St. Joe 14, Atchison, Kan., 17; Emporia, 18; Omaha, Neb., 26; Lincoln, 28.

OUR PLEASURE PARTY.—Gananauqua, Oct. 9; Brockville 10, Morrisburg 11, Cornwall 13, Ottawa 16.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Helen Blythe).—Akron, Oct. 9; Tiffin, 10; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 11; Logansport, 12.

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Agnes Herndon).—Williamsburg, Oct. 9; New York city, 16.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON.—Gloucester, Oct. 9; Newburyport, 10; Dover, N. H., 11; Biddeford, Me., 12; Portland, 13.

PHILADELPHIA.—Haverly's: Agnes Herndon in "Only a Farmer's Daughter"; Oct. 9, Mlle. Rhea. Chestnut Street Opera House: Mme Theo; Oct. 9, Lotta in "Bob." Arch: Wilbur Opera Co. in "The Mascotte"; Oct. 9, Gus Williams in 'One of the Finest." Lyceum: "The Haymakers." Walnut: Rice's New Surprise Party in "Pop"; Oct. 9, Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue."

PEARL EYTINGE.—Marshall, Oct. 9.

ROLAND REED.—Toledo, Oct. 9; Jackson, Mich., 11; East Saginaw 12, Bay City 13, Flint 14, Detroit 16, Port Huron 19, London, Ont., 20; Brantford, 21; Lockport, N. Y., 23; Rome 24, Schenectady 25, Albany 26, Philadelphia 30.

ROSE EYTINGE.—Burlington, Ia., Oct. 9; Peoria, Ill., 10; Bloomington 11, Decatur 12, Springfield 13, Quincy 14.

STEVENS' JOLLY BACHELORS.—New Orleans, Oct. 9.

SALISBURY'S TROUBADORS—Chicago, Oct. 9; Terre Haute, Ind., 16; Evansville 17, Nashville 18, Chattanooga 19, Atlanta 20, Greenville, Ala., 21; New Orleans 23, Mobile 30, Selma 31.

THE HARRISONS—Williamsburg, Oct. 9.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS.—Cincinnati, Oct. 9.

WALDRON'S M'LISS CO.—Dunkirk, Oct. 9; Salamanea 10, Warren, Pa., 11, Corry 12, Meadville 13, Greenville 14, Sharon 16.

WM. HARRIS' MRS. PARTINGTON CO.—Columbus, Oct. 9.

W. J. SCANLAN in "Friend and Foe."—Jamestown, N. Y., Oct 9; Lockport 11, Rochester 12, New York 16.

WILLIAM STAFFORD.—Troy, Oct. 9.

WILLBUR OPERA CO.—Wilmington, Del., Oct. 9; York, Pa., 10, Harrisburg 11, Johnstown 12, Greensburg 13, Connellsville 14.

WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION.—Urbana, Oct. 9; Columbus 10, Lancaster 12.

WHITELY'S HIDDEN HAND CO.—Sioux City, Oct. 9; Blair, Neb., 10, Fremont 11, Council Bluffs, Ia., 12, Plattsmouth, Neb., 13, Nebraska City 14.

WYNDHAM OPERA COMPANY will open at the Union Square Theatre Oct. 30, under the management of Brooks and Dickson The company will consist of Mrs. Charles Wyndham and Mrs. Phelps, Misses Wyndham, Rose Saker, Mary Rorke, Florence Chalgrove, Emily Vining and Noreys; Messrs. Charles Wyndham, William Blakely, George Giddens, H. R. Treesdale, W. H. Day, H. H. Astley, H. Sader and Draycott. The prompter will be Mr. T. G. Richards. "Fourteen Days" will be the inaugural piece.

Our Welcome.

THE STANDARD PLACED HIGH.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new weekly journal of the stage. It purposes to teach intellectual actors and o be critically honest toward appreciative auditors, while having a policy which excludes scandal from its pages and does not intrude upon the private lives of actors and actresses. The standard is placed high as a matter both of business and of literature.—*N. Y. Herald*, August 7.

WELL INFORMED AND ABLE.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new dramatic paper just issued in New York city. It will be published every week. We do not know who the editor is, but its contents declare him to be a well informed gentleman and an able writer. THE THEATRE is the neatest addition to weekly dramatic literature we have had. Its contents are carefully and intelligently prepared, and the editor seems to have really a proper sense of the dignity of the work in which he is engaged. How few of the editors of dramatic weekly papers have. If THE THEATRE carries out the policy it has marked out it cannot fail to win success. Merit always succeeds.—*Chicago Herald*, August 13, 1882.

A BRIGHT APPEARANCE.

THE THEATRE is the title of another addition to the list of journals devoted to theatrical and musical interests. It is published by the Metropolitan Job Printing Company, contains sixteen pages of matter, and is to be published weekly at five cents per copy. The first number presents a bright appearance and is illustrated by portraits of Henry Irving and David Garrick. It is published at No. 38 Vesey Street.—*New York Dispatch*, August 6.

NEAT AND ABLE.

THE THEATRE is a new weekly paper published in the interests of music and the drama, in New York city, of which Mr. George O. Seilhamer is the editor. It is neat in typography, ably conducted and well worthy the support of all who take an interest in musical and theatrical affairs. It is for sale by Baltimore newsdealers.—*Baltimore Telegram*, Sept. 9.

NO VULGARITY OR BLACKMAIL.

THE THEATRE is the name of a new weekly journal of the stage, published by the Metropolitan Job Print, No. 38 Vesey street, New York. It is a clean and honest publication, less ambitious than some of its rivals, but devoid of any suggestion of unfairness, showy vulgarity and blackmailing operations, such as one discovers in too many dramatic journals published in New York.—*Brooklyn Daily Times*.

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VOL. 1.—NO. 11. NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1882. FIVE CENTS.

THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

At Last.

Few actresses with so much merit have had so severe a struggle to gain recognition as Mrs. Agnes Booth. She has been on the stage all her life, and yet it is only within the last two or three years that she began to obtain the rank to which she is entitled. Her first real triumph was in Mr. Bronson Howard's "Old Love Letters," and it is a gratifying fact that she repeats her success in Mr. Howard's latest play. It is in recognition of this recent "hit" that she is accorded the place of honor in THE THEATRE this week, and we are sure that our readers will thank us for a portrait that is so timely.

Mrs. Booth was born in Australia in 1843, her first appearance on the stage being at Melbourne as a danseuse. This was in 1857. The next year she came to San Francisco, where she made her debut under the management of Mrs. John Wood. In 1861 she married the late H. A. Perry, and remained in California until 1865, when she came to New York. Coming to San Francisco as Miss Agnes Land, a girl in her teens, she left it a young widow, Mr. Perry having died in 1862. Some time after coming East she became the wife of Junius Brutus Booth, Jr. It is as Mrs. Booth that her professional honors will be linked to her name, and preserved by those who regard the trophies of the hour as something more than a passing tribute. Mrs. Booth's first appearance in New York was in 1865, at the Winter Garden, where she supported Mr. John S. Clarke for a short time, and then went to Niblo's to play Julie to Forrest's Richelieu. In such roles there is little real honor, the stars appropriating all the glory of the play, and it is because of this, probably, that she was so long in gaining that acknowledged position to which her abilities entitled her. She was, however, to gain her rank at last, and singularly enough, this triumph was not to come in its completeness until she went into the stock and consented to create parts in new plays. It must be especially gratifying to Mr. Howard that it is to his comedies she owes her most noteworthy successes.

It is unnecessary to review Mrs. Booth's career as an actress, further than to consider her in her latest role. It cannot be said of her that in Mrs. Chetwyn she has a part to suit her, for she is not an actress who requires parts to be fitted for her. On the contrary, she fully appreciates her author's meaning, and understanding his intention, creates in flesh and blood the character which he has outlined in words. In Mr. Howard's latest play, her creation is a thing which stands out beyond all her surroundings, and although the part is the most disagreeable one in a comedy which is singularly free from pleasing characters, she makes Mrs. Chetwyn at once a brilliant woman of society and an interesting cynic in matters of matrimony. The dramatists' best writing in "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is seen in the cynicism of Mrs. Chetwyn's reminiscences of matrimonial infelicity, but deft as the author has been in putting words into the mouth of his decrier of marriage, Mrs. Booth is even more deft in acting this intermeddler in other people's households. In less capable hands Mrs Chetwyn's philosophy would become nerveless, because it is false and grating, but Mrs. Booth's finished acting takes from it what is harshest in the character, and invests the part with a brilliant humor which compels sympathy with the unsympathetic.

Mrs. Chetwyn is the comedy element in what can only properly be called a drama. She is a merry, giddy, thoughtless woman of the world, who has just married for the third time, but is unable to separate her two former husbands in her talk of her marital experiences. She is a mischief-maker, of course, but the griefs which she causes are not so much the result of her somewhat loose notions of the conjugal relations as of her inveterate habits of gossip. She sees too much, and she tells of it where of all places it ought not to be told. It is, however, in her narratives of her own adventures that Mrs. Chetwyn is most irresistible, and it is Mrs.

Booth's comedy powers which give force and effect to these narratives. People forget that there is nothing really dramatic in her story of her little tiff with Dick, their divorce, and their subsequent flirtations and elopement. It is mere story telling, such as Conn indulges in in "The Shaughraun," and Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance," but Mrs. Booth's manner and liveliness invest Mrs. Chetwyn's reminiscences with a distinct personality. It is in this that she shows her abilities as an actress, and because of the skill and vivacity which she brings to something that has no real action and no real scope for acting, that she carries off the honors of the new play at the Madison Square Theatre.

Mrs. Booth's present position is not that of a star, but of an actress on the same plane with Mrs. G. H. Gilbert and Madame Ponisi. To gain this rank is more difficult and more honorable than to flash across the dramatic firmament as a meteor which comes to-day and is gone tomorrow to be forgotten by the careless and busy crowd.

Milk for Babes.

Somehow the impression has gone abroad that the Metropolitan Printing Office is responsible for the conduct of THE THEATRE. This is a mistake. I alone am responsible. This announcement is only necessary because the contrary opinion has gained ground owing to the fact that by a business arrangement the Metropolitan Printing Office became my publishers.

In saying this I seize the opportunity to add that in the early numbers of THE THEATRE I have pursued a very conservative course on the principle of milk for babes. So far as private affairs are concerned I shall never depart from this rule; but I am by nature and habit a truth teller, and I have no intention to forego my character in this respect.

Bad acting and bad plays are to me terrible inflictions, and I am convinced that the only way to elevate the stage is to tell the truth.

G. O. SEILHAMER.

The Two Pasquins.

I am an object of great interest to Mr. Byrne. Why this should be I cannot say, but there have been times when I have been an object of interest to other persons of whom I knew as little as I care for Byrne. Once a critic of whom I had never heard gave me the benefit of a column or two of abuse, professing to know all about me, and the only way in which he succeeded in hurting my feelings was, by mis-spelling my name sixty-seven times. Byrne, on the contrary, spells my name correctly, and if he puts my German patronymic all over his paper, it is not my fault, and I take this occasion to thank him for spelling it as I spell it. As to his habit of connecting my name with that of Miss Lennox I need only say that it it his intention to annoy me and injure her. This is a thing of which no man who has the slightest claim to respect, would be guilty. It is Byrne's way with all men and women about whom he chooses to write. It is base and cowardly, but then Byrne is all the time doing things which are base and cowardly. I may add that Miss Lennox is not before the public at this time. When she appears it will be time enough to judge of her merits.

But Byrne is especially disposed to be merry over what he regards as my devotion to ancient history. In this he does both me and himself injustice. If he will take the trouble to read my chapter on Anthony Pasquin he will see a portrait of himself.

Pasquin was a pretender—so is Byrne.

Pasquin lived upon actors and actresses. alternately praising and abusing them—Byrne lives in the same way.

Pasquin was a man of whom Lord Mansfield said "his touch is pollution"—all men who know Byrne indulge in language quite as strong in discussing his acts and his methods.

Pasquin died in a hovel, a half-starved and forgotten wretch, and as men are sure in the end to trample upon the thing they hate, Byrne may see his own fate mirrored in Pasquin's dying agonies.

In almost every age there is a guilty, crawling thing which lives and fattens upon the garbage of scandal. Such a thing must be disgusting, slimy, brutal. If Charles A. Byrne chooses to be that thing in this age I cannot help it. If he chooses to bespatter me with his filth it cannot hurt me, for men will recognize it as Byrne's slime. He is a man not above putting his ear to the keyhole of my private apartment, and in so far as the theatrical profession is concerned, it is his business to hang about stage doors and gather libels for publication. He makes his way into the purses of professionals by means of torrents of abuse, and even the men who seek to buy his silence find themselves the subjects of attack. A recent instance of this is Mr. Ryley, of the Standard Theatre. Mr. R. has emptied a part of his earnings into Byrne's pocket, and in return he is ridiculed and insulted. A hundred similar instances might be cited, and they would all go to show that the theatrical profession is supporting the wretched creature who is degrading it.

All this is only the story of the other Pasquin over again. For a long time men and women feared Anthony Pasquin, and then turned about and kicked him. It will not be long until they turn upon Charles A. Byrne. Already the archives of the District Attorney's office are full of indictments against him. Some of them are for perjury, one for embezzlement, many for libel. Our courts are not in the habit of protecting men who have made themselves friendlesss by becoming the common enemy of all. And yet this man, environed by prosecutions as the results of his offences, continues on in his course of malignity and slander. There must be an end to it as there was an end to the career of the other Pasquin.

THE EDITOR.

Are We a Nation of Fools?

American dramatists and American actors have not advanced in the respect of the English speaking world with the so-called progress of the drama. Almost everything that is produced in our theatres is drawn from London or Paris, and our newspapers are constantly filled with the glories of foreign stars just landed or just about to land upon these shores, with the avowed purpose of carrying off our dollars and the latent intention of laughing at us beside.

It must be confessed that so far as the American stage is concerned, we are the laughing stock of the world. The fault is partly the fault of the American people, but it is even more the fault of American managers.

What can we expect from the Colonels and the Majors who direct our theatres?

No better illustration of the utter hopelessness of our theatrical condition can be found than in the developments of the present season. Take Wallack's to begin with. For years now "the leading theatre of the country" has been without a leading lady, and the present season has witnessed an effort to get on without a leading man. Better actors than Mr. William Herbert can be picked up on the Square any day in the week, and yet Mr. Arthur Wallack made a special journey to England to import this "stick." Mr. Herbert has been condemned, and Miss Coghlan ought to be condemned also. She never held, and could not hold, a position in her own country, and she has been tolerated at Wallack's only because the Wallack audience is deficient in taste, judgment and independence.

Daly's Theatre presents a condition of affairs not more encouraging. Mr. Daly is a man who knows too much. In his marvellous egotism, he provides not what other people want, but what he chooses to give them. He treats his patrons as a New York boarding-house keeper treats her guests—compels them to swallow what is set before them, or to stay away from his theatre. As a rule this is the course they adopt toward his productions, and while his company is playing to a beggarly array of empty benches, Mr. John Duff stands at the gate to make war upon deadheads, although he would have to lasso the general public to get them into his house at all.

As a rule Mr. Palmer does better than either Mr. Wallack or Mr. Daly, but if it is true that he is going to put Miss Maude Harrison into

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the leading *role* of "Les Rantzau," to the exclusion of Miss Jewett, he too must have made up his mind that what he chooses to put before them is good enough for the New York public. Miss Jewett is not a strong actress, but she is stronger than Miss Harrison, and she has a culture and finish which are entirely lacking in her rival. We are slow to believe, however, that Mr. Palmer is willing to perpetrate anything so foolish.

Two of the best theatres in New York are in the hands of Mr. John Stetson. Stetson is only noteworthy as the most illiterate man in the United States. He would make a reputable butcher, but he is as much out of place as a caterer for the amusement loving public as would be a bull as the manager of a bric-a-brac establishment. We can only illustrate Mr. Stetson's capabilities by a little story. When he was the manager of the Howard Athenæum somebody sketched a carricature of his expressive features on the back of a flat. Stetson saw it, and demanded in his fiercest tones, "Who did that 'are?" "Michael Angelo," was the answer. "Well, if I catch Mike about here again I'll——."

Stetson is an arbiter of taste both in New York and Boston, and he not only caters for people of taste and culture in the two cities, but he brings an old woman, who never was much of an actress, to America to play young parts before American audiences and to carry off American dollars. In no other country in the world would an actress like Modjeska be tolerated. She comes to capture our dollars on the simple hypothesis that we are a nation of fools, and Mr. Stetson brings her because he knows we will justify her opinion of us.
ter companies to go to pieces.

Simultaneously with the entrance of Mr. Wyndham at the Union Square, the Langtry incursion will begin at the Park. Here is a woman who confessedly is not an actress, and yet we are expected to pay our money to see an amateur on the professional stage. In a very few months she became an object of indifference to English theatre-goers, and she is brought here in her callow days on the stage, because Mr. Abbey knows that his countrymen are the biggest fools in the world. Every conceivable method is adopted to excite interest in this woman, who has no claim upon us as an artist and consequently no claim at all.

If the American people could be true to themselves they would seize upon this Langtry opportunity to show the world that they are not such fools as they seem. Mrs. Langtry comes not as an actress, but as a woman, to put herself on exhibition. The whole thing is not above the dignity of the exhibition of the Ford brothers at Bunnell's Museum. The Fords draw money because they are interesting assassins and highwaymen. Mrs. Langtry expects to make money because a lot of foolish people has raved about her beauty, and a rather plain face has been seen on innumerable photographs. The only way to deal with her and her impertinence in coming here, is to allow her to play to Mr. Abbey and the ushers of the Park Theatre. She is not only not an actress herself, if the universal testimony is to believed, but she comes supported by a lot of English sticks, and so her coming can only be characterized as an impudent raid upon our purses.

When the Modjeska, a "countess," and the Langtry, a professional beauty, are gone, John Hollingshead proposes to swoop down upon us with his wornout Gaiety Theatre burlesque company. Strangely enough, Mr. Hollingshead determines upon this course at the very moment when the ridiculous young men who are his stall-holders make up their minds to hiss his stupid and insipid pieces. For years Mr. Hollingshead's company has been playing to a lot of foolish boquet throwers and cigarette-holders. They are young men of innumerable affectations and effemminate ways. "Their socks," Mr. Labouchere says, "are all over spots, and their pumps all over bows." Their shirt-fronts are made of some ribbed material, as coarse as a huckaback towel which takes kindly to starch. Their waistcoats are so stiff they stick out in pouches; their collars as firm as iron and their coat flowers as big as chesse-plates. They are the society of London Fools, but even they summon up courage enough to hiss "Little Robin Hood," and straightway Mr. Hollingshead announces his speedy departure for America, simply because he is convinced that here the fools never will have the courage to hiss anything.

Are we a Nation of Fools?

The present condition of the drama in this country is such that it inevitably forces an affirmative reply.

Educated Actors.

THE THEATRE, of New York, comments on the paper by Geo. C. Miln, on educated men in the theatrical profession, recently published in the *Saturday Evening Herald*, and concludes that, on the stage, a thorough education is useless. Such unutterable nonsense as this, is but the echo of ordinary theatrical ignorance. Knowledge is power everywhere and always, and if the individual possesses true dramatic instinct, it will simply be refined and quickened by study. A paper nominally devoted to the best interests of the theatre, should not plead for a perpetuation of the reign of ignorance among actors.—Chicago *Saturday Evening Herald*.

There can be no greater blunder than that knowledge is power. It makes a pretty line in print, but, like most platitudes, it is not true.

In business it is usually the ignorant men who succeed, and the same thing is true of the stage. If a New York merchant bothers himself with other books than those in his counting-room, he is sure to come to bankruptcy. If an actor gives his time to study outside of his profession, he is likely to be a pedant off the stage and a stick on it. We may regret all this, but it is inevitable that a worker in any calling cannot be a student outside of it.

As to the graduates of American colleges, they are not benefited in any way by their college curriculum. If they had given their time in college to other studies than the dead languages and higher mathematics, this might not be true, but training in these is all that is meant by a college course. Mr. George Riddle is not an actor, because he is a good Greek elocutionist. Miss Kate Field is a very intelligent lady, but when she tried to act, she only proved that intelligence does not make an actress. We are afraid that Mr. George C. Miln is to become the next illustration of what we are saying.

Outside of mere natural gifts, which on the stage are called genius, the ability to act depends upon special training. It seldom happens that a person goes on the stage late in life and succeeds. Eminence on the stage only comes with familiarity with the footlights from infancy. Besides, acting does not belong to the intellectual callings. Mr. Pat Rooney is not a scholar, but he can please thousands by his manner of opening a rather wide mouth and his way of wearing a high hat. Mr. Miln could not do the same thing with all his scholarship. Mr. Miln has forgotten more about Hamlet than Edwin Booth ever knew, but Mr. Booth is the greatest of living Shaksperian actors, and there is no likelihood that Miln will shake him from his throne. On the stage learning is nothing, and special training and special fiitness everything.

Out of an Engagement.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

WHEN Miss Martha Gibbs sought her pillow after the communication of Mr. John Mildmay in regard to the production of "Camille," her thoughts were occupied for a long time with the great question of dressing the part. No alchemist ever looked for the philosopher's stone with more enthusiasm than Miss Gibbs exhibited in the solution of this troublesome question.

"I am not going to play the traditional Camille," she reasoned with herself, "and so I am not bound to adhere to the traditional dresses."

It was a long time before sleep came to her eyelids, but when it did come Camille's costumes were as perfect in every detail as if the

dresmaker had fashioned and fitted the last piece of silk with her cunning fingers.

In the play of "Camille" there are five acts, all of them different in time and scene, and, in consequence, five distinct dresses are required. For the first act there is the dress in which Dumas' heroine came from the opera—pink and white, according to the traditions of the stage.

"It must be white," said Miss Martha Gibbs, "but pink I dislike for an opera night. If I went to the opera with dear Mr. Mildmay I know he would prefer a soberer tint. The skirt must be gray satin to harmonize completely with the white silk. I know the shade, and I will get it first thing in the morning. But then I must not forget that I am not dressing Miss Gibbs but Mlle. Gauthier. Oh, I see—the camelias will fix all that—fix, I declare I am beginning to talk like an American. Although Camille was 'the lady of the camelias' Madame Hawk, Miss Moss, and the rest, never seemed to appreciate this fact, somehow. I shall make the camelias the striking feature of the opera dress, and shall twist them, sprays and all, from the shoulder down the bust and round the skirt until they look like a spiral staircase."

A sigh of relief followed this determination.

"And now for the second act," Miss Gibbs continued. "This dress must be elegant, but not startling. I see—lavender silk *en train* and not *too* much *decolete*. That will do for that."

It took a much longer time to arrive at these conclusions than is required in telling of them, and the soliloquies of Miss Martha Gibbs were as the peroration at the close of a great oratorical effect.

"The dress for the third act," mused the young artiste, "must be very simple—extreme in its simplicity. My white Swiss will do for that, and for the garden scene that lovely hat of mine which I have worn only two or three times—once to Gilmore's with dear Mr. Mildmay and once down Broadway to the *Jackdaw* office—will be just the thing."

The dress for the fourth act was a troublesome question for Miss Martha Gibbs.

"Ball dresses never gave me any trouble when I was a girl," she said, at length, and then as the absurdity of the remark forced itself upon her, she laughed heartily and continued: "when I was a girl—I see, I am an old maid now, and they are not girls, I suppose. Ball dresses are only white satin after all, and Camille's must have the spiral staircase of camelias which, I think, will make it look pretty as a picture."

There was a pause, and it was evident that Miss Martha Gibbs was becoming sleepy.

"The dressing gown to die in—I needn't trouble about that; it must be lovely," she murmured, and the next moment she was fast asleep, and dreaming that she was playing Camille with Mildmay as Armand.

Mr. John Mildmay was not to play Armand Duval, however, either on the real or mimic stage. Notwithstanding this, he was not free from some such imputation, and while one-half the world thought him a "lucky dog" in having secured the affections of a charming girl, the other half shook their heads gravely, because it was safer to stab character without saying anything. Miss Gibbs had her admirers, of course, but these never gave him any trouble, probably because she never gave them a thought. The peculiarity about her followers was that they fell in love at sight, and expended their passion in leaving their cards, never being admitted into her presence. The preparations for doing Camille would necessarily break down this outer wall of reserve. When she returned from her first day's shopping on the afternoon after Mildmay's communication, and her own sleepless study of the night before, she found that the vanguard of the invading army had already pitched their tents by her door. Among the many cards left for her was one which especially attracted her attention, because of the words written in pencil upon it. It read as follows:

MR. JAMES BROADACRES,

Begs to be useful to Miss Gibbs.

In the early evening Mildmay called, looking very tired and worn, but he was cheerful and confident nevertheless. It had been a day of very hard work with him. First he had gone to see Bumgardner, the agent of the Accordeon Theatre, and secured the house for Monday evening, April 16; then he had been to see Crummbs & Co., the dramatic agents, who had promised every facility at their command, and asked him to call again in three days, and finally he had walked all over town seeing his personal friends, and securing money to defray the expenses of Miss Gibbs' entertainment.

"Here is something toward Camille's dresses," he said, throwing a roll of greenbacks into Miss Gibbs' lap, and almost falling into his favorite chair.

"You are my good angel, dear," she answered, taking his hand gently and placing it on her shoulder, "and you look so tired, you great big unselfish pet; I am afraid you are going to be ill after so much exertion and anxiety for me."

"Don't trouble about me," he said. "I'll take care of myself until this thing is over, and then you can help me to get back any vitality I may lose by the effort."

She knelt at his feet looking into his eyes.

"That will not do," she replied. "Nothing must be allowed to go wrong with yon whatever else happens. You are not going out again this evening?"

"Oh, yes—Belch's new play at the Kidleekum falls to my lot. I tried to induce Stockingham to take it off my hands, but they are all afraid of Belch, and so I am compelled to look after him myself. I shall try to get away from the theatre and to bed as early as possible."

"Do, dear," she said, and then she chatted to him vivaciously about Camille and the dresses, and all he had done and was doing and was going to do for her. At last she produced Broadacre's card, with its endorsement, saying, "Who is this man and what does he mean?"

Mildmay took the card and looked at it thoughtfully.

"Broadacres was the agent of Madame Hawk," he remarked, after a pause, "and so he ought to be familiar with all the ins and outs of the Camille 'business.' I don't know anything about him, but he might be very useful if he wants to."

"Shall I see him if he calls again?" Miss Gibbs asked.

"I should say yes, by all means," Mildmay replied. "There can be no harm in his suggestions at all events."

The subject was dropped at this point, and soon afterward Mildmay took his departure to witness the production of "Almost Lost." Scarcely had he gone until Broadacres was announced, and it was not strange that under the circumstances he was received with great cordiality, although under any other conditions he would have met the same "not at home" message which had discouraged so many of Miss Gibb's callers.

It is unnecessary to describe Broadacres further than to say that he was oleaginous, plausible, and with an air of sincerity about him that received all the more credence because it was at once apparent that he was not remarkable for intellectual powers, and plain to the practiced eye that as an actor he must be one of the very worst in the whole range of the profession.

"Miss Martha Gibbs!" said Broadacres, scraping and bowing very low as he entered. "I frequently have had the pleasure of hearing of you, although I never before had the good fortune to meet you."

"I am pleased to meet you—pray be seated," Miss Gibbs answered, not knowing exactly what to say.

"I hear you are going to play Camille—it is a very laudable ambition," Broadacres continued. "Few persons in the profession have had as much experience with the play as I have. I think I could go on and play any part in it at a moment's notice."

"I have heard of your wide experience," Miss Gibbs remarked, sheltering her conscience behind what Mildmay had said of him.

"Indeed!" questioned Broadacres. "Then I am only too happy. Allow me to say that I never saw a young lady who aspired to play Camille who could look the part so completely as you will."

"You flatter me, Mr. Broadacres," interrupted Miss Gibbs.

"In my opinion, my dear young lady, there is nothing so base as flattery—nothing more necessary than truth — plain, unvarnished truth," stoutly contended Broadacres. "I am tolerably familiar with your career; I have heard the most enthusiastic accounts of your

abilities, and I am happy to see with my own eyes that the person corresponds in lithe and easy grace with the part to be portrayed. I have seen all the Camilles, from Madame Hawk down, and I feel confident that you, my dear Miss Gibbs, are to be the Camille of the future."

Although she knew in her heart how insincere all this was, Miss Martha Gibbs could not help listening to and being pleased with it. She liked good omens, and it was to her a good omen that this man, whom she did not know and of whom she had never heard before, should come so very soon after it was announced that she would play the part, predicting good fortune. In spite of the fact that she was possessed of more than ordinary common sense she was ready, too, to hear and be impressed in some degree by whatever Mr. Broadacres might say to her.

"You have a bright—I may say a brilliant future before you," he resumed, "and all you need is wise management to give you a career. In the past you have been badly handled—very badly handled. I confess that I have looked on with amazement and even sadness. Nothing is more to be lamented than the fact that a young girl of talent should not be properly brought out before the public."

"Perhaps, what you say is just, Mr. Broadacres," said Miss Gibbs, "but I cannot accept any criticism on that subject without some show of impatience. No friendless girl before ever had a more sincere, earnest and noble friend than I have."

"Ah! I see," responded Broadacres. "You mean Mildmay. He is an excellent man—a gentleman I may say, but I trust he is not averse to your taking advice from more experienced and professional sources."

"Certainly not," Miss Gibbs answered.

"Well, then, all I have to say to you is, that preparatory to playing Camille, you must have repose—complete repose. You must give whole days to the part when you should see no one. Lock your doors, my dear Miss Gibbs, and shut out all intruders, and some people even who, under ordinary circumstances, might not be considered intruders."

This was a plain thrust at Mildmay, and Miss Martha Gibbs was not insensible of it. Broadacres saw this, and chuckled to himself at the idea of excluding John Mildmay from this presence, even if at first it should be only for twenty-four hours at a time.

"Repose and study was Madame Hawk's rule always when she was to play Camille," he said after a pause. "For whole days she would shut herself up and see no one—even her husband, devoted to her as he was, at that time was excluded from her presence."

Miss Martha Gibbs suddenly became thoughtful, almost pensive, and no longer listened with the vivacious interest she had manifested at first. When Broadacres saw this he rose, took up his hat and said, "I see that you are fatigned. my dear Miss Gibbs. I will not weary you further. In a day or two I shall do myself the honor to look in again to see if there is anything by which I can be useful to you. Good night."

When he was gone Miss Martha Gibbs gave herself up, not to "maiden meditations fancy free," but to thoughts of the artistic future that fate had in store for her. What Broadacres had said had left an impression behind it.

"That man," she soliloquised, "is either very good or very bad; he is either honestly disposed to help me or he has some design so evil that he fails to comprehend it himself in all its wickedness; he is either as unselfish as dear Mr. Mildmay, or he is a shark getting ready to eat us all up. Well, he will not find Martha Gibbs an easy prey, even if he is as bad can be. There is no harm in acting on his suggestions, however, when they are good, and what he says of the necessity of study and repose is true. I will lock myself in to-morrow—no not to-morrow, for to-morrow I must give to the dressmaker, but the day after, and I will tell Mr. Mildmay that he must not come here at all Wednesday. The poor fellow! What is he doing now, I wonder—writing on Toby Belch's trumpery play, I suppose? Well, he'll not be here again to-night, and so I'll go to bed."

Mildmay did come again, however, and so the poor girl was kept awake for another hour. The next morning he called again very early. to talk over the necessity of getting a good cast together, and when Miss Gibbs returned from her dressmaking and shopping tour, he brought in Harry Templeton to discuss with her a proposition that he should play Armand. On the next day, Wednesday, which she had set apart for study, he was equally frequent and anxious in his visits, but the young girl bore it all patiently, and seemed to love him all the more for the very annoyances he caused her.

"I knew you couldn't stay away, dear," she would say, looking up from the well-thumbed copy of the play from which she had made her study, and smiling pleasantly. It was worth half a lifetime almost to see Miss Martha Gibbs in these moods and under these circumstances. Settled cosily in a low-backed chair with her feet on a footstool before her, and a large plaid shawl completely enveloping her, she was a perfect picture of easy and contented study. All "sweetness and light," as Summers, of the *Trombone*, used to say, it seemed at these moments as if a cloud had never passed over her brow. Petty annoyances began to thicken, however, and it was plain even to Mildmay that the storm was gathering off Hatteras.

"My dear Miss Gibbs," wrote a person of whom she had never heard before, "I trust you will be very successful as Camille, but, in my opinion, you ought to confine yourself to comedy parts."

"Miss Martha Gibbs, who has been longing to capture the New York public for some time, is about to attempt it with Camille; hope springs eternal in the human breast," said little Farbelow in the *Pen and Pencil*.

"They say you must not be allowed to succeed," exclaimed Miss Razordash, after reciting all the unpleasant things that members of the profession had uttered in the last two or three days, and which she had gathered only by the most active industry for whatever pleasure there might be in the pain that would be sure to follow their repetition.

Miss Razordash was not alone in the work of harrowing the feelings of poor Martha Gibbs, and for some reason even Mr. James Broadacres took a part in it.

"You have strength of mind, my dear Miss Gibbs," he often said to her, "and will only be encouraged to do your best by a knowledge of these malicious stories."

The snake in the grass had begun to inject the venom of an evil nature into a heart which could only be poisoned by secret and persistent endeavor.

"That shot will tell," said Mr. James Broadacres, as he went out from Miss Gibbs' apartment one afternoon, after relating some tale of malice even more brutal than anything which had preceded it. "It will tell, and the best of it is it hits Mildmay right between the eyes. I thoroughly dislike the fellow, and it is not impossible that he dislikes me. I think, too, that he suspects me. Well, what if he does, for unless he slams the door in my face very soon I shall close the Gibbs apartments against him. Miss Martha Gibbs is a deuced pretty girl, now that I see her in the light of her own sunshine, lithe, active, and plump as a partridge, and her unaffected simplicity and truth will be my best aids in carrying out my little schemes. I struck the right chord in my offer to be useful to her. I can be useful, and she knows it. This production of "Camille" is undertaken at a time when it is impossible to obtain good actors and actresses, and so I shall be able to make my suggestions in regard to the cast invaluable. I am in luck this time, and I can't help felicitating myself on my good fortune."

After this soliloquy Broadacres walked quietly along, his face lighted up with the inward satisfaction he felt with himself and his prospects. From his standpoint he had strong grounds for his felicitations. A door had been opened to him which he scarceiy hoped to unlock, and by his services to Miss Gibbs, he meant not only to keep it open for him, but to close it to all others. Mildmay's difficulty in casting the play he knew would add to his opportunities, for in the absence of good artists, "sticks" would have to be obtained, and he had an intimate knowledge of all the "sticks" on the stage. He could have gathered enough of them together at an hour's notice to light a fire for the shipwrecked crew of the vessel in which Paul sailed in his famous journey from Jerusalem to Rome, and he might himself have been the viper which came out of the flame and clung to the hand of the apostle. Whether the only person he feared would be able to shade him off without hurt was a question for the future, and he was aware of it, for he had entered upon his little campaign of being "use-

ful to Miss Gibbs" with a settled purpose of helping himself however she might fare, and he felt that the only obstacle in his way was Mr. John Mildmay. It was in consequence his determination from the very beginning, to make war upon that individual. As has already been shown, he began it at his first interview with Miss Gibbs, and having made something of an impression on that occasion, he followed up his success vigorously. The necessity of study and repose was the keynote of his battle hymn, and he poured it into her ears whenever he found her disposed to listen.

Mildmay began to suspect something of this, but he treated it in his mild way, not knowing how to act where he had only slight reason for suspicion, and apprehended no danger. He did not even allude to it to Miss Gibbs, although she would sometimes dwell with evident pleasure on Broadacre's disinterested services in her behalf.

"The man is a poor fool at best, dear," she said to Mildmay, "but he knows enough to keep away when he is not wanted, and he isn't far wrong in thinking you might give me a little time for study, I must have it, darling, whether you like it or not."

"That will be all right, dear," Mildmay answered, "but I have had so many reasons for seeing you lately, and it is so hard to keep away at any time, that you must forgive an old fellow whose zeal may not always be matched by his judgment."

"Don't talk that way," she said, "but you must leave me to myself for a day, if you want me to do you credit as Camille."

"It shall be done to-morrow—so there now, that's settled; and God bless you."

Broadacres had conquered.

"There's a chiel amang you takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

In my strolls around town I frequently notice certain billboards which inform me that Haverly's Theatre is the *only* Haverly's Theatre in the city. Really, I cannot see what advantage the Colonel expects to reap from such an announcement. I do not believe there ever was or ever will be a single ticket sold in any of our theatres because it is so-and-so's theatre. People visit playhouses to see the performance and not because they are controlled by Colonel Haverly or any other man.

Somebody sends me a very yellow handbill, and as his object was, no doubt, to secure a notice, I have no wish to disappoint him. The bill in question is a somewhat startling announcement of the "greatest emotional play of to-day—and so conceded by the most exacting critics," which at "the earnest solicitation of many leading citizens" will be produced "here"—it don't say where, and it don't say when, but for "day and date" we are kindly referred to large posters and the newspapers, but it don't say where the large posters are to be had or what newspapers to refer to. This is not neglect, I presume, but economy, and economy is wealth. By omitting "day and date" the handbills will do for every city in the Union. Yet stay—have many leading citizens of every city in the Union earnestly solicited the production of the greatest emotional play of to-day in their native place? That does not seem all right, now does it? The play is a great, moral, temperance drama by Mr. Scott Marble, and he calls it "The Drunkard's Daughter." It is, he says in the bill with a great flourish of capitals, "a startling picture of trials and temptations, snares and pitfalls that heset our pathway. The shadows and sorrows, illuminated by the sweet sunshine of success, the reward of the just, culminating in joy at last," and "combining pathos, humor, satire, song and sentiment, serving the double purpose of both instructing and amusing, as the play points a moral and adorns a tale."

As the bill told me to "be sure and read the other side" I turned it over and did so. It mainly consisted of quotations concerning this play from the criticism of "an able critic." His name was not given, and so I am lead to suppose that the able critic is Mr. Marble himself, for that gentleman I believe is an able critic as well as an able dramatist. I do not mean to inflict the criticism upon you, my readers, so do not be alarmed, but I was so struck by the words in large capitals which interspersed it that I am impelled to repeat them here, especially as they will give you some idea of the character of Mr. Marble's greatest effort:

Terrible Delirium Scene — Drunkard's Daughter—Heart Rending!—Demons of his Brain—Froze with Horror—Horrible! Awful!! Blood Curdling!!! Frenzy of the Madman!

What a dramatic feast is preparing for the leading citizens of "here."

What next? Jessie James' horses are now starring in the West in a drama bearing the name of their deceased master. And they are drawing immense houses, too, I hear. Well, I can only pity a man who would pay to witness a performance solely because the horses of a dead highwayman appear in it, and yet that is what four-fifths of those who rush to see this "latest dramatic triumph" are doing. I am ashamed of my countrymen when I think of their want of decency in supporting exhibitions of this sort. But they will do it.

A museum over in the Bowery is daily attracting crowds because it purports to possess the identical bullet which ended the career of the late Mr. James, and when the Fords were at Bunnell's the large number of those who paid their quarters to see live murderers was simply a stain upon the humanity of which we boast.

Did I go! No, sir. As Scrutator it is my duty to see everything, but I make occasional exceptions to prove the rule, and this was one of them.

A friend of mine, however, was there—to his shame be it said—and kindly gave me a full report of the proceedings. The fellow who introduced the Fords to the audience made a long rambling speech, the main object of which was to excuse the manner in which the late Mr. James was removed, but for my part I consider shooting an unsuspecting man in the back unpardonable, no matter how bad that man may have been. I might excuse the people who flocked to see the Fords if the latter were Claud Duvals, for curiosity is a human weakness, but I cannot imagine anything attractive about men who strike in the dark,

By the way, does Bunnell, like his more famous predecessor, Barnum, take us for fools? It seems so, for he advertised that the Fords would remain at his establishment one week longer than was first announced, by kind permission of the Court in Kansas City where they are to be tried for the murder of some gentleman of their own kind, in order to allow the New York public further oppotrunity of seeing them. What an accommodating Court that of Kansas City must be, if Mr. Bunnell's announcement is to be believed.

I was told the other day that a certain manager is trying to secure Blanch Douglass as a star, and judging from the source I get the information and the present taste of the public, I should not be surprised if it proved true. That's right, gentlemen, keep up this sort of thing and before long we shall have combinations traveling over the country advertising as follows:

Gore!! Blood! Gore!!
Forty Genuine Murderers!
40—Count Them—40.

There is a story now going the round in theatrical circles that Howard Carroll, the Republican nominee for Congressman-at-Large, was formerly Barney Williams' agent. If this story is true, how the mighty have fallen.

Miss Rehan's Doll.

Some malicious persons have been busily circulating a story to the effect that the Miss Dollyspank of our serial, "Out of an Engagement," is Miss Ada Rehan. In justice to the young lady in question we beg to inform these malicious persons that their assumptions are utterly without foundation. "Out of an Engagement" was written several years ago, at a time when Miss Rehan was not yet theatrically born, but nevertheless the malicious persons alluded to have assumed that she is our Miss Dollyspank, basing their assumptions upon the name given to the latter, Dolly—spank.

Miss Rehan, it appears, was the happy possessor of a Parisian doll. This doll, we are informed, was one of the prettiest of its kind, and Miss Rehan loved it with all the fervor of her affectionate nature. She doted on it, and was never tired of gazing into its little eyes and ca-

ressing it with all the tenderness of a fond parent. She adored this doll, and the happiest moments of her life were passed in dressing and undressing it, and putting it in its little bed. She bought for it the costliest raiment, and had it been capable of eating, it would have had candy and cake every day in the week.

It will thus be seen that Miss Rehan's girlish affections were centered in this doll, and our readers will understand the great self-sacrifice she made when she consented, at Mr. Daly's entreaties, to permit her doli to make its first appearance on any stage, in Mr. Daly's Theatre; and our readers, we feel certain, will also heartily sympathize with Miss Rehan, because of the terrible misfortune which befell her in consequence.

One day some unknown vandal, whose inhuman nature was incapable of understanding Miss Rehan's pure and simple love for her doll, had the hardihood not only to smash in its innocent little head, but to utterly destroy its unfortunate little nose.

Think, gentle readers, of Miss Rehan's indescribable agony when the sad intelligence of her darling's doom was carried her, and then weep. You who have loved and lost can best imagine her misery at the destruction of her pet. At one stroke all the sunshine of her life was clouded forever, and her happiness banished never to return.

Oh, cruel destroyer of Miss Rehan's doll!

Does not the innocent little face of that harm less little creature haunt you, even in your sleep? Can you rest with such a heartless crime upon your soul?

When Miss Rehan recovered sufficiently from the sad and unexpected blow, she sought the presence of Mr. Daly and placed before him the full particulars of the unfeeling deed. Mr. Daly's heart melted and he wept.

"I can understand your feelings, Miss Rehan," he said between his sobs, "and you shall have justice."

Accordingly the property man was sent for and questioned.

"What do you know of Miss Rehan's doll?" asked Mr. Daly, but the property man knew nothing.

Then the stage manager was sent for and questioned.

"What do you know of Miss Rehan's doll?" asked Mr. Daly, but the stage manager knew nothing.

And then the stage carpenters, the scene-shifters, the gas men and the members of the company were sent for one after the other, and questioned.

"What do you know of Miss Rehan's doll?" asked Mr. Daly, but the stage carpenters, the scene shifters, the gasmen and the members of the company knew nothing.

"Really, Miss Rehan," said Mr. Daly, "this is a very mysterious affair, but you shall have justice."

He thereupon issued a call, and when his employees had responded he informed them, that unless the destroyer of Miss Rehan's doll was delivered up, or else delivered himself up to justice before the coming Saturday night, the entire company should be disbanded.

Saturday night came, but the culprit was not delivered up to justice, nor did Mr. Daly disband his company as he had threatened, and to this day the despoiler of Miss Rehan's doll is unknown. The crime, like many other great crimes, bids fair to always remain a secret, and the question, "Who destroyed Miss Rehan's doll?" seems as likely to remain unanswerable as the immortal query, "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

Col. Mapleson Interviewed.

Col. Mapleson arrived on Sunday last, and was interviewed of course. He began with something say like a catalogue. He said:

"Nearly all of the members of my company have arrived, and we are ready for work. Mlles. Savio, Dotti, Berghi, Galassi and his wife, Mme. Cavalazzi, Mme. Sacceni, Mierzwinski, the new tenor; Monti, Rinaldini, Corsini, Costa and Arditti came with us on the City of Chester, together with the ballet, chorus, property masters, scenic artists, &c. Mlles. Valergo, Lauri, Zagary, Cavarati and Ronconi were here before us, by the City of Rome, as also were Ravelli, Bicletto and Clodio, who arrived by the Amerique. Of the remaining principal artists, Mme. Schalchi is on her way from Rio Janeiro. Mme. Lablache sails next Tuesday, and M. Durat, the great bass, is due here on Tuesday by the Labrador. Mme. Patti and Nicolini sail on the 18th inst. Mlle. Rossini has been here some time. That, I think, completes the list of my artists."

Then he proceeded to show that he has grown modest. Being asked whether he expected Signor Mierzwinski to make a great hit, he replied:

"Well, we have had to cry 'Wolf!' so often that I would rather not say much about him, but wait for the public to indorse him"

"You indorse what Mr. Guy has said about him?"

"Yes, indeed I do; and, although I wish to say nothing about him, you might put down that he has a beautiful, and, I may say, a phenomenal voice, a very fine presence and is a polished gentleman, and the same cannot be said of all operatic tenors. I expect him to become popular in society here. As an artist he is equally good in 'William Tell' and 'Il Barbiere,' and I cannot mention two more widely different operas in his repertoire. 'It is something like looking from the depths of a well to the top of the Himalayas," the gallant Colonel remarked, after pausing to think of a simile.

His caution forsook him, however, when he came to speak of Mlle. Savio, as will be seen from the following:

"I think I must tell you first about Mlle. Savio, a charming soprano. I have to thank the war in Egypt for her services."

"How so? Was she a pupil of Arabi Bey?"

"Well, hardly; but she was in Alexandria at the time of the bombardment, and an officer and some marines from H. M. S. Condor brought her away from that unfortunate city. A brother officer wrote to me that if he had not secured Arabi Bey he had got a prima donna who was worth hearing. Mlle. Savio went to Genoa and thence to Milan, where I heard her, and at once engaged her. She is a fine dramatic soprano, and I expect her to make a great success here. Mme. Schalchi is the greatest living contralto. She has been receiving $750 a night in Rio Janeiro, and I consider myself fortunate in having secured her for the season. Then there is Mlle. Zagury, whom I may almost call new to this country, as she has not been heard here for so many years. I expect her to make an admirable impression. Mme. La Grange and Marchesi pronounce her a perfect artist. She recently sang before the Queen of Spain, who was so delighted with her performance that she sent her a very handsome present. Queen Isabella, you know, used to give liberal support to opera in Madrid, and knows all about it. Mlle. Berghi is very pretty and very young, and has yet to make her position. She is a very promising young artist, and, I think, will please.

When he came to speak of Campanini he showed that he had become completely Americanized:

"Dear old Camp," Mr. Mapleson continued, "worked so hard both with me and after the close of my last season that it is actually imperative that he should rest. You know how he sang here, there and everywhere, after the season was over, when he ought to have been resting even then. Why, I remember that on one occasion he actually sang in a piece called 'The World.' He has made plenty of money, and he is determined to enjoy the free, pure air of Bella Italia for some time to come. About two weeks ago he got up performances of 'Carmen' and 'Trovatore,' appearing himself, in aid of some charitable object. He found that his voice was not strong enough for work, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he got through his roles without breaking down. Camp and I have always been the best of friends, and he says 'Mapleson has always paid me and treated me well, and I will not sing for any one else.' Mr. Abbey offered him very large terms to come over for the Christine Nilsson concerts, but they were declined."

There is much common sense as well as some ancient history in this:

"The fight between the two London opera houses has been a hard one from 1848, when the late Mr. Gye was acting manager of Covent Garden, and Mr. Delafield spent over $400,000 in one season to enable the managers to keep the fight up against Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's. From that time until recently the rivalry between the two houses has been keen. It is terrible to reflect on the fortunes that have been lost by amateurs, including many members of the nobility, with more money than brains, who have given enormous sums of money on both sides to keep up the rivalry. I have frequently received substantial contributions from the nobility and gentry for this purpose. But neither art nor the public has benefited by such a state of things, while the only people who have eaten the oyster have been the artists, who have trebled and quadrupled their terms. We should never have heard of any artist getting $4,000 a night if it had not been for this competition."

The gallant Colonel has apparently made up his mind that there must be only one Opera House in New York, and he has no doubt that he will be able to bring the blue-blooded directors of the Academy to his way of thinking. This is how he talks:

"Fashionable society in London, my dear fellow, has settled to have only one opera house. After the long rivalry between the two houses, they have decided that they must have one opera house or none at all. It will be the same here; the *haut ton* of New York, you will see, will settle this for themselves. They will want one opera house where they can meet under the same roof, and see grand opera presented in the finest manner possible. It matters not whether it will be the Metropolitan Opera House or the Academy. Two opera companies cannot

pay here; society would take it as an excuse for not patronizing either."

In conclusion, Col. Mapleson perpetrated a little joke. This is it.

By the way, before you go, I want you to say that the prices for the nights when Patti does not appear, will remain the same as last season.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."

Douglas Winthrop	George Clarke
Constance Winthrop	Carrie Turner
Mrs. Ruth Winthrop	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Mrs. Dick Chetwyn	Agnes Booth
Buxton Scott	Thomas Whiffen
Dr. Mellbanke	W. J. LeMoyne
Herbert Winthrop	Henry Miller
Edith Chapin	Maude Stuart
Jeannette	Della Stilwell

Great things were expected of Mr. Bronson Howard in his new play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," at the Madison Square Theatre, but in a great measure he has disappointed that expectation. This is not a great play—it is not even a good one. In many places it has bright bits, but it has no purpose in its story, if it may be said to have a story, and it is not dramatic either in conception or treatment. The best thing that can be said of it is that it is well written as a literary performance, but this is not enough in a modern play. It has been said of it that the play is good enough for the Madison Square Theatre, but this is far from satisfactory, because it was upon this production that hopes of dramatric progress in Mr. Howard were centered.

Neither young Mr. nor young Mrs. Winthrop is a lovable personage or a well drawn character. The husband is entirely too emotionless for a stage hero. His characteristics are only dimly outlined. That the author intends the audience to see something wrong in him is clear enough, but just what it is the audience cannot make out. The utmost effect of the creation is to cause a languid sort of contempt, such as the ordinary citizen feels for the young men in the windows of the Union Club. Mr. Winthrop is not enough of a business man to be completely absorbed by his business, and not enough of a club man to be absorbed by his club. It is necessary that his mother should protest against his neglect of his wife and his home in his efforts to make money in order to show that he is a business man. In every respect the part is colorless, purposeless, and unsympathetic. In actual life there may be young men like Douglas Winthrop, but nobody, not even their alleged friends, has ihe slightest interest in them, because of their narrowness and namby-pamby-ism. It is impossible to invest the part with a strong personality, because such men have no strength, and they are no more heroes of a dramatic romance than would be the young men who figure in aclub.

Young Mrs, Winthrop is even more colorless and more purposeless than her husband, She gives herself up to the frivolities of society in a city where there is no society. It is her husband's neglect which leads her to indulge in this episcopated Madison Square dissipation. Strange to say, it makes her unmotherly as well as unwifely. Even the illness and death of her child fail to move her to a responsive love for her husband, although finally a mere allusion to the little one's grave breaks down her resolute indifference and hate.

This child business, it must be confessed, is mawkish. Mr. Howard seems to have constructed his drama on the principle of the famous author of "Baby Mine," who once asked the writer of this for words for a new song. "Upon what subject do you want them?" Mr. Johnson was asked. "Anything will do," he answered, "if there's a baby in it." All the emotion in Mr. Howard's play centres in the child, but the child is only talked of, not seen. Then the blind sister, though very good for by play, has no dramatic reason for being, and still less for her blindness.

The best drawn character in the play, and as it happens, the best played also, is that of Mrs. Chetwyn. There is nothing new in the creation, but the humor is in a vein exceedingly delicate, and just suited to an audience that wants to laugh not too heartily, but just heartily enough.

Underlying Mr. Howard's work in this piece, is the error of writing as it were to order. Villainy at the Madison Square must be only a streak of sin with much goodness at bottom, A dilettante sinner is not a subject for a play. In "Young Mrs. Winthrop" everybody is slightly wicked, but only wicked enough to be disagreeable. With the exception of Mrs. Chetwyn, there is not a character in the play that has vitality enough to inspire any other feelings than those we have for the wickedness of Punch and the misfortunes of Judy. All this comes from the fact that Mr. Howard is, of all men, the least qualified to write a play to order. He tried it once before at Daly's, with a piece he called "Moorcroft." That piece was not intended to meet the ideas of the management, but to fit the company. The result was a dismal failure, just as this would be if the productions at the Madison Square were judged by an artistic standard. Fortunately, for securing success, a piece cannot fail at this theatre, but the injury to Mr. Howard's reputation will be all the more serious on that account.

The piece was handsomely mounted, but there was nothing in the stage setting to show that the scene is laid in New York. On the contrary, there was a richness of decoration that suggested Easteru barbaric splendor. The acting, however, was entirely satisfactory. Mr, Clarke showed much reserve force, and in a better part would have made a great hit. Miss Carrie Turner as the wife, was as effective as the part would admit, her looks of dumb despair going to the hearts of society belles. Mr. Whiffen as the old lawyer, was excellent, and Miss Maude Stuart as the blind sister, was simple and effective. As to Mrs. Booth's acting we have analysed it elsewhere.

DALY'S THEATRE—"THE SQUIRE."

The Rev. Mr. Dormer	Charles Fisher
Liautenant Eric Thorndyke	John Drew
Gilbert Hythe	Yorke Stephens
Gunnion	James Lewis
The Representative of the "Pagley Mercury," &c.	Tom Webbe.
Robjohns, Jr.	W. H. Beekman
Mr. Fell	George Vandenhoff, Jr.
Izod Haggerstone	William Gilbert
Kate Verity, "The Squire."	Ada Rehan
Christie Haggerstone	Virginia Dreher
Felicity Gunnion	May Fielding
Mrs. Fell	Agnes Perring

Some months ago Mr. A. W. Pinero, an English actor, laid burglarious hands upon Mr. Thomas Hardy's novel, "Far from the Madding Crowd," and from it evolved a play which he called "The Squire." When taxed with this bold and deliberate theft Mr. Pinero denied the accusation, but his denial had only the force of that of the little negro in the caricature with the little chickens peeping out of his hat, who exclaims, in bold defiance of the facts—"G'long, white man. Who is you accusin' o' stealin' your chickens. I'm 'specable, I am."

Mr. Thomas Hardy did not like the treatment he received from Mr. A. W. Pinero, and to prove that "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "The Squire" were identical, he dramatized his novel himself. As a consequence the people who applauded Mr. Pinero's play did not care a pin for Mr. Hardy's dramatization, partly because they had already seen it, and partly because Mr. Pinero's work was better than Mr. Hardy's.

While the novel maker and the play manufacturer were quarreling over the affair in the English newspapers, the occasion presented itself to the keen eye of Mr. A. R. Cazauran as a splendid opportunity for his somewhat uncertain pen. He not only seized upon Mr, Hardy's novel but upon the name of Mr. Hardy's novel, and with a pair of shears and a pot of paste he proceeded to make a play for Miss Clara Morris. He made a one-part play of course, but while he proved himself a bad playwright Miss Morris succeeded in showing that she was a worse actress. It was inevitable that she should fail in the part, for such a role as the Squire was entirely beyond her. She has genius, it is true, but only for the things she has been tanght, and her measure of intelligence is so limited that she had no idea of the character she was attempting to create. Had she been coached she might have succeeded in giving force to the passion of the wronged and disappointed woman of Mr. Hardy's novel, but, as it was, she presented the sad picture of an actress struggling with a part she could not understand.

Mr. Daly's presentation of Mr. Pinero's play has scarcely been more fortunate. In the part Ada Rehan is as she always is, only Ada Rehan. She played Ada Rehan very well, but she played Kate Verity very badly. She was no more like the English girl of the story than Mr. Daly is like Mr. Gladstone. She dealt with situations, not with character, and so it happened, that where she could show archness and simplicity as in harmony with her surround-

ings, she was aeceptable, but where force was required she failed. She lacks first of all what Miss Morris lacks—intelligence, and she lacks besides what Miss Morris possesses—force and passion. As a whole, her performance is unsatisfactory, because it is neither thoughtful nor artistic, and the highest praise we can accord her is, that she is not an absolute failure.

Mr. John Drew as Eric went through the part without any marked display of ability, and Mr. Charles Fisher as the Parson was a rather nerveless old man. The hit of the piece was made by Mr. James Lewis, who surprised us by sinking his own identity in that of Gunnion, and consequently succeeded in creating a part in which he is new to us.

The stage setting for this piece is a miracle of beauty, and Mr. Daly is to be congratulated upon haviug fit surroundings for his actors if he has not fit actors for their surroundings.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—"YORICK'S LOVE."

Master Yorick	Lawrence Barrett
Master Heywood	Louis James
Master Walton	F. C. Moseley
Master Edmund	Otis Skinner
Master Woodford	Charles Plunkett
Gregory	Ben. G. Rogers
Thomas	Albert T. Riddle
Phillip	Charles Rolfe
Tobias	Homer Cope
Mistress Alice	Marie Wainwright
Mistress Dorothy	Addie Plunkett

On Monday Lawrence Barrett began a week's engagement at the Grand Opera House, opening with "Yorick's Love." As the play is familiar to New York theatregoers and the cast pretty much the same as when the piece was first played here several years ago, an extended notice is unnecessary. The acting was excellent, the principals receiving a number of recalls, all of which they fairly earned.

"THE MARBLE HEART."

Raphael Duchatlet	Lawrence Barrett
Lord Merton	Percy Winter
Viscount Chateaumargaux	Charles Plunkett
M. Veaudore	Otis Ski ner
M. Volage	Louis James
Frederick De Courcy	Albert T. Riddle
John	Homer Cope
Mlle. Marco	Marie Wamwright
Marie	Josie Batchelder
Mme. Duchatlet	Minnie Monk
Clementine	Addie Plunkett

At the Wednesday matinee "The Marble Heart" was presented in a creditable manner to a fair house, mainly composed of ladies. The last two acts were particularly well done and greatly applauded. Miss Wainwright made a good Mlle. Marco, and the company in general was satisfactory. Mr. Barrett's acting in the final act was a fine piece of work, and recognized as such by his auditors. In the evening

"HAMLET"

Was performed with the following cast:

Hamlet	Lawrence Barrett
The Ghost	Louis James
King Claudius	F. C. Mosley
Polonius	B. G. Rogers
Laertes	Otis Skinner
Horatio	Charles Rolfe
Rosencrantz	Percy Winter
Guildenstern	A. T. Riddle
Marcellus	Louis Lyon
Bernardo	Homer Cope
Osric	Addie Plunkett
Priest	Robert Sutton
First Actor	Erroll Dunbar
Second Actor	Carrie Davidson
First Gravedigger	Charles Plunkett
Second Gravedigger	George Vail
Queen Gertrude	Minnie Munk
Ophelia	Marie Wainwrighr
Player Queen	Josie Batcheldet

Of Mr. Barrett's Hamlet it is not necessary to speak, as it is a role of his with which our theatregoers are familiar. His support was fair, and Miss Wainwright was pleasing, if not strong. She was not, however, quite equal to the mad scene, but made Ophelia only idiotic instead of insane.

"RICHELIEU."

Cardinal Richelieu	Lawrence Barrett
King Louis XIII	Charles Rolfe
Duke of Orleans	Erroll Dunbar
Count de Baradas	F. C. Mosley
Adrian de Mauprat	Louis James
Sieur de Beringhen	Charles Plunkett
Huguet	Homer Cope
Father Joseph	B. G. Rogers
Francois	Albert T. Riddle
Clermont	Percy Winter
Captain of Guard	Louis Lyon
First Secretary	Garrie Davidson
Second Secretary	George Vail
Third Secretary	Robert Suttou
Julie De Mortimer	Marie Wainwright
Marion De Lorme	Josie Batchelder

Mr. Barrett's Richelieu on Thursday evening was an admirable performance so far as the acting is concerned, but the falsetto which he assumes to be a simulation of the voice of the old Cardinal, detracts from the merits the character as a whole. There is nothing natural in Mr. Barrett's elocution, and he will never be a great Richelieu until he reforms his methods in this respect. We can see no good reason for making the great speeches of Richelieu artificial and unnatural, and if Mr. Barrett could be more colloquial he would be more impressive.

Besides, his performance lost much of its effect because of the wretched character of his support. Mr. Mosley as Baradas, was a sort of Ragged Dick in fine clothes, and Mr. James was too heavy and constrained as De Mauprat. His enunciation, too, although loud enough, was indistinct. Miss Marie Wainwright as Julie was weak, stagey and artificial. But worse than all this, the company, when on the stage during Mr. Barrett's great scenes, stood listless and idle when they should have been moved by the force and passion which shook the frame of the minister of France. Mr. Barrett suffers, because he is only surrounded by an automata.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.—"BILLEE TAYLOR,"

Captain Flipper	W. H. Seymour
Sir Mincing Lane	H. A. Cripps
Billee Taylor	Harry De Lorme
Ben Barnacle	Harry Brown
Christopher Crab	Signor Brocolini
Phœbe Fairleigh	Marie Janeson
Arabella Lane	Vernona Jarbeau
Eliza Dabsey	Jennie Hughes
Susan	Rose Chippelle

A large audience greeted the reproduction of "Billee Taylor" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. The piece was placed upon the stage under the supervision of the author and the composer, Messrs Stephens & Solomon. The mounting was poor, owing to the haste consequent upon the little time elapsing between the day on which the determination to revive it was made and the day on which that determination was carried out, few if any preparations having previously been made for such an event, as they were not thought necessary, 'The Vicar of Bray" having been expected to secure at any rate a two weeks' run. The chorus, for the same reason, was bad, but the acting of the principals was far superior to that inflicted upon the public in Mr. Solomon's last effort. Mr. Seymour made a good Captain Flipper, and Mr. Cripps was fair as Sir Mincing Lane. Harry Brown appeared to better advantage than when we saw him last, but Mr. De Lorme made a miserable failure in the part of the virtuous young gardener. Signor Brocolini was a passable Christopher Crab, while Miss Janesen was a charming Phœbe. Miss Jarbeau did very little acting, but wore a great many diamonds, and evidently felt well satisfied with herself, even if the audience did not share in her satisfaction. Miss Hughes, we regret to say, did not heed our remarks of last week, but played Eliza as she had the Widow Merton in "The Vicar of Bray"—somewhat coarsely. Miss Chippelle, the original Susan in this country, played her old part wfth her old success, and as a whole, the performance proved entertaining, and succeeded in attracting fair, if not large, houses during the week.

GERMANIA THEATRE—"BOCCACCIO."

Giovano Boccaccio	Fraulein Marie Geistinger
Pietro, Prince of Palermo	Herr Schutz
Scalza	Herr Schultze
Beatrice	Fraulein Muenk
Lotteringhi	Herr Junker
Isabella	Fraulein Schatz
Lambertuccio	Herr Link
Peronella	Frau Habirch
Fiametta	Fraulein Seebold
Leonetto	Herr Lenoir
An Unknown	Herr Schmitz
The Duke's Major Domo	Herr V. Metsch
A News Vender	Herr Meyer

The revival of Suppe's "Boccaccio" at the Germania Theatre on Monday with Mme. Geistinger in the title role, attracted a large house. The performance was unusually good, all concerned in it doing their best, and what is more succeeding in pleasing their auditors, evidences of which were constantly shown during the evening by frequent outbursts of enthusiastic applause. Mme. Geistinger was fascinating as Boccaccio and made quite a hit, especially in the second act, where she outdid all the Boccaccios that have as yet appeared on the New York stage, even including Jeannie Winston. Miss Betty Muenk who appeared for the first time in America as Beatrice, also captured the hearts of her hearers and made a most enviable debut. She has a fine soprano voice, rich and clear, and can act as well as sing. The remainder of the cast are worthy, everyone, of mention, and a more even performance of the opera we have never seen. The chorus and orchestra were both very good, and the costumes handsome and effective.

THALIA THEATRE.—"DR. KLAUS."

Dr. Ferd. Klaus	Herr Franz Tewele
Julie	Fraulein Busch
Max Van Boden	Herr Ballman
Marie	Frau Galster
Emma	Fraulein Jollander
Paul Gerstel	Herr Stolte
Marian	Frau Lube
Lubowski	Herr Lindau
Augusta	Fraulein Schlag
Honor	Fraulein Kuhn
Berrman	Herr Gutthardt
Coimar	Herr Meyer
Jacob	Herr Steckel

To allow time for rehearsing "Women as They Should Not Be," L'Arronge's comedy of "Dr. Klaus" was performed at the Thalia Theatre on Monday. As will be seen, Mme. Gallmeyer was not in the cast, but despite this fact, the piece drew a large audience. Herr Tewele made quite a feature of the title role, and did

not suffer when compared to his predecessors in the part. The others were fully equal to the characters assigned them, Fraulein Jollander in particular. She created an exceedingly favorable impression, and did much toward increasing the admiration with which the habitues of the Thalia are beginning to regard her.

"WOMEN AS THEY SHOULD NOT BE."

Lawrence Paradeiser	Mr. Lindau
Eva	Mrs. aosephine Gallmeyer
Theodore Gepernick	Mr. Geschmeidler
Nachtigoll	Mr Franz Tewele
Habeswallner	Mr. Sehubert
Kratochwill	Mr. Stubel
Mlle. Cora Gotz	Miss Julanda
Felix Fieder	Mrr Bollman
Marquis Roislambert	Mr. Stolte
Count Janowsky	Mr. Lupschutz
Baron Sengsschmidt	Mr. Gotthardt
President Wolf	Mr. Meyer
John	Mr. Hoffmann
Jack	Mr. Rosenbusch
Police Commissioner Meyer	Mr. Zilzer
Lucretia	Mrs Gaister
Petronella	Miss Renee

On Tuesday evening Madame Gallmeyer appeared in "Women as They Should Not Be," a four-act farce, written for her by Berg. The house was crowded and the play much applauded. As Eva, a wealthy manufacturer's wife, who seeks relief from domestic duties by disguising herself as a famous Berlin actress, and in that form playing all manner of absurd tricks upon her husband, Mme. Gallmeyer made a hit, and received frequent recalls. In the third act one of her songs was redemanded five times. As the husband, Herr Lindau was second only to Gallmeyer, and Herr Tewele made a great deal of very little. Herr Geschmeidler deserves a word of praise for his laughable personation of Gepernick, and the minor characters were all equally well done. The piece, in short, proved a success, the excellent acting contributing not a little toward that end.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—"LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE."

Madame Theo showed her charming self to the New York public again, after a brief absence, in "La Jolie Parfumeuse" at the Bijou Opera House last Monday evening. Her support was the same as at the Fifth Avenue Theatre recently and, good as it was then, it has since improved, and everybody from Mme. Theo down deserves a word of commendation.

"LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE."

On Tuesday "Les Cloches de Corneville" took the place of "La Jolie Parfumeuse," and was listened to by a well filled house. The performance was a good one, the only drawback being that M. Noe needed the assistance of the prompter during most of the evening, and as the latter was not like William Lee, the coxswain of Captain Reece's Mantelpiece, a nervous, shy, low-spoken man, the audience had the rare pleasure of hearing the lines of the Marquis twice, first by the invisible speaker and then by M. Noe.

"LA MASCOTTE."

Notwithstanding the weather, Mme. Theo attracted a large audience on Wednesday evening to witness her performance of Bettina in "La Mascotte," in which she appeared to better advantage than when she played that part in this city last. It has since become more familiar to her, and she now acts it in the fascinating style that is the chief charm of her performances. Her support was essentially the same as that at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and like the star, has improved since we last saw it.

"LA TIMBALE D'ARGENT."

Molda	Mme. Theo
Muller	Betty
Fichtel	Bouisson
Mme. Barnabee	Vallot
Gaben	Vaudam
Pola	Adrienne
Agathe	Caro
Marza	Delournay
Raab	MM. Duplan
Pruth	Mezieres
Barnabee	Vinchon
Wilhelm	Girard
Valter	Terrancle
Gerome	Ber
Fritz	Norbert

"La Timbale d'Argent" was produced at the Bijou on Thursday evening, and the opportunity to witness Theo in a new role was one which theatregoers determined not to let slip, judging from the well-filled house. Those who came expecting a feast of fun went away without being disappointed, and the performance was highly enjoyed by all. The opera is a merry one, full of melody and action. Mme. Theo proved as fascinating in her new part as she was in those with which we were already acquainted, The chansonnettes which she introduced were well given and much applanded. Her support was excellent. Mlle. Betty made a delightful Muller, and MM. Mezieres and Duplan were both very amusing, while the others did all that was possible with their several roles.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE—"THE MASCOT."

Bettina	Alice Oates
Fiametta	Ella Caldwell
Prince Frederick	Alice Townsend
Lorenzo	James Sturges
Pippo	Henry Talbot
Rocco	Horace Frail
Sergeant Parafonte	George Clare
Court Physician / Matteo	Daniel Packard

We have often witnessed bad acting and singing, but that displayed by the Alice Oates Opera Bouffe Company in "The Mascot," at Tony Pastor's Theatre, on Monday evening, equalled the worst it was ever our fate to see. Mrs. Oates was bad, Miss Caldwell ditto, Miss Townsend ditto, Mr. Sturges ditto, and all the others ditto, including the chorus. Mr. Frail was exceedingly frail, and Mr. Sturges, finding that none of the audience would laugh at his doleful efforts to be funny, laughed at them himself, while Mrs. Oates gave stage directions several times during the performance in a tone of voice that rather confused those of her auditors who were unacquainted with Andran's opera, as they were not able to distinguish which were the lines of the libretto and which Mistress Alice's stage directions, unless they were fortunate enough to have a book of the opera with them to refer to. The orchestra was as weak as the performance, and the only thing to be commended is the endurance of the few persons who remained in the theatre until the curtain fell for the last time.

On Tuesday, during the day, the receipts at the box-office amounted, it is said, to the astounding sum of one dollar, and between the hours of half-past seven and half-past eight P. M., as many as six people, two of whom were the happy possessors of bill-board tickets, applied at the doors for admission. But they did not get in. Mr. Pastor, it seems, believes in the cash in advance system, and as the Alice Oates Opera Bouffe Company was not in a position to agree with his system, his representative refused to allow the company further use of the house after one o'clock Tuesday, in case the rent was not paid at or previous to that hour. The house, in consequence, was closed on Tuesday evening, and the crowd of six dispersed and went sadly home, the holders of the bill-board tickets in particular. The theatre will remain closed until the 23d, on which date Mr. Pastor opens with his own company.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE—"THE GALLEY SLAVE"

Frank Evans' Company appeared at the Mount Morris Theatre in "The Galley Slave,' during the week, to large houses. The acting was excellent, as a whole, and the mounting of the piece was greatly admired and applauded.

WINDSOR THEATRE—"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON."

Collier's "Lights o' London" Company returned down town again on Monday night and opened for a week at the Windsor Theatre. The house was crowded, and much applause was bestowed upon the performance.

METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR.—"DONNA JUANITA."

A very fair performance of "Donna Juanita" was given by the Boston English Opera Company at the Alcazar on Monday evening. The cast was aimost the same as that which appeared at Tony Pastor's theatre last week. The Alcazar ballet was introduced in the third act, and plainly regarded by the audience as the best part of the entertainment.

ERNEST STANLEY IN THE BOWERY.

Ernest Stanley's Allied Shows played at the London Theatre during the week to business that was simply immense. In all Mr. Stanley's company comprises forty-five people, including the Australian Minstrels, Malvina Renner, a very good singer from the Ring Theatre, Vienna, and many specialists. We are assured that the words allied shows mean, besides the olio, minstrelsy, opera and comedy and drama. Mr. Stanley is delighted with his success at Mr. Donaldson's theatre.

The Week in Philadelphia.

Comparatively little music, and an unusual quantity of new play—such is the summary of Philadelphia's amusements this week. Mlle. Rhea's appearance in Dumas' drama of "Diane de Lys" at Haverly's, was the feature, at least if we can judge by the amount and degree of positive criticism which it seemed to call for. "Diane le Lys" is about as aggravated and unpleasant a specimen of the French adulterous drama as there is, and the critics generally pitched into it Tuesday morning. It is a healthy sign that there is so little demand for the a. d. on the part of the American public, and when the managers do give us anything really naughty, they no longer dare to sicken

us with revolting coarseness in the methods of the artist. No actress less refined than Mlle. Rhea would have been endured in so tiresome an impersonation of depravity as "Diane de Lys," and even when the usual Parisian results of married infelicity are done up in Offenbachian music, they seem to have discovered that they must not be disgusting and obtrusive with the Frenchiness thereof, as was shown conclusively in the case of Theo as La Jolie Parfumeuse. The apologists for this entire class of dramatic entertainment, whether it be comic opera, Dumas' five-act pieces, or the can-can, seem to utterly ignore the fact that there are oceans of fun to be had out of less immoral phases of human nature, and that we will never be driven to play the adulterous drama for want of other interesting emotional material.

Gus Williams played "One of the Finest" at the Arch Street Theatre, and Joseph Murphy the "Shaun Rhue" at the Walnut. Both made hits; though neither of these alleged new plays is really new. One act of "Shaun Rhue" is borrowed bodily from "Maum Cre, or a Handful of Earth," Mr. Murphy's old play. Gus, as the German policeman, made even a better impression than as the German Senator, and D. G. Longworth's support as Mort Devine, the masher, was equally telling and characteristic.

Lotta, as the Little Detective, arrests and imprisons large crowds at the Chestnut Street Opera House nightly. The charming little woman will be with us nearly a month.

Carncross has drawn crowds this week with a new burlesque "The Two Governors, or the Stalwart Baby." Courtwright's Minstrels have nothing particularly new this week, but the old bill is so good they don't need anything new. "The Merry War" still attracts crowds to the Germania; and Fieldings Double Combination is meeting with great success at the National. "The Haymakers" at the Lyceum will be replaced by "Billee Taylor," next week.

George Wood and George M. Fried opened the Bijou (late Eighth street) Theatre, last Saturday, with Miss Lillie Hinton in "Flowers of the Forest," to crowded houses both afternoon and evening. They purpose making it a family resort, where a lady can come without fearing that the blush of shame, etc. Mr. Wood's career at the Museum, which he raised from the depths of degradation to respectability, encourages him to expect similar success at the Bijou. This leads me to suspect that his giving up the Museum is not entirely explained, unless the whole story is that the rent of the Bijou is not so heavy as that of the Museum, and that the crowd which goes wherever Lillie Hinton goes will suffice for the former, although it did not pay the latter. Lillie is threatened with several new plays, by local authors. "The Quaker's Daughter" by H. Grattan Donnelly, is one, of which great things are expected. Donnelly is a good fellow, and knows something about writing a play.

Theo took in $9,000 at the Chestnut Street Opera House last week. Grumblers who paid a dollar and a half to sit in the front row of the parquet circle say they don't wonder. Prices for good seats are becoming too high here, and the managers are beginning to listen for the first symptoms of discontent. They won't have long to wait. WACK.

By jove I have been looking everywhere for something to do and can find nothing to my mind. Bartley Campbell and Col. Haverly wanted me for "The White Slave" and "Siberia" in California, but I didn't like the conditions. There would have been two weeks sure without salary, one of them on the rail. The reason I did not go is that the Colonel is too good a business man for me. He agreed to pay my fare, of course, but he would give no assurance about a sleeping berth and meals on the way. As I did not choose to go without bed and board I made up my mind to stay at home.

* * *

What I need is a chance to play an old man's part or a character part in New York. This seems to be a season of good luck for old men and character hits. I don't know that I could do as well as Jimmy Lewis as Gunnion, or Mackay as Joe Heckett, but I'd like to try. A man never knows what he can do until he has a chance.

* * *

Why don't I take to lecturing? There you're giving me the grand guy. Nobody wants lectures nowadays, because this generation avoids everything with thought or instruction in it. Out of New York it may be different nd I hope it is. While I am sure the lecture platform would not do for an old Prompter like me, I am heartily glad of the kind reception accorded to Celia Logan on Sunday night.

* * *

I knew all the Logans—the three girls and their parents. Peter Logan and I were boys together—his real name was Cornelius A. but he once ayed in a farce called the "The Two Peters," and played so devilish well that he was called Peter ever afterwards.

* * *

I'd better go into dramatic journalism—what are you giving me?

* * *

There are too many people in it now, and few of them have any idea of what they are doing. There never was a time in my recollection when dramatic criticism in New York was not mere twaddle. It is worse twaddle to-day than ever before. I don't know a critic who knows a good play when he sees it, and I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for any man's opinion but my own.

* * *

Why don't I come to the defence of my friends on THE THEATRE in the matter of Byrne's sneers at the old people whose history is told in "An Interviewer's Album." It isn't worth my while, and Mr. S. would not thank me, perhaps, if I did. But I knew all the people whose names Byrne mentions, and all of them are living to-day. They are all living to-day, and I don't think it reflects any honor on the profession if it sympathises with this throwing of mud at old favorites because they happen to linger on the stage of life after their usefulness in the mimic world is past. I would not like to be considered only worthy to be forgotten, I can tell you.

Who is Madame Achille? Well, she is the oldest living danseuse, for one thing. She came to the old Bowery as long ago as 1828, and danced in Turkish trousers because New York was too squeamish at that time for the gauze of this day.

* * *

Mlle. Augusta in her time was the prettiest dancer on the stage, and, as a dancer, she was more than the rival of Celeste.

* * *

Alexander Allen was a more prolific dramatist than either Gunter or Marsden. Wallack, Hamblin, and Mitchell all produced pieces from his pen, and some of his burlesques, notably "1940" and "Stars at the Astor," made great hits. If the history of American dramatic literature is worth preserving, the name of Alexander Allen will be preserved with it.

* * *

It is not safe to say that F. W. Rosier is a nobody because you never heard of him. He was the intimate friend and co-worker of Von Weber, which in itself is some warrant for immortality. But he has a still higher claim to remembrance—he was one of the founders of the New York Philharmonic Society.

* * *

The object of "An Interviewer's Album" is one that can not appeal to illiterate men. It is simply to preserve the portraits and the memories of celebrated performers. Men of taste and culture delight in gathering these things, and the only reason why Byrne sneers at them is because he is illiterate.

—"Fat, creamy, and crummy," is the way Cazauran speaks of Fanny Davenport.

—Mr. Florence is determined, during his forthcoming engagement at the Grand Opera House, not to recognize the window bill tickets which have become so severe a tax upon the profession. He prefers doing without the window advertisements to playing night after night to people who bought their admissions from saloon keepers, and not at the box-office.

—Mr. James O'Neil's starring tour with "An American King" has ended. This is the first really serious misfortune of the season, for Mr. O'Neil is an excellent actor, and a little management would insure his success.

—Henry W. Slaughter, who was the husband of Marie Wainwright, died in Australia, where he was playing with George Rignold.

—Mr. Osmund Tearle has been re-engaged as leading man at Wallack's, and will reach this city in time to appear in "Moths," which is underlined for speedy production. The failure of Mr. William Herbert has necessitated this step.

—It is announced that the scenery of "Fourteen Days," to be produced at the Union Square Theatre by Mr. Charles Wyndham's London Criterion Company, will outdo anything of the kind ever before seen in this country. Judging from the manner in which critics and public have been recently crushing plays with nothing but

scenic excellence to recommend them, unless "Fourteen Days" and Mr. Charles Wyndham and his London Criterion Company are worth seeing for themselves the scenery will have little effect in opening the pocket-books of the public.

—Miss Helen Bancroft is to play the leading part in Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," in California. The reason why the company known as No. 2, which started out to play this piece, was disbanded, was because too many inefficient people were engaged for it. Bad acting soon brought the tour to an end.

—Signor Salvini sailed from Havre last Saturday, and is due in this city on Tuesday next. His first appearance this season will be made at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, October 26. Salvini begins with Othello. He will be supported by Mr. Lewis Morrison and Miss Marie Prescott.

—Boston is taking great interest in that interesting event, the Warren Semi-Centennial. Mr. Warren has been on the stage so long that Commodore Tooker seriously believed he had found his name in a cast of 1818.

—It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that John Gilbert once played Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." When T. B. Pugh was contemplating a reproduction of the play a few years ago, he offered the part to Mr. Gilbert. Instead of getting angry, as he had a right to do, Mr. Gilbert declined the part on the ground that his remembrances of his previous effort in it were not pleasant.

—Some sapient individual has discovered that it is a curious fact that Charles Wyndham and Mrs. Langtry are to appear in this city on the same night. We confess that we cannot see anything remarkable about it.

—Mr. Barton Hill has joined Ada Dyas' company, Mr. George Wessler taking Mr. Hill's place in Miss Claxton's company.

—Mr. Maurice Grau has determined to pay Madame Theo's forfeit of $12,000 in order to prolong her engagement in this country. This looks like prosperity.

—Messrs. Stephens and Solomon intend to versify, and make musical Douglass Jerrold's "Black Eyed Susan." What is the use of spoiling a good piece of work? Whatever Mr. Solomon's merits as a composer may be we are certain that Mr. Stephens cannot improve Jerrold's humor, or in turning his pathos into fun make anything worth listening to, taking the wit of "Billee Taylor" or "Claude Duval" as a criterion. Besides, Jerrold's work has already been abused enough. Burnand, we believe, burlesqued it, and Byron tried to, while a score of American and English alleged humorists have picked at it. Give Jerrold a rest, for he was not a bad sort of fellow—at any rate not deserving of all this.

—"Rip Van Winkle," Planquett's new opera, which is now in rehearsal at the Standard Theatre, will be produced November 6.

—Who says the days of miracles are past. A manager at St. Joe, Mo., refused to allow the Kendalls to present "Forget-Me-Not" at his theatre on the ground that it would be an infringement on the rights of Genevieve Ward. Please pass the cake for conscientiousness on to that manager.

—The ha! ha! man was at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, and was led out by two ushers and a policeman for disturbing the performance. This was too severe. He was only imitating Louis James' laugh.

—Some time ago Marie Prescott, the actress, sued the American News Company for circulating an alleged libel, the author of which was a certain Ernest Harvier, and the case has been on trial during the week. Miss Prescott was placed on the witness stand, where she was severely cross-examined by Judge Fullerton. "Did you ever profess to be the wife of Ernest Harvier?" she was asked. "Never," she replied, quietly. As the question was pressed in other forms she finally appealed to the Court to show Harvier to the jury, as she thought such an exhibition would be convincing to the twelve good men and true.

—Laura Don has been playing "A Daughter of the Nile" in Chicago this week to poor business. As a conseqence her physician has ordered her back to New York.

—Lawrence Barrett's business at the Grand Opera House this week has been phenomenal. Although the theatre seats nearly three thousand people, "standing room only" has been the rule.

—Minnie Hauk arrived in this city on Thursday, and will remain here a fortnight. Her concert tour begins in Boston on the 26th inst., but she will not be heard in concert in New York at all.

—These are the lowest cash rates on Patti nights: Balcony boxes, $50; mezzanine boxes, $20; parquette and balcony seats, $7 and $5; general admission, $2.50; reserved seats in the family circle, $2, and admission to family circle, 75 cents.

—Most of our managers, it seems, have recently been seized by the realism mania, and are striving to out-do one another in giving the public "something real." The heart of the immortal Mr. Crummles would rejoice could he but witness the rapid advance in realism. If this sort of thing keeps on, we shall soon have real convicts—hired at so much a head from the State—on the stage as well as real gypsies, and the thousand and one other real things which the managers consider attractions. The latest victim of the realism craze is Mr. Scott Marble, the able critic and dramatist. That he has got it bad, we judge from the following advertisement which we clip from the Chicago *Daily News* of last Tuesday:

MALE HELP WANTED.

12 "FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLES" WANTED—
To travel with Scott Marble's new drama and appear in the realistic bar-room scene of the
"DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER."
ARTHUR G. CAMBRIDGE, Dramatic Agent, 75 S. Clark st.

—Messrs. Brooks & Dickson will undertake the management of Solomon and Stephens' new operas in this country.

—Lecocq's opera, "Trompette," received its first performance in this country at the Germania Theatre last night, with Fraulein Geistinger in the title-role, and Herr Link as Taborean. It came too late for critical notice this week.

CELIA LOGAN ON ACTRESSES.

It is seldom that a new comer on the lecture platform is accorded such a reception as was given last Sunday evening to Celia Logan in the Park Theatre. The lecture, a new one, was on "Actresses," and the audience, which entirely filled the house, was made up of a goodly proportion of "player-folk," together with the general public. The well known name she bears and the interest of her subject doubtless insured the cordial welcome she was given when she appeared on the stage, but her graceful delivery, clear enunciation and pleasant voice, together with the ability she manifested in the lecture, won for her most hearty applause and a recall at the close. The slight nervousness she betrayed at first soon passed away, and in telling some of the humorous stories that abounded in the discourse she showed herself an actress of no mean powers. She was handsomely dressed in black velvet with a long train, and wore no ornaments excepting two large roses at her breast.

In ancient times, she began, there were actresses, despite the popular notion that all parts in the drama were taken by males. Actresses in Rome, however, were rather dancers and pantomimists than what the moderns call actresses. One of these, Luccei, danced in public at the age of 100 years, and Galleria at the age of 99 years, or, by some authorities, at 105. This was even older than some of the soubrettes of to-day seem to be. One Roman matron built a theatre and gave free exhibitions of dancing. An actress became the wife of Justinian I., the only one who ever became an empress, though—and this was very dryly said—a number of others are queens by marital right.

An interesting sketch of the drama of the middle ages followed. England was the last country, excepting China, to throw open its doors to female players, and even as late as the reign of Henry VII. difficulty was experienced in finding youths who could look and act female parts. Shakspere himself was once compelled to crave the patience of the audience for a "wait," saying, "Desdemona hath a stubborn beard which refuseth to come off." Even in America some actors have appeared in female parts, Edwin Forrest being one. To-day Anna Dickinson is the only member of either sex who desires to step into the position of the other. A warm tribute was paid to the actors of olden times who made way for women in their profession, and the lecturer drew out a round of applause by sharply contrasting their behavior with that of certain trades unions of to-day.

The American actresses of to-day were not such a galaxy of stars as those of thirty years ago, not because of less talant, but because in that elder day hard study and long apprenticeship were required for success, whereas in the plays to-day in vogue no such preparation was made. Formerly it was difficult to recruit the ranks of actresses, excepting from among the children of other actresses, but to-day all womankind seems to be stage struck.

In describing the work of preparation formerly in vogue Charlottee Cushman was cited. She learned to ride on horseback on the road and in the circus ring, to be at home in her habit as Lady Gay Spanker, and even after she had become celebrated as Romeo she used to practice the back fall in her room for hours. In the past the acting was realistic; to-day the scenery is realistic. Mrs. Annie Sefton, better known as Mrs. J. R. Wallack, used, in the murder scene in "Othello," when playing Emilia, to rattle the locked door and beat on the window sides until her arms were black and blue while shouting "Help! Help! The Moor hath killed my mistress!" Once a protruding nail tore her arm so that it was covered with blood without her noticing it, and once a man in the audience was so carried away by her acting that he ran out of the theatre shouting, "Help! help! murder!" An amusing story of how Julia Dean while practicing her part in a country hotel was locked up as a lunatic by the landlord, put the audience in a laugh, and the lecturer continued with an account of a difficulty not infrequently experienced by actors of studying a part "out of their heads"—that is, studying so hard that the lines entirely disappear from the mind. In such cases the "cue" generally recalls the lines on the stage. Eliza Logan in the part of Cora found herself physically unable to scream when her child was stolen, and had to turn her back to the audience while another woman at the wings did the screaming. But that night while fast asleep in bed she alarmed the house and neighborhood by a succession of the wildest screams.

Formerly, white, red and black were the only colors of paint at the actress' command, and her entire stage wardrobe consisted usually of half a dozen flimsy dresses of

her own make; but to-day, all the appliances of cunning artists are at her command. Not only are eyes, complexion and feet "made up," but even a lady's nose is prepared to suit the rest of the face and the size of the theatre. The mouth, too, has to be reddened just enough and not too much. As a rule actresses make up too much. If they would imitate the ladies in private life they would be just right. George Rignold, whom Celia Logan termed "that gilded youth," bought a photograph of Bryant to "make up by," for the part of King Lear.

The actress' prominent characteristics were then rapidly sketched, and then the lecturer said that in no other occupation does a woman receive such liberal pay for her work as on the stage. Few and fortunate are the female writers who make $10,000 or $20,000 by a lifetime of work; but this is not unfrequently the net result of a single season to the actress. The actress' example has led women everywhere to essay what is called man's work. She was the first to begin the "Female Labor Reform Movement," and she has suffered all the hardship of such an initial step. Speaking of the "almost universal disbelief in the actress' honor," the lecturer said that the list was long of actresses who have been ennobled by marriage, but not a single instance was on record of the high position thus attained to be sullied or forfeited, which was more than could be said of those born to the purple.

MLLE. RHEA AS DIANE DE LYS.

[From the Philladelphia *Press*, Oct. 10.]

In the pruning of the text and in the management of the scenes Mlle. Rhea's translation of M. Dumas' drama, seen at Haverly's last evening, is successful in so far that the appearance of evil is removed. Unfortunately this pruning seriously weakens the motive of the play and leaves the audience unprepared for its tragic termination. Diane de Lys marries without love, and her grand passion comes after marriage when living in Paris, separated from her husband. She falls in love with a young artist. That love is unrestrained and unconcealed, and in the first part of the piece is pictured as yet guiltless. She frankly acknowledges her affection for her lover with a heart and mind quite as impervious to any sense of right or wrong as she is indifferent to her future in the world. She thinks of nothing, cares for nothing save her love. Her husband returns to Paris, duly advised of the situation in advance by a judiciously meddling sister, calmly paints for her the foolishness of an open scandal, and offers to return her to her father, whence she may go where she pleases. She eagerly accepts the situation, but the husband repents of his ready acquiescence in her departure, confesses his laches in not trying to win her love, at the same time acknowledging that he wishes to love and cherish the woman he has found in the place of the child for whom he had provided the toys she, he thought, most fitting. Too late; she had seen and loved. To her then comes the lover who has heard of her departure and followed her. He is at the disposal of the husband, who replies with Russian coolness, "This lady is my wife. I am her husband. I have perfect confidence in her. She is going away with me. I do not know you, but you have intruded into my house. If you presume again to approach my wife I will kill you." This promises well, and we are led to believe that the wife will see her duty. The lover is persuaded that she has, and is only disabused of that idea when the recreant woman takes the first opportunity to fly to his arms. The husband follows them and keeps his word.

Mlle. Rhea has made her task a most difficult one. As has been intimated above, the course of the woman is incompatible with the slightest regard for morality. This woman is not seduced or led away. She goes astray of her own free will, and is stopped by nothing. Such a woman is as guilty as if she had lived in open adultery, and it is only prudish refinement that tries to keep up the semblance of interest in her fate by the thin pretense that she has not yet committed the actual sin of infidelity, and is not, from the beginning, utterly beyond redemption. M. Dumas is innocent of anything so inartistic. Mlle. Rhea endeavors to do what she can to build up this theory by a refinement of method, and carefully stripping the sentiment of anything sensual, and yet the bitter fact remains; this woman is taken from her lover, and then only upon the promise that she shall be allowed to rejoin him. This promise she never for a moment repents, and deaf to duty she hastens to keep it as soon as possible. Such a character must lose sympathy from the very begining, and at last arouse aversion and contempt, softened only by the pity which is extended to a weak and sinning woman. Mlle. Rhea held the sympathy and interest of the audience to the close. But then what has been accomplished? The lover, a worthy partner of the woman, whose only merit is that he remains true to her, is killed, and his blood is on the hands of the husband, who has shown unusual forbearance, and done the best he could with the light that he had. Mr. William Harris played the role of the husband with sufficient coolness and force, though with little show of French polish and smoothness. Beyond this there was little chance for praise, and the last act was unnecessarily long and tedious.

E. T. Wells, an old actor, living in Newark, is in very needy circumstances.

The new Opera House in Buffalo was inaugurated on Thursday evening by the Strakosch English Opera Company, who were received with much applause. The house is a very handsome structure, and the occasion of its inauguration drew a large and fashionable audience.

MRS. LANGTRY AS ROSALIND.

The only disappointment which I heard expressed during the evening's entertainment came from gentlemen who were disappointed with Rosalind's dress as Ganymede. It is possibly a confession of something like degeneracy in tastes and morals to speak the truth in regard to the leading object of most of the young men present. They came to see the beauty of several London seasons in male attire, and in such attire as is usually adopted by women in the part of Rosalind. They were disappointed, because Mrs. Langtry wore a tunic, which came down to her knees, and which rather disguised than set off her figure. Not that the dress were inartistic; it was eminently picturesque and appropriate. Mrs. Langtry's dress as Ganymede was singularly becoming. It was a gray tunic with soft felt hat to match, and a scarf or cloak falling from the shoulders. It was such a dress as lends itself to the illusion intended by Shakespeare, such a dress as might in some sense justify the singular blindness of Orlando, who neither from voice nor manner nor appearance detects in his intercourses with Ganymede, the woman whom he is apostrophizing in prose and verse all over the forest of Ardennes. Apart from this little disappointment of the golden youth of the metropolis, the general verdict seemed to be that the new Rosalind was an excellent representation. The critics, so far as I have seen, notably those who write in the Sunday papers, appear to be touched with the disappointment to whtch I have already referred. Otherwise, they generally exhibit what may be called a benevolent neutrality between the public and the artist, praising her grace and expressing their surprise that she has advanced so successfully to her present artistic position. They see in Rosalind a marked improvement upon her other efforts; they acknowledge the great difficulties she has overcome, and are unanimous in their praise of her carefully prepared delivery of the text, and the very remarkable way in which she spoke the epilogue.

The general public are evidently better pleased with Mrs. Langtry than are the critics. On Saturday night, pit, gallery, and upper boxes were crowded, as they have been during the week, by the middle and working classes of London. They received the new actress just as cordially as if she had been long a popular favorite. No doubt she appeals to them strongly from one important stand-point: they can hear what she says. Her delivery is clear, her voice is pleasant. It must often happen in the London theatres that the gallery can form a very poor idea of what the heroes and heroines of the stage are saying. There is nothing for which they are more grateful than a distinct delivery and a voice that can be heard. Mrs. Langtry has all this in her favor. On Saturday night, with one or two exceptions, she spoke her lines far better than some of the experienced artists by whom she was surrounded. Coupled with this immense advantage, the people in the gallery and other upper parts of the house see before them a charming woman, with lovely eyes, a sweet expression, and an eminently graceful carriage. In these days this is a great deal to be thankful for; and when the fickleness of the public is discussed, or its want of appreciation of high art, apropos of its lavish support of Mrs. Langtry, these points should not be overlooked. There are many leading artists upon the English stage who cannot be distinctly heard beyond the stalls. Mrs. Langtry's voice travels easily over an entire theatre, and puts no tax upon the attention of the gallery. To say that her Rosalind is comparable to that of Mrs. Kendall, Miss Faucitt, or the late Adelaide Neilson, would be absurd; to say that it is great in any sense would be equally to discount the high standard which other eminent artists have reached in this delightful part. It would, however, be equally unfair to Mrs. Langtry to deny that there are delightful moments in her Rosalind; that her appearance is perfect; that her poses are always graceful; that her Gannymede is charmingly boyish, and that her performance throughout is most pleasing and agreeable. No novice in my time ever made half so promising a debut in any great Shaksperian part, and there is no amateur in the range of private theatricals who could approach Mrs. Langtry either in her reading or acting of the part, while there are many professionals of distinction who might take lessons from her elocution and her industry. The audience in the popnlar parts of the house were more than satisfied. They called and recalled her, and the burst of applause with which the closing lines of the epilogue were received came from every part of the densely crowded theatre. The scene of the Forest of Arden was not as picturesque nor as pastoral as that where what I may call the first public rehearsal of "As You Like It" took place (as described in a previous letter) in the gardens of Pope's Villa on the Thames.

Everybody was asking everybody else likely to know what the American public will think of Mrs. Langtry's Rosalind. I venture to predict that the American public will think very much as the English public do. They will feel a personal interest in seeing the lady who is so prominent a figure in London society. They will be pleased with her appearance. She will win their favor in comedy scenes, and not less their respect at any time, for her manner is modest, and she has that faculty which phrenologists call "a desire to please," which tends to disarm criticism and excite sympathy. The New York reader will quite understand what interest I felt in reading upon the face of Mr. Sarony, of New York, the effect of the new actress's appearance. He was delighted with Mrs. Langtry from his point of view. It required no great powers of observation to see that he was posing her in his mind's eye during most of the performance, and at the close, when I saw him for a few minutes, he confessed to me that he considered her a beautiful woman, a most graceful subject for an artist, and from first to last a charming Rosalind.

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS

FOR NEXT WEEK.

Abbey's Park Theatre.—John T. Raymond as "Colone Mulberry Sellers."

Academy of Music.—Opening of the Opera Season. Monday, debut of Mme. Laura Zagury in "I Puritani." Wednesday, debut of Signor Mierzwienski in "Guglielmo Tell." Friday, debut of Mlle. Filomena Savio in "Lucrezia Borgia."

Booth's Theatre.—"The Romany Rye."

Bijou Opera House.—Bijou Opera Company in "The Sorcerer."

Bunnell's Museum.—Curiosities.

Belgian Panorama Co—Siege of Paris.

Daly's Theatre.—"The Squire."

Fifth Avenue Theatre.—Grau's French Ope a Co., in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann."

Grand Opera House.—Gus Williams in "One of the Finest."

Germania Theatre.—Marie Geistinger.

Haverly's Theatre.—Agnes Herndon in "Only a Farmer's Daughter."

Harry Miner's New Theatre.—Variety.

Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre.—Variety.

Koster & Bial's Hall.—Concerts.

London Theatre.—Variety.

Madison Square Theatre.—"Young Mrs. Winthrop."

Metropolitan Alcazar.—Ballets.

Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Philadelphia Church Choir Co. in "Patience," "Olivette" and "La Mascotte." Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Maud Granger in "The Planter's Wife."

Niblo's Garden.—The Kiralfy Bros.' "Around the World in Eighty Days."

Parker's American Theatre.—Variety.

Standard Theatre.—"Les Manteaux Noirs."

San Francisco Minstrels.—"De Lights o' New York."

Theatre Comique.—"The Blackbird."

Thalia Theatre.—Madame Gallmeyer.

Tivoli Theatre.—Variety.

Union Square Theatre.—Joe Jefferson in "The Rivals."

Wallack's Theatre.—"The Parvenu."

Windsor Theatre.—W. J. Scanlon in "Friend and Foe."

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

Grand Opera House.—Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau.

Haverly's Theatre.—Minnie Palmer in "My Sweetheart."

Hyde and Behman's.—Variety.

Park Theatre.—Hague's British Minstrels.

The Theatre List.

ADA GRAY.—Charlotte, N. C., Oct. 16; Spartanburg, L. C., 17, Greenville 18, Columbia 19, Charleston 20, Augusta, Ga., 23.

ALEXANDER CAUFFMAN CO.—Savannah, Oct. 16, Augusta 18, Macon 20, Atlanta 23, Columbus 25, Opelika, Ala, 26; Montgomery 27, Lake Charles 30, Galveston 31, Houston, Nov. 2, San Antonio 4, Austin 6, Brenham 8, Corsicana 9, Dallas 10.

ANNIE PIXLEY.—Haverhill, Oct. 16: Biddeford, Me., 17; Lewiston 18, Bangor 19, Portland 20.

A. M. PALMER'S UNION SQUARE THEATRE CO.—Chicago, Oct. 16, three weeks.

ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO.—Little Rock, Oct. 16; Cincinnati 23, Louisville 30.

ADA DYAS' STANDARD OPERA CO.—Jersey City, Oct. 16,; Paterson 19, New Brunswick 20, Yonkers, N. Y., 21; Newburg, 23; Trenton, N. J., 24; Easton, Pa., 26; Scranton 27, Wilkesbaire 28; Buffalo, N. Y., 30, Brooklyn, Nov. 6.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE.—Cincinnati, Oct. 16.

ADAMS' PANTOMIME CO.—Albany, Oct. 16; Troy 19.

ANTHONY AND ELLIS' "Uncle Tom" No. 1.—St. Louis, Oct. 16.

ATKINSON'S JOLLITIES has been reorganized and will open at Erie, Pa., Oct. 16. The company includes Frank Daniels, J. K. Rennie, Alexander Bell, Jennie Yeamans, and Henry Braham as musical director.

BARRY CONLAN'S GARRY OWEN CO. will open season in Milwaukee, Oct. 22: Joliet, Ill., 26, Peoria 27, Decatur 28.

BARRY AND FAY.—Fort Wayne, Oct. 16; Bellfontaine 17, Springfield 18, Chillicothe 19, Columbus 20.

BERTHA WELBY, ONE WOMAN'S LIFE—Bradford, Pa., Oct. 16; Bolivar, N. Y., 17; Olean 18, Rochester 19.

BAKER AND FARRON.—St. Thomas, Oct. 16; London 17, Toledo, O., 18, Detroit 19.

BUFFALO BILL.-Marysville, Ky., Oct. 16; Lexington 17; New Albany, Ind., 18; Bowling Green 19, Nashville 20; Cairo, Ill., 23; Evansville, Ind., 24, Leuisville 26, Terre Haute, Ind., 30, Decatur, Ill., 31.

BARNEY MCAULEY.—Rochester, Oct. 16; Lockport 19, Toronto 20, Erie, Pa., 23, Corry 24, Oil City 25, Newcastle 26, Akron, O., 27, Canton 28, Columbus 30.

BOSTON.—Museum, "The Parvenu;" next week comedy revival, commencing Oct. 16 with "The School for Scandal," 17, "Old Heads and Young Hearts;" Park, Maggie Mitchell in "Jane Eyre" and "Mignon," Oct. 16, "Esmeralda;" Boston, "Youth;" Globe, Mme. Modjeska; Howard Athenæum, Joseph Proctor in "Nick of the Woods."

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON—Newark, O., Oct. 16; Columbus 17, Richmond 18, Indianapolis 19, Lafayette 20, Logansport 21, Chicago 23, Elgin 30, Rockford 31.

CLAIRE SCOTT.—Americus, Ga., Oct. 16; Eufaula, Ala., 17; Columbus, Ga., 18; Opelika, 20.

C. B. BISHOP IN STRICTLY BUSINESS.—New Orleans, Oct. 16; Galveston 23, Houston 25, San Antonia 27, Austin 28, Corsicana 30.

C. A. GARDENER'S KARL CO.—Defiance, O., Oct. 16; Toledo 17, Fremont 18, Bucyrus 19, Findlay 20.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE.—St. Louis, Oct. 15; Cinncinati 23.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTS O' LONDON," NO. 1.—Buffalo, Oct. 16; Syracuse 23, Utica 26.

CARRIE SWAIN IN CAD, THE TOMBOY.—Providence, Oct. 16; New Haven 19.

CORINNE MERRIEMAKERS.—Batavia, Ill., Oct. 16; Sterling 17.

CHILD OF THE STATE (Frank Pilling's Co.).—London, Oct. 17; Newark 18, Lancaster 19.

CALLENDER'S NEW COLORED MINSTRELS.—Cleveland, Oct. 16; Toledo 19, Youngstown 20.

CALLENDER'S CON. MINSTRELS.—Navasota, Oct. 16; Bremen 17, Mesia 18, Corsicana 19, Tyler 20, Dallas 21.

CHICAGO.—Grand Opera House: Laura Don in "A Daughter of the Nile"; Oct. 16, debut of George C. Miln in "Hamlet"; 17, "Othello"; 18, matinee "Othello," night "Hamlet"; 19, "Othello"; 20, "Macbeth"; 21, matinee "Hamlet," night "Othello." Hooley's: Salsbury's Troubadours in "Green Room Fun"; Oct. 15, Robson and Crane in "D.A.M." Haverly's: John McCullough; Oct. 16, A. M. Palmer's Union Square Co. in "The Lights o' London." McVickers: Mary Anderson. Olympic: Barry and Fay.

DEN THOMPSON.—St. Paul, Oct. 16; Minneapolis 23.

DEAKIN S LILIPUTIAN OPERA CO.—Anamosa, Oct. 16; Monticello 17, Manchester 18, Independence 19, Cedar Falls 20, Waverly 23.

ERNEST STANLEY'S ALLIED SHOWS.—Philadelphia, Oct. 16; Pittsburg 23.

FRANK I. FRAYNE COMPANY.—Brooklyn, Oct. 16; Baltimore 23.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.—Moline, Ill., Oct. 15; Davenport 18, Iowa City 19, Cedar Rapids 20, Waterloo 21, Beloit, Wis., 23; Madison 24, Oshkosh 25, Milwaukee 26, Janesville 30, Clinton 31.

FORD'S COMIC OPERA CO.—Pittsburg, Oct. 16.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT.—Williamsport, Oct. 16; Trenton, N. J., 17; Orange 19, Elizabeth 20, Paterson 21, Philadelphia 23, New York 30, Williamsburg, Nov 6.

GOODWIN AND THORNE'S "BLACK FLAG."—Williamsburg, N. Y., Oct 16.

GERMANIA THEATRE CO.—Detroit 16, Cincinnati 20, Louisville 23, Pittsburg 27, Washington 30, Baltimore, Nov. 1.

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, the latest aspirant for dramatic fame, will be supported by the following company: G. W. Owens, Henry Ludlam, D. M. Brewer, Joseph Daymond, F. B. Jordan, Walter Pleugh, James Campbell, Walter Bruce, Edgar Valentine, Mrs. J. R. Healy, Nettie Grenville and Julia Brown. Edwin Lawrence, manager; J. H. Adams, advance; J. M. Lawrence, advertising; Albert Loraine, props.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.—Washington, Oct. 16; Baltimore 23,

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S CONSOLIDATED CO.—Philadelphia, Oct 16: Brooklyn 23.

HOLMAN OPERA CO.—Allentown, Oct. 16: Reading 17, York 19, Harrisburg 20, Lancaster 21, Altoona 23, Johnstown 24, Franklin 25, Meadville 26, Erie 27, Jamestown 28.

HELEN COLEMAN'S WIDOW BEDOTT.—Richburg, Oct. 16, 17; Cuba 18, Salamanca 19, Cattaraugus 20, Titusville, Pa., 21, Greenville 23, Meadville 24.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—Nashua, N. H., Oct. 17; Manchester 18, Laconia 19, Claremont 20, Bellows Falls, Vt. 21, Brattleboro 23, Hinsdale, N. H., 24, North Adams, Mass., 25, Troy N. Y., 26.

HAZEL KIRKE (Original Co.).—Council Bluffs, Ia. Oct. 16; Des Moines 17, Moline, Ill., 18, Milwaukee 19, Muskegon 23, Grand Rapids 24, East Saginaw 25, Bay City 26, Jackson 27, Kalamazoo 28, Chicago 30.

HAZEL KIRKE (East and West).—Brocton Oct. 16, Marblehead New Bedford 18, Salem 19, Gloucester 20, Lynn 21, Waltham, Mass., 23, Chelsea 24, Manchester 25, Lowell 26, Lawrence 27, Newburyport 28, Po tsmouth, N. H. 30, Dover 31.

HAZEL KIRKE, No. 3.—Long Branch, Oct. 16; Freehold 17, Burlington 18, Salem 19, Bridgeton, 20, Millville 21.

HEARNE'S HEARTS OF OAK.—Williamsburg, Oct. 16.

HARRY MEREDITH.—Grand Rapids, Oct. 16.

HERBERT CO.—Freeport, Ill., Oct. 16.

H. V. DONNELLY, late of Poole and Donnelly, has taken control of Shanon's comedy of "Money Bags," and has it now on the road with the following company: Edward Lamb, J. W. Shannon, Miss Lizzie Fletcher, Miss Jennie Weathersby, Mrs. Anni: Boudinot, Miss Ida U. C. Tavernier, Hamilton Harris, Albert Tavernier, and Ignatius O'Byrne. Their route is Nashville, Oct. 16, Memphis 18, Vicksburg 20, New Orleans, 22.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION.—Cincinnati, Oct. 15; Cleveland 23.

JAMES O'NEILL, in "An American King."—Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 16, Charleston, S. C., 17, Savannah, Ga,, 20, Augusta 23, Atalanta 25, Montgomery, Ala., 27, New Orleans 29.

JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—Boston, Oct. 16; Troy, N. Y., 23, Schenectady 26, Amsterdam 27, Utica 28.

JANAUSCHECK.—Adrian, Mich., Oct. 16; Jackson 17, Ann Arbor 18, Detroit 19.

JOSEPH WHEELOCK.—New Orleans, Oct. 15; Houston 23,

JOHN MCCULLOUGH.—St. Louis, Oct. 16; Cincinnati 30.

JOHN E. INCE, FUN IN A BOARDING SCHOOL.—Harrisurg, Pa. Oct. 16; Columbia 17, Pottsville 18, Reading, 19, Shamokin 20, Bethlehem 21, Wheeling, W. Va., 23, 24.

JOHN A. STEVENS will open at Amsterdam, N. Y., Oct. 16. His company includes Kate Carlyon, from the Princess Theatre, London; Henry Holland, from the Adelphi, London; J. E. Emerson from the Gaiety, London; Harry Pearson, E. L. Walton, Thaddeus Shine, Fred Sackett, Frankie McClellau and Lillian Vane; S. P. Coney, manager; Frank N. Scott, advance; Charles E. Scott, assistant; A. Sheppard, props.

KATE CLAXTON.—Jamestown, N. Y., Oct. 16; Rochester 19, Buffalo 22, Toronto, Can., 26.

KATIE PUTNAM.—Joliet, Oct. 16, Ottawa 17, Aurora 18, Elgin 19, Rockford 20, Oregon 21, Dixon 23, Clinton, Ia., 25, M rshalltown 26, Des Moines 27, Lincoln, Neb., 28.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.—Wilkesbarre, Pa., Oct. 16; Scranton 17, Harrisburg 18, Lancaster 19, Newark 20, Rutland, Vt., 23; Burlington 24, Montreal 25, Buffalo, N. Y., 30; Chicago, Nov. 6.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMB.—Quincy, Ill, Oct. 16; Burlington, Ia., 17; Peoria, Ill., 18; Springfield, 19; Terre Haute, Ind, 20; Lafayette 21.

LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO—Chicago, Oct. 16.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Kingston, Oct. 16; Toronto 17, 18, 19; Hamilton 20, London 21.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Ba avia, Oct. 16; Brockport 17; Albion 18, Medina 19, Lockport 20, St. Catherine's 21.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Pittsburg, Oct. 16; Buffalo 23; Toronto, Can., 30.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO.—Davenport, Oct. 23; Rock Island 31, Peoria, Ill., Nov. 1.

MLLE. RHEA.—Bridgeport, Ct., Oct. 16; New Haven, 17; Springfield, Mass., 18; Holyoke 20.

MINNIE MADDERN.—Cairo, Ill., Oct. 16; Decatur 17; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 18; Grand Rapids, Mich., 19; Bay City 20, East Saginaw 21, Detroit 23, Columbus, O., 30.

MCKEE RANKIN.—Omaha, Neb., Oct. 16; Lincoln, 19; St. Joe., Mo., 20; Kansas City 25, St. Louis 30.

MILTON NOBLES.—Burlington, Kan., Oct. 16; Altoona 17, Emporia 18, Indian City 19, Lima 20.

MARION ELMORE.—St. Louis, Oct. 16.

M. B. CURTIS.—Pittsburg, Oct. 16; Brooklyn 23, Williamsburg 30.

MILN-BURLEIGH DRAMATIC CO. opens at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, Oct. 16; Bloomington 23, Joliet 25, Springfield 26, Peoria 27, Aurora 30, Elgin, Nov. 1; Grand Opera House, Milwaukee, 2, Fond du Lac 6, Oshkosh 7, Eau Claire 8, St. Paul 9, Winona 13, La Crosse 14, Stilwater, 15, Academy of Music, Minneapolis 16, Burlington, Iowa, 20, Davenport 22, Cedar Rapids 24, Dubuque, 25, Des Moines 27, Marshalltown Council Bluffs 30, Plattsmouth, Dec. 1; Lincoln, 2, St. Joseph 4, Topeka 6, Kansas City 8, Atchison, 11, Omaha 12.

METEORS.—Columbus, Oct. 16; Mansfield 18, Massillon 19, Corey, Pa., 20; Jamestown, N. Y., 21; Hornellsville 23, Elmira 24, Auburn 25, Syracuse 26, Albany 27, Newburg 28, New York, 30.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE ("Esmeralda").—Montpelier, Oct. 16; Bellows Falls 17, Keene, N. H., 18; Hinsdale 19, Northampton, Mass., 20; Florence 21.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda) No. 2.—Elmira, Oct. 16, Hornellsville 17, Richburg 18, Olean 19, Bradford, Pa., 20; Akron, O., 23; Canton, 24; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 25; Coldwater, Mich., 26; South Bend., Ind., 27; Kenosha, Wis., 28.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda) No. 3.—Boston, Oct. 16; Lynn 30, Salem 31.

MADISON SQUARE (Professor).—Hudson, N. Y., Oct. 16; Gloversville 17, Canajoharie 18, Ft. Plain 19, Little Falls 20, Ilion 21.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (Professor) No. 2.—Washington, Oct. 16; Baltimore 23.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (South).—Spartanburg, Oct. 16; Charlotte 18, Greenville 20, Gainsville 23, 24; Athens, Ga., 25, 26; Willsburg, 27; Madison, Ga., 28; Marietta 30.

MODJESKA.—Boston; Providence, Oct. 23; Hartford 26, Springfield 27, New Haven 28, Brooklyn 30.

MESTAYER'S TOURISTS.—Youngstown, O., Oct. 16; Akron 17, Canton 18, Massillon 19, Wooster 20, Sandusky 21

MARGARET MATHER.—Springfield, Ill., Oct. 16; Quincy 18, Bloomington 20, St. Paul 23.

MY PARTNER COMB. (Brown and Lennox).—Augusta, Oct. 16; Athens 17, Atlanta 18, Rome 19, Knoxville, Tenn., 20; Chattanooga 23, Birmingham, Ala., 24; Selma 25.

NICK ROBERTS' "HUMPTY DUMPTY").—Atchison, Kan., Oct. 17; Emporia 18; Omaha, Neb., 26; Lincoln, 28.

OUR PLEASURE PARTY.—Ottawa, Oct. 16.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON.—Rockland, Oct. 16; Bangor 17, Belfast 18, Waterville 19, Lewiston 20, Manchester, N. H., 21.

PHILADELPHIA.—Haverly's, Mlle. Rhea, Oct 16 the Harrisons in "Viva;" Chestnut Street Opera House, Lotta in "The Little Detective," Oct. 16 "Bob;" Arch, Gus Williams in "One of the Finest," Oct. 16 "The World;" Lyceum, "The Haymakers," Oct. 16, Barton's Opera Company in "Billee Taylor;" Walnut, Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue," Oct. 16 Kiralfy Bros.' "Black Crook."
PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Harlem, Oct. 16, Jerszy City 19, Poughkeepsie 23, Troy 24, Albany 26.
PATHFINDERS.—Hillsdale, Oct. 16; Coldwater 17, Sturgis 18, Kendalville, Ind., 20, Goshen 22, Warsaw 23.
RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.—Hartford, Oct. 16; Springfield 17, Pittsfield 18, Albany, N. Y., 19, Washington 23, Pittsburgh 30.
ROBSON AND CRANE.—Chicago, Oct. 16.
ROLAND REED.—Detroit, Oct. 16; Port Huron 19, London, Ont., 20; Brantford, 21; Lockport, N. Y., 23; Rome 24, Schenectady 25, Albany 26, Philadelphia 30.
ROSE EYTINGE.—Kansas City, Oct. 16; Leavenworth 18, St. Joe, Mo., 19; Omaha 28.
STEVENS' JOLLY BACHELORS.—Columbus, Ga., Oct. 16; Macon 17, Savannah 18, 19, 20, Charleston 21, 22, Rome, Ga., 23, Knoxville 24, 25.
SALISBURY'S TROUBADORS—Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 16; Evansville 17, Nashville 18, Chattanooga 19, Atlanta 20, Greenville, Ala., 21; New Orleans 23, Mobile 30, Selma 31.
SOL SMITH RUSSELL.—Sherman, Texas, Oct. 23; Dennison 24, Gainesville 25, Ft. Washington 26, Dallas 27, Brenham 30.
SARGENT-SULLIVAN GLADIATORS.—Ft. Wayne, Oct. 16; Danville 17, Indianapolis 18.
T. W. KEENE.—Lexington, Ky., Oct. 16.
THE HARRISONS—Philadelphia, Oct. 16.
WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS.—Columbus, O., Oct. 16; Dayton 17, Xenia 18, Bellefontaine 19, Urbana 20, Zanesville 21, Pittsburg 23.
WALDRON'S M'LISS CO.—Sharon, Oct. 16; Ashtabula, O., 17; Painsville 18, Kent 19, Ravenna 20, New Lisbon 21, Salem 23, East Liverpool 24, New Philadelphia 25, Massillon 26, Mansfield 27, Ashland 28.
WILLIAM STAFFORD.—Syracuse, Oct. 16; Ithaca 18, Waterloo 19, Rome 20, Oswego 21, Hamilton, Ont., 23; Bradford 25, Toronto 26, St. Catherines 30.
WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION.—Nelsonville, Oct. 16; Logan 18, Chillicothe 20, Greenfield 21.
WHITELY'S HIDDEN HAND CO.—Lincoln, Oct. 16; Tecumseh 17, Falls City 18, Hiawatha, Kan., 19; Atchison 20, Topeka 21, Lawrence 23.
WYNDHAM OPERA COMPANY will open at the Union Square Theatre Oct. 30.
ANNIE FIRMIN will begin at Nyack, N. Y., Oct. 16.
ABBEY'S LANGTRY CO.—Park Theatre, New York, October 30, Boston, December 4, Philadelphia 18, Chicago, Ill., January 1, New Orleans, La., 29.
BENNETT AND MOULTON'S OPERA CO.—Cooperstown Oct. 16, Milford 17, Oneonta 19, Waterville 23, Shelburne 25, West Winfield 26, Norwich 27, Greene 30, Oxford 31.
MINNIE PALMER.—Brooklyn, Oct. 16.
MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE—Grand Opera House, New York, October 23.

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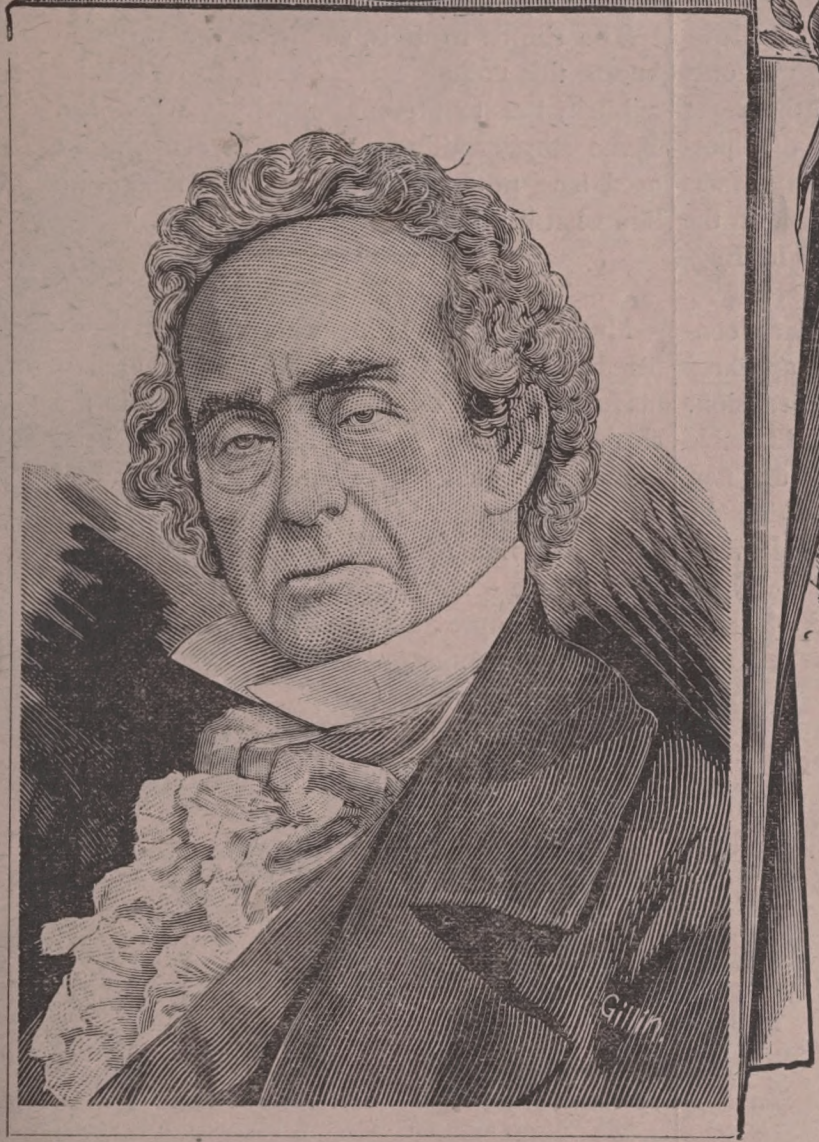
THE THEATRE

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.



Boston's Favorite Comedian.

"Have you seen Warren?" is always a leading question with a true Bostonian when talking with a visitor to the Hub, from which it follows that the phrase "Boston's Favorite Comedian" has more significance than would attach to it if applied to any other actor to whom our American Athens has been kind enough to extend her approval and regard. It is now more than thirty-five years since William Warren appeared for the first time before a Boston audience—to be exact, it was April 23, 1847, that he first stepped upon the boards of the Boston Museum as Billy Lackaday, and since that time he has been absent from the city of his adoption only a single season.

Next to the great question quoted above, it is a matter of belief, which has something of the force of a creed, that Mr. Warren would consider it very like sacrilege to play in New York. It may be that the great comedian has become so wedded to Boston people and Boston ways that he does not care to pass from under the shadow of the monument or to get away from the halo of Beacon Hill, but we beg to remind Boston all the same that he played in the metropolis years before he went to the Hub, as it happened to make the New England capital his home. He played here for only one night it is true, appearing at the Park Theatre April 14, 1841, as Gregory Grizzle, in "My Young Wife and Old Umbrella." Evidently something went wrong, but what it was, so far as we have been able to discover, was not left upon record. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that the time was not propitious for a young comedian to make headway in New York. Harry Placide was then in the height of his popularity at the Park and Chatham Theatres, playing everything, from Grandfather Whitehead to Binks, the bagman; John Fisher, too, was a great favorite in the old men of comedy and farce, at the Park, while the Bowery boasted of Billy Gates, the Olympic of Mitchell, Walcot and Nickinson, and Niblo's of John Sefton. William Warren came and saw, but he did not conquer, as he deserved, probably because the field was already occupied by too many old soldiers.

When Mr. Warren played his one night in New York he had been on the stage nearly ten years. Most of this time he had spent in his native city, where he had made his debut at the Arch Street Theatre, October 27, 1832, as Young Norval. It was not long, however, until he abandoned tragic roles and devoted himself to comedy, for which, like his father before him, he was best fitted. In 1845 Mr. Warren visited England and made his appearance at the Strand Theatre, London. Mr. John Gilbert, who is his only living rival in the old men of the old comedies, followed his example the next year. After Mr. Warren's return he went to the Boston Museum, and it was not only by long residence but by supreme excellence that he earned the right to be regarded as Boston's favorite comedian.

Within the last thirty-five years Mr. Warren has played more parts, both old and new, than any living comedian, not even excepting Mr. Gilbert. To recount them would be to supply a biographia dramatica of the modern drama. It may be well to mention, however, that the great part of Sir Peter Teazle has been the peculiar possession of the Warren family for almost a century. In this part the elder Warren if not without rivals, was at least without an equal on the American stage, and the same remark will apply to William Warren, the younger, now an old man, and as an actor on the eve of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his debut.

As has been already announced in THE THEATRE, Mr. Joseph Jefferson will go to Boston with his company on the 28th inst., to take part in the interesting event in honor of Mr. Warren. There is a double fitness in this, for the Jeffersons and the Warrens as they have been known to this generation, sprung from the same stock on their mother's side. When Joseph Jefferson, the grandfather of our Joseph, was playing at the old John Street Theatre, in 1796, he

married Euphemia Fortune, with whose mother the young actor made his home. At that time Jefferson's friend, Warren, had just arrived in America, bringing with him a young wife who died soon afterwards. Subsequently he married Mrs. Wignell, better known to dramatic history as Mrs. Merry, and after her death Miss Fortune, the sister of Mrs. Jefferson. The last named was the mother of our William Warren, and of three daughters—Mrs. Willis, afterwards Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. D. Marble and Mrs. J. B. Rice, all known to the stage in years gone by.

It is worthy of remark that although the Warrens, father and son, have occupied the first place on the American stage for almost a century, there will be no William Warren on our stage after the present one disappears from the boards. Boston's favorite comedian is a bachelor, and so far as is known he was never dangerously wounded by Cupid's dart, although there is a story that when Adelaide Phillips was a member of the Museum company the two went very near putting their necks in the noose. If this is true it must be accepted as Mr. Warren's only passion, and if it is not true the more's the pity. Indeed, we cannot refrain from thinking that it would have been better both for the comedian and the contralto if the comedy powers of the one and the voice of the other had been united in a Warren or in Warrens for the next generation. As it is Miss Phillips died an "old maid," and Mr. Warren continues an old bachelor in his snug den at Miss Amelia Fisher's boarding house on the hill-slope which comes down from the State House to Hanover Square.

Instead of presenting Mr. Warren in plain face and plain clothes I preferred giving his portrait in character, not only for the sake of variety but because this is more pleasing and characteristic. The part chosen for him is that of the Father in an adaptation of "Unser Fritz," done at the Museum under the name of "My Son." This part not only affords full scope for the showing of Mr. Warren's expressive features, but the frilled shirt-front adds a picturesqueness which would be wanting in the severe and sombre modern costume which Boston prescribes as the street dress of eminent Bostonians.

Death of Frank Queen.

Frank Queen, the editor and proprietor of the *Clipper*, died at his home in Philadelphia on Wednesday of paralysis, at the age of 63 years.

Mr. Queen was born in Philadelphia and began life as a printer, but while still almost a boy he started a news stand in his native city. That the business was not very profitable is apparent from the fact that he determined to try his fortunes in New York, and came here with only $8 in his pocket. His first news stand in this city was at the corner of Leonard and Centre streets, opposite the Tombs. In a little while he amassed sufficient money to extend his business, which he did by the purchase of another establishment known as the "Old News Hut" in the Bowery.

Mr. Queen's first attempt at publishing a newspaper was the *Sporting Chronicle*, which he issued in conjunction with the *Spirit of the Times*, and which, in fact, was only a partial reprint of that journal. In 1853 he founded the *Clipper*, his partner being Harrison A. French, who had been a publisher of ballads. Between them their available capital was only $100, but with this insignificant sum the paper was made a success, and Mr. Queen died possessed of a large fortune. The paper was named in honor of the America, which won the Queen's cup, that vessel being called in England the New York clipper.

As an editor, Mr. Queen was singularly conscientious, and it is said nothing ever appeared in his paper without his personal supervision. In private life he was a kind-hearted, charitable man, one of his benefactions being the new Mariner's Bethel in Philadelphia, which he founded at an outlay of $80,000. He leaves a widow but no children. His death will be especially lamented by a large circle of hard fisted readers to whom the *Clipper* was a pugilistic Bible.

Kind Words to Mr. Byrne.

I congratulate Mr. Charles A. Byrne upon having at last hit upon a subject of abuse where there is no woman in the case. In selecting the Metropolitan Printing Office for attack, he has hit upon a sturdy old fellow, with plenty of good blood in his veins, and willing to deal with such enemies as Mr. Byrne. Will Mr. Byrne please keep it up long enough on the Metropolitan Printing Office to give the women he is accustomed to assail a little rest?

But Mr. Byrne thinks it is just like the Metropolitan to get hold of cuts of the one opera which has been a thorough failure this season. Mr. Byrne knows as little about the Metropolitan as he knows about the drama, but that he may become possessed of one interesting fact I take the liberty to inform him that the Metropolitan Printing Office has so far this season fitted out not fewer than fifty-seven combinations with printing, much of it exceedingly elaborate. Another thing in which he may take an interest is the fact, that the faces on the Metropolitan Chromograph six, nine and twelve sheet stands are better pictures than the alleged portraits in his paper.

Another subject which interests Mr. Byrne just now is our reference to his treatment of Mr. Ryley. "I care nothing for Mr. Ryley or his money," says Byrne, "nor about anybody else and their money." As Mr. Byrne always was a singular man with plural tendencies, it is unnecessary for me to find fault with his peculiar grammar. "If people advertise in this paper," he adds, meaning his own, "they do it for publicity, I suppose." Mr. Byrne's doubt is a healthy sign. There was a day when he would have announced boldly that people advertised with him for publicity, whether they obtained it or not. Now his courage forsakes him, and he is becoming a second little George Washington with his little hatchet.

The simple truth is, as Mr. Byrne very well knows, that nobody ever advertised with him for publicity but to prevent publicity. When Mr. Byrne stops assailing people with scurrility he need have no doubt if anybody advertises with him what it is for.

A Talking Tragedian.

Mr. George C. Miln, who will be remembered as the Rev. George C. Miln, has at last made his debut on the dramatic stage in the character of Hamlet. Mr. Miln has long been known as a sincere student of Shakspere, and we are not surprised to learn that he brings to his Shaksperian readings rare intelligence and the evidence of much research. More than this Mr. Miln has proved himself an excellent elocutionist, but unfortunately he has shown also that he is not an actor.

All these things were to have been expected. That a scholar trained to the pulpit, and especially the platform pulpit, upon which oratory is prized, should be a good reader, is not surprising, but that he should be a good actor would be astonishing. Acting, as we have told Mr. Miln before now, is not the result of intelligence and scholarship, but of special fitness and special training. Mr. Miln's college curriculum utterly failed to be of any service to him on the boards of the Grand Opera House in Chicago; but more noteworthy even than this is the fact that although a good reader he is good only in the conventional way. According to the testimony of his Chicago critics there is nothing natural or spontaneous in Mr. Miln's readings.

As to such interpretations as "innobled queen" for "mobled queen" we care nothing. These are questions for students not for players. If Mr. Miln was a critic we might consider such points, but when he raises them on the stage they are utterly unworthy of notice, much less serious discussion. We suspect, however, that it is upon his variations from the accepted text that Mr. Miln depends for success. This, it must be confessed, is an artful design on his part. By provoking discussion of the immaterial he apparently hopes to distract attention from the material. This may have its intended effect for a few weeks, but in a

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very little while he will find himself confronted with the question whether he has art in spite of his arts.

According to the critic of the Chicago *Times*, whose article is at hand, Mr. Miln's acting is crude, and wanting in ease and finish. There is an absence of the contrasts of light and shade. His voice lacks freedom in delivery, and his bearing is wanting in repose. All this, it may be said, was inevitable on a first night, but we very much fear it will be inevitable every night. It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks. These things go to prove that Mr. Miln is not now an actor, and to our mind they are conclusive proof that he never will be anything more than a talking tragedian.

We need only say to Mr. Miln, in conclusion, that talking tragedians are not wanted on the modern stage. He adopts Shaksperian roles from a sentiment of his own, while to most people Shakspere is a bore. In such cases as Mr. Miln's, people go to the theatre to be surprised by some revelation of genius—not to study Shaksperian interpretations. If Mr. Miln had given to the stately Shakspere speeches a colloquialism in harmony with the spirit of this age we might accept him as a talking tragedian. Failing in this there is no place for him on the modern stage, for it is actors this epoch demands, not stilted readers of unmeaning verse, which a hundred commentators have been unable to interpret.

Too Many Theatres.

It is announced that a new theatre is to be built in Harlem to compete with the new Mount Morris Theatre. This is always the way with theatrical affairs—it is a matter either of a famine or a feast.

One theatre in Harlem will do well, but even one was problematical six months ago. Two are certain to do badly, and then both will go to the wall.

What is to become true of Harlem is true of nearly every city in the country. In New Haven, to-night, there are not fewer than three companies—Frank Evans with "The Galley Slave," Mr. Morris' "Irish-American" and Carrie Swain with "Cad, the Tomboy"—each seeking for a share of public patronage, which is sufficient for only one.

What is true in these particular instances is true all over the country. Take Springfield, Ohio, as an example. There are three theatres in a place which is little more than a village, and last week six companies played there, most of them to poor business.

The result of all this will be ruin not only to the theatres, but to the companies which are induced to play in them. A city like New Haven should have only one theatre, and with only one, it is doubtful if performances more than three evenings in the week would prove profitable The same thing is true of Springfield, Mass., and Springfield, Ill., while Springfield, Ohio, cannot support more than one entertainment per week.

When it comes to the remedy, the managers of combinations will have to find and apply it Of one thing they may be certain, that playing against each other in cities where there is only one paying house possible, means ruin for all. If "The Galley Slave" or the "Irish-American" or Carrie Swain had been in New Haven alone to-night, the chances are that a good house would have been the result. As it is some one of the three must do all the business to get away without loss, but this is unlikely, and so all may come out losers. This thing of too many theatres is a rock upon which good combinations are almost certain to split.

Warreniana.

I.

EARLY DAYS OF THE ELDER WARREN.

The name of William Warren has been a familiar one on the American stage since 1796. It was in that year that the father of William Warren, the esteemed Boston comedian, made his first appearance in this country. William Warren, the elder, died at Baltimore, Md., Oct. 19, 1832, and one week later, William Warren, the younger, appeared upon the stage for the first time at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Young Norval, the occasion being a benefit for the Warren family. In this, the younger William Warren followed the example of the elder, the father having made his debut at Chippingham, England, in 1784, in the same part.

William Warren, the elder, was born at Bath, in 1767. He was the son of a cabinet-maker and was intended for his father's calling, but disliking the business, he joined a company of strolling players, and, after a severe struggle, succeeded in becoming a member of the company of the eccentric Tate Wilkinson, at York. Mr. Warren remained with Wilkinson from 1788 to 1796, when he was engaged by Wignell for the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. His American debut was made as Friar Laurence in "Romeo and Juliet," and Zundle in "The Waterman." Wignell, the manager, was a young Englishman, who was engaged for this country on the eve of the Revolution, and, in consequence, was unable to appear until after the close of the eight years' struggle. Subsequently he became an actor in this city and Philadelphia, and it was he who built the first Chestnut Street Theatre. In 1797 Wignell brought his company to New York, and, including Warren, they played at a summer theatre in Greenwich street, the building having previously been known as Rickett's Circus.

Mr. arren's first parts in New York were Priuli in "Venice Preserved," and Old Doiley in the farce of "Who's the Duke?" During this engagement he played Caustic in "The Way to Get Married," Alvarez in "The Revenge," Orozembo in Morton's play of "Columbus," Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice," Iago to Fennell's Othello, and other parts. The leading actress of the company was Mrs. Merry, who subsequently became Mrs. Warren, and was, by all odds, the greatest actress who had yet been seen in America.

Wignell died in 1806, and then, in connection with the late William B. Wood, William Warren became joint manager of the Philadelphia Theatre. This partnership lasted almost a quarter of a century, but great as were Mr. Warren's successes as an actor and manager, his last years were clouded by misfortune, and he died struggling against adverse circumstances. He retired from the management of the Chestnut Street Theatre December 31, 1829, and made his last appearance in that city as Sir Robert Bramble on the 25th of November, 1831.

The portrait of Mr. Warren, which heads this article, is from the old *Mirror of Taste*, a monthly magazine devoted to the drama, which contained prints of nearly all the eminent actors of the time. This portrait was published in 1811, when Mr. Warren was in the fullness of his powers, and was recognized as an actor of such merit that a distinguished critic said of him that he was the only member of the stock in America who would be able to maintain in England the same rank he held here. The same remark would have applied to the son any time these twenty years.

It is well known that the only rival of the Boston comedian is our own John Gilbert, and, as Sir Peter Teazle, many critics place Mr. Warren even above Mr. Gilbert. It was the great part of the elder Warren also, and to show how he looked and dressed a role in which his name will be always pre-eminent on the American stage, I have taken the trouble

to reproduce his portrait in this character, as it was preserved in what is known as the "Lopez and Wemyss Series."

Dunlap in his "History of the American Theatre," gives an interesting accoun tof Warren's strolling days. His first manager was one Biggs, for whom he played the leading roles in comedy and tragedy for four shillings a week. Leaving Biggs he joined the company of another stroller celebrated by Ryley in his "Itinerant" as Tag Davis. At the end of his season with Davis Warren was so poor that he was compelled to walk to the home of his parents; but for all this the young stroller had become attached to his manager, and he again joined his fortunes with Tag's. They were at all times poor and hungry, and there were occasions when food could only be obtained by stratagem. These early struggles are admirably described by Ryley, whose book is the most interesting record of a stroller's experiences ever written. At Lynne Ryley says Warren demanded, in mock heroics, "Was it for this I left my father's shop?" adding, from Dogberry, "Would he were here to write me down an ass."

Warren's third engagement was with Manager Jefferson, the great grandfather of our Joe; but by an offer of ten shillings a week he was induced to quit Jefferson's service and return to the company of his friend Biggs. At the start, on this engagement, he was enabled to ride on the top of the stage to the place of destination, but Biggs' misfortunes were not ended, and in a little while he was deserted by most of his company, including Warren, who left together with another stroller named Woolley. Being unable to persuade them to return, Biggs had them both arrested and taken before a magistrate, where he swore they were journeymen tailors and had left work unfinished. They were discharged, whereupon Warren again joined Tag Davis at Exeter, but Biggs regarded the young stroller as necessary to his own well-being, and continued to follow him, seeking to persuade him to return. Not succeeding, he changed his persuasive tone to one of abuse, and so angered Warren that the actor broke his pipe over the manager's head. Because he was a strolling player a magistrate was about to send him to jail for this assault, but finding that Biggs was only a strolling manager he dismissed both with contempt.

Poverty, insults and disgrace at last served to disgust young Warren with the life he was leading, and he determined to secure a more settled situation. Through the influence of Incledon the singer, and Blanchard, the father of the first Mrs. Hamblin, he was enabled to obtain an engagement at Salisbury in 1787, and the next year, as already mentioned, he joined old Tate Wilkinson at York. He now strove by industry and good conduct to make himself truly an actor, and he succeeded so well that he obtained the approbation of Mrs. Siddons, whom he supported in one of her engagements with the eccentric Tate Wilkinson. Among young Warren's professional friends was Mr. Dowton, and it cannot be doubted that had he chosen to remain in England he would have become in a little time one of the most distinguished actors of the London stage.

This closes a necessarily brief account of the early days of the elder Warren. Fuller treatment of his American career and of that of the distinguished actress whom he made his second wife, and to whom he was a third husband, will have to be deferred to subsequent chapters of this series.

Frohman's Pets.

The first time I saw Gus. Frohman was in the counting-room of the old *Tribune* office, several years ago. Horace Greeley had just come down from his cubby hole, one flight up, and was talking to a visitor across the counter, while Gus, to whom the philosopher was only a kindly disposed old gentleman, busied himself coursing a pet squirrel over the extensive collar of Mr. Greeley's famous overcoat. Curiously enough the next time I saw Frohman under circumstances which made an impression on my mind, he was busy with pets of a very different kind, but they were pets none the less, and were as obedient to his commands as the squirrel which found a play-ground on Horace Greeley's coat collar

The second occasion was at a free entertainment given by Callender's Georgia Minstrels before the children of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylums in this city. The little ones were delighted with the odd antics and peculiar gifts of the darkies as a matter of course, but what surprised and interested me, was Frohman's control over his charcoal artists, and the apparent pleasure he took in his work. To me the exhibition had its humorous aspects, because I had known Gus. Frohman and his fondness for pets from his boyhood, and I naturally regarded the business in which I found him as a development of the boyish traits he had exhibited in the *Tribune* office, when he and I were both youngsters in the service of Mr. Greeley's newspaper.

Since the day when I saw Mr. Frohman exhibiting his dusky pets to the children of the orphan asylums, I have not only watched his course in the development of minstrelsy with increasing interest because of the interest I felt in the man personally, but I have been irresistably impelled to study the negro as an element in the amusement business of the country. I have even taken the trouble to gather Gus Frohman's experience, because in itself it is the sum of the whole matter. It is just ten years since he began his work in this peculiar field. Previously he had been employed in the *Tribune* office in various capacities, and his quickness and readiness commended him to Mr. Greeley as a proper person to visit the South on political business during the campaign of 1872. It was at that time he fell in with Callender's minstrels, and during the decade which has intervened he has made the business one of immense proportions in all its bearings.

When Gus Frohman first engaged himself to Mr. Callender in 1872 he received a salary of only $15 per week—now he pays Mr. Callender a salary of $100 per week, and he and his brother Charles have not less than $36,000 invested in the bnsiness, this investment including the printing for their three companies for the season now on hand and paid for. These companies are as follows:

1. Callender's Consolidated Minstrels.
2. Callender's Colored Minstrels.
3. Callender's New Colored Minstrels.

Callender's Consolidated minstrels comprises fifty darkies, men and women, and is intended only for the large cities. Callender's Colored Minstrels, comprising twenty-five men and women, appear in the Eastern and Southern towns, while Callender's New Colored Minstrels of thirty performers is for the Western States. In 1872 there were only fifteen darkey performers in the United States—now it will be observed the Frohman Brothers give employment to 105. Besides, they employ fourteen white men in their business, and the aggregate weekly salaries of their companies amount to the large sum of $2,400, while the average receipts are $1,500 per night. The third company, the New Colored Minstrels, has just been organized, and will start from Allegan, Mich., Monday, being provided with their own dining and sleeping car.

Some idea of the importance of negro minstrelsy may be gathered from the fact that his minstrel troupes have always been the keystone of Col. Haverly's fortunes. At different times all of the Frohman brothers, including Daniel and Charles, have been in his service. Charles Frohman obtained his first experience in the business with Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, which he even took to England, exhibit-

ing the company there with great success. Like his brothers he began life in a newspaper office, being a *Graphic* boy and the manager of the Philadelphia office of that peculiar journal.

In regard to the class of entertainments in which the Frohmans are engaged, it may be said that there is no form of amusement now travelling which can compare in steady profits with a recognized clean colored Minstrel Company. Colored minstrels not only draw larger and better audiences than other minstrels, but they are a better card than most dramatic companies. Religious people think it no harm to be amused by colored minstrels, and people of culture and advanced ideas take a deep interest in their entertainments as a field of endeavor which belongs peculiarly to the race. The latter assertion is supported by the fact that when Callender's Minstrels were first seen in Boston, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James T. Fields, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendall Phillips were among their most active friends.

Naturally the negro is stupid in every thing that pertains to stage business. Even when playing himself the darkey is never known to be funny on the stage until he has been taught how. Although they ought to be exceedingly funny in negro character, because nature has endowed them with all the requisites in the matter of life, &c., they inevitably fall below themselves until they have been taught to play themselves. To meet this peculiar condition the Frohmans have engaged Mr. William Welch, formerly of Welch & Rice, as the instructor for all their companies, and to him they freely concede all the excellence which their darkies show as performers.

"Under Mr. Welch's tuition," said Gus Frohman to me one day last week, the darkies soon become better actors than it is possible for their imitators ever to be."

As the three shows give exactly the same programme they are all drilled in the same things by Mr. Welch, and so when they are brought together—consolidated the phrase is—they are already perfect in all they have to do, and no special rehearsals are necessary because of the increase in numbers. During the season a number of consolidations are to take place which will excite wide interest. Companies One and Two as given above will consolidate at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, in Christmas Week. Mr. D. Belasco is already engaged in getting up models of Southern scenery in order to make all the surroundings as realistic as possible. It is Mr. Gus Frohman's intention to make a great feature of these Philadelphia performances, and he declares that on that occasion he will show just what can he done with his pets.

So far the arrangements have only been made in this city for the appearance of the No. 1 Company at the Windsor Theatre December 4, but negotiations are in progress for a grand jubilee, later in the season, which will probably result in a demonstration both unique and imposing. Not only will the plantation scenery be made as realistic as possible, but a grand panorama of the Mississippi River will be shown, the opening of the performances occurring on one of the famous river crafts peculiar to the Father of Waters. On this occasion the three companies will be combined, and their numbers will be still further augmented by fresh "talent" now in training, so as to amount to two hundred performers, one hundred men and one hundred women. There will be forty end men arranged in five tiers of four men each, on each side of the stage. Besides, there will be a daily parade in Broadway, with the three bands of the three companies comprising altogether forty odd pieces.

This hasty consideration of Frohman's enterprises reveals novel and surprising features. From nothing, the colored minstrel business has grown, in ten years, to almost giant proportions. It will be observed, too, that the growth of the last decade is capable of still greater development in the next ten years, and it is not unlikely that instead of a capital of $36,000 now invested in the business by the Frohman brothers, they will soon have in it $100,000, and that instead of one hundred and five performers the number will reach five hundred. In all these aspects the subject is a curious one, which not only justifies the space I have accorded it, but presents itself as worthy of consideration by all who are interested in the wellfare of the colored people.

Mr. Hill's Mistake.

There is a disgraceful theatrical row going on in the West, the long and short of which is as follows: Charles A. Spalding, the manager of the Olympic Theatre in St. Louis, has not been on very friendly terms with the *Globe-Democrat* for the past several months. John J. Jennings, the dramatic critic of that paper, has recently been telling the truth about the attractions at Mr. Spalding's house, and, like the average manager, Mr. Spalding was not pleased with this sort of thing.

It happened that J. W. Norton, who presides over the St. Louis Grand Opera House which is also under the control of Spalding, had invited Mr. Jennings to write an occasional pass for his house because of services rendered outside of the paper. One day Mr. Jennings availed himself of this invitation and wrote a pass—the first and only one he had written this season. Spalding was in the box office of the Grand Opera House when it was presented, and tearing it up in the bearer's presence observed that it was not worth the paper it was written on.

The next attraction at the Olympic chanced to be a most wretched one, and Mr. Jennings said so in his paper, the recollection of the torn pass possibly increasing the severity of his pen. This criticism was not satisfactory to Spalding, and he paid a visit to the office of the *Globe-Democrat*. What followed is told in the St. Louis *Spectator*.

He (Mr. Spalding) had an idea that when he went down in that direction Mr. McCullagh, Mr. Houser, Mr. Ray, and all the other heads of the paper would rush out to meet him and fall down prostrate on the earth in humble contrition at having offended his bullying majesty. They did not do anything of the kind. On the other hand the dramatic notices went on just the same. Mr. Spalding went back like a whipped spaniel with his tail between his legs without any assurance of the immediate or remote discharge of the troublesome critic. It actually looked as though he was not a bigger man than the *Globe-Democrat*. A few nights afterwards he put on the ass's skin and asked the critic of the *Globe-Democrat* to step into his office. He was as polite as a man can be who does not know what politeness is, and wanted to know what he could do for the young man. "You can have anything at either house that you ask for," said he. The offer was firmly and manfully declined. When Mr. Spalding discovered that he could not bully the paper into suppressing its critic, he sought to make peace with the critic himself, but it was a signal failure in both instances.

Now comes the second stage of the affair. Miss Margaret Mather recently made her first appearance before a St. Louis audience at the Olympic Theatre, and as her Juliet was not to Mr. Jennings' taste he had the manliness to say so in the *Globe-Democrat*. Here is his criticism:

Miss Margaret Mather made her St. Louis debut last night to a small audience that was most kindly disposed toward her, as was attested in the frequent calls before the curtain and the lavish distribution of applause through the various scenes. She appeared in the *role* of Juliet, with young Salvini as Romeo, Milnes Levick as Mercutio, William Davidge as Peter, and an otherwise poor company in the cast. The tragedy was put on with new scenery, and there were several occasions when the stage hands helped to mar the performance by allowing the clumsiness of their work to become painfully and protractedly prominent. The costuming of the play was very handsome, and reflected credit upon Manager Hill. Miss Mather gave a clever but by no means complete rendition of her *role*, putting considerable force into the declamatory passages, and, despite occasional faulty elocution, a rapid tendency to sobs and tears, and an unpleasant disposition to indulge in disagreeable facial contortions, which become particularly manifest toward the close of the potion scene, portraying the daughter of the Capulets in as acceptable and artistic a light as could be expected from a young lady with only seven weeks' stage experience.

Miss Mather, though a novice of the most pronounced type, is still so full of art that she cannot know what inspiration is; if she feels at all she allows the feeling to express itself in an elocutionary formula that is only either pleasant or disagreeable as the degree of intensity prompted by the rules that surround her requires. She demonstrates, in her achievements, how closely a person may come to acting without doing anything really worthy of that designation: she has been trained away out of the bounds of art, and while too polished to be called crude, is still in need of the very first lessons that the novice learns—that is the aim of the art to conceal art, and that the actor or actress who is without feeling cannot hope to win the sympathy of an audience for his or her work. Miss Mather was at her best in the potion scene, which she wen through with so much vehemence that the audience was incited to a display of vigorous palms, which resulted in three calls before the curtain. The balcony scene was so ridiculously done that it was fairly laughed at, and although there was now and then a "storm of applause," led by the young gentlemen in the back of the house who wore ushers' badges, nothing like real enthusiasm pervaded the auditorium at any time during the evening.

There appears nothing malicious or un-

just in all this, but nevertheless the management of the theatre took great offense at it, and J. M. Hill, the manager of Miss Mather, announced his intention of hunting up the personal record of Mr. Jennings, and all because the latter did not like Miss Mather's Juliet. He paid for a whole page of the *Republican* and used it to abuse Mr. Jennings, and all because the latter did not like Miss Mather's Juliet.

Mr. Hill prefaces his attack by remarking that of all things it is the most disagreeable to speak of the short comings of our fellow-men. And it is unnecessary, too, Mr. Hill. More than this it is an unpardonable sin to pry into a man's private life and speak of his short comings, all because he does not like Miss Mather's Juliet.

Mr. Hill then gives a despatch which appeared in the *Globe-Democrat* at the time of Miss Mather's debut.

CHICAGO, Aug. 28,—The long-looked-for debut of Miss Margaret Mather took place to-night in McVicker's Theatre before an immense audience. She scored a great success and received every honor a debutante could receive. Warmly welcomed by a densely packed house, the applause increased as every novel feature of excellence was developed, and culminated in a maddened echo of bravos when she swallowed the poison. She was called out after every act—once, twice, and once three times. Once she was called on in the open scene, and huge baskets and symbol bouquets were handed to her on the close of each act.

Next follows Mr. Jennings' objectionable criticism, after which comes the attack. It commences thus:

Now between the writing of these two notices Mr. Spalding, manager of the Olympic Theatre, refused, I suppose, for good and sufficient reasons, to accept the numerous individual passes issued by one John J. Jennings, dramatic editor of the *Globe-Democrat*.

Is Mr. Hill sure that he is right? It is said that Mr. Jennings never wrote but one pass to either the Olympic Theatre or Grand Opera House, and that one was invited. Regarding the difference between the two criticisms what can be proved by that? Mr. Jennings' duty was to give his opinion of Miss Mather and not to praise her simply because a correspondent had. For example, our Memphis correspondent praises Miss Maddern's personation of her new part, as a glance at another column will show. Is the New York critic of THE THEATRE bound to do the same? If he does not, when she appears here, will that be a sign that he bears the lady malice? According to your logic, Mr. Hill—yes. Mr. Hill continues;

This name may not be familiar to you, but there are those who have observed his distorted features and tottering steps while under the influence of that fiend which, did he not love better than all things else, he would not purchase at such a fearful cost—his future prospects and the respect of his fellow-men.

Supposing this to be true, does that excuse your action, Mr. Hill, in publishing it because Mr. Jennings does not like Miss Mather's Juliet? Mr. Hill goes on to say:

I do not propose here to enter into full particulars regarding this man's personal history, but shall endeavor later in the week to publish such facts as are necessary to acquaint the public with the man whose opinion they are expected to accept.

You overstepped the bounds of decency in going as far as you did, Mr. Hill, and the public will be sure to let you know it. Men are not to be blackguarded with impunity, simply because they may not like Miss Mather's Juliet.

He said in the presence of a number of gentlemen, Wednesday evening, that I ought not to blame him, as he was acting under instructions from his paper. But I will not discuss him further. It is with the paper that I wish to deal at present, leaving the individual until later in the week, when I propose to devote time and space to him exclusively.

And all this because Mr. Jennings did not like Miss Mather's Juliet. Mr. Hill concludes as follows:

Now in order to fix properly the status of the *Globe-Democrat*, I am obliged to bring into this article the name of a lady of whom every true American feels proud, not only as an artiste, but as a woman.

Will your hasty and unpardonable personal assault upon Mr. Jennings, because he did not like Miss Mather's Juliet, help that lady, do you think, Mr. Hill? You have injured her, instead, and will rue your course in this disgraceful affair.

Mr. Jennings only fulfilled his duty. It was his right to say he did not like Miss Mather's Juliet, and because he said so, her manager cannot be pardoned for the feelings which prompted him to lay bare before the world what faults he could find in the private life of the unfavorable critic. A man's private life should be respected. Nothing personal was said of Miss Mather, and no excuse existed for Mr. Hill's course. He will find that he has made a great mistake. Critics are not to be treated like Mr. Jennings has been because they may not like Miss Mather's Juliet.

Mr. Hill, you have put your foot in it.

"There's a chiel amang you takin' notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

Commenting on my statement regarding the early career of Mr. Howard Carroll, an esteemed contemporary of THE THEATRE says that it is said that what I said is a mistake; but I am not willing to believe anyone made a mistake in this matter but THE THEATRE'S esteemed contemporary, as I got my information from a most reliable source. Mr. Howard Carroll may be a very genial young fellow as THE THEATRE'S esteemed contemporary says he is, for geniality is a characteristic of the press agent, but that does not alter facts. Nevertheless, I regret having "given Carroll away," because it must be painful for the friends of his youth to learn that he has fallen from such a lofty position as he occupied in the past to that of a mere politician—a Republican candidate for Congressman-at-Large. To what base uses may we return, Horatio.

If, however, it should turn out that Mr. Howard Carroll was never Barney Williams' agent, as THE THEATRE'S esteemed contemporary says it is said, I shall be only too happy to make amends for believing as I now do by begging Mr. Carroll's pardon for having thought him something else at one time than a mere politician, and I am sure that the *Star's* Man About Town, who shares my present belief, will be only too ready to follow my example.

A complaint has been brought to me concerning the ushers at Niblo's Garden. The complainant tells me that he bought three orchestra chairs at that establishment one day last week intending to treat himself and two lady friends to a dose of Mr. Kilday's remarkable brogue, and the other features of "Around the World in Eighty Days." He and his "company" reached the theatre at about a quarter to eight and were inside before the orchestra struck up. Nevertheless, they were compelled to wait their turn to be taken to their seats, owing to the great crowd, and were obliged to stand until after the curtain rose and fell on the prologue and the first act had commenced.

"I do not consider that fair treatment," observed my friend. "If the crowd is great the ushers should be reinforced, but no, only the same number of ushers who would be required under ordinary circumstances are there to do the work of over three times their number, and people who paid to see the performance are compelled to stand waiting thirty minutes or more in order to spare the management the expense of a few dollars. I do not think that right."

Neither do I.

I see it stated somewhere that Elliot Barnes, the perpetrator of "Only a Farmer's Daughter," had a play accepted by Mr. A. M. Palmer, and that the latter forfeited one thousand dollars because he failed to produce it last season. If "Only a Farmer's Daughter" is a fair sample of Mr. Barnes' ability as a dramatist, I consider that Mr. Palmer got off cheap.

Charles A. Byrne, I observe, makes the announcement that he is no relative of Miss Bessie Byrne. The lady is to be congratulated.

By the way, what a malicious person that fellow Byrne is. He calls his journal a newspaper, but the manner in which he misstates facts in order to gratify personal feelings makes the name something of a misnomer. Mr. Campbell's name, it seems, he will not permit in his paper, a thing which cannot possibly hurt but rather gratify that gentleman. Consequently his "news" columns give the fol-

lowing account of the production of Mr. Campbell's play at the Windsor Theatre :—

On Monday an Irish comedian appeared at the Windsor in a play called "Friend and Foe," by Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld, to a very good house.

Is this pure ignorance or deliberate falsehood?

A Great Performance.

There is a young gentleman in Providence who recently came into a large fortune. Like a sensible young man of wealth he immediately proceeded to marry a lovely girl whom he had courted in the days before he became the master of his money, but, strangely enough, he was at the same time courting the tragic muse, and even on his wedding day he was planning a tour of the states as leading support to that great actress, Miss Bessie Byrne.

The name of this rich young man, who aspires to become a great actor, is Randall Knowles.

When Randall Knowles was married he determined to give a theatrical entertainment at his own house, after the fashion of noble lords in the infancy of the drama. Accordingly he applied to Mr. J. Alexander Brown for a company to play the "Painter of Ghent," planking down his money in advance as an assurance that though on pleasure bent he also meant business. Mr. Brown looked out of his window upon the Square, and crooked his finger at two or three unemployed actors, who stood there all the day idle only because no manager had hired them.

The agent's first choice fell upon Mr. David B. Murray. Mr. Murray is as pretty as a picture, and he was especially noteworthy that day as "first in" for the season. He had gone out with one of Mr. Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" companies, and the company had gone to pieces. As Mr. Campbell had left Mr. Murray in a hole, Mr. Murray at once proceeded to place himself on the Square. This is how he came to be in sight of Mr. Brown's finger when Mr. Brown crooked it for a Painter of Ghent.

Mr. Brown's next choice was Mr. Charles Manly. Unlike Mr. Murray, Mr. Manly positively is not handsome, but he is always open to business, and will even consent to indulge in a lark if he is well paid for it. Both these conditions being implied in Mr. Brown's offer, Mr. Manly readily accepted, agreeing to play anything at Sir Randall Knowles' command which Sir Randall might desire. As a trio of actors was wanted that genial young humorist, Mr. J. R. Gildersleeve, was added, and the party took the boat for the city of "What Cheer" in a happy frame of mind. On the boat Mr. Murray posed as the Painter of Ghent, and studied the heavy blank verse he was expected to recite at Sir Randall's house, while Manly took Gildersleeve to the forecastle and explained to the genial youngster how he had learned to play a sailor as skipper of Mary Anderson's yacht. As he talked his sunburnt face brightened, and for hours the pair were all smiles.

It was about midnight that they went to the saloon of the Rhode Island, their faces betraying extreme good nature. There they found Murray tearing his hair over the impossibilities of the part for which he had been cast.

"These lines are enough to dislocate both my jaws" he said in despair, and Manly answered, "Ship Ahoy!" How the rest of the night was passed none of the party can remember, but in the morning Sir Randall was on the dock at India Point, and Manly hailed him, "What Cheer?"

Knowles answered by taking them to the Dorrance House and opening 47 bottles of "Extra Dry." Unfortunately Murray had forgotten all about the "Painter of Ghent," and Miss Bessie Byrne was furious, as she had a right to be. "A Happy Pair" was suggested, but as both artists were not in a happy frame of mind just then, the idea had to be abandoned.

What was to be done?

Finally a bright idea crossed the fecund brain of Mr. Manly, and he suggested recitations for Miss Byrne and Mr. Murray, with the potion scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for the young and beautiful actress, the curse scene from "Leah" for Miss Byrne and Mr. Knowles, her leading man, Antony's oration for Mr. Murray and two negro sketches for the whole company. As to the recitations it is only necessary to remark, that Antony went to Cæsar's funeral in a Claude Melnotte blouse and red tights. The sketches selected were "Here she Goes and There she Goes" and "Troublesome Servants." In these the performances were simply immense, although Mr. Murray, in concession of his being a leading man, was not required to "black up" in the latter piece, but was allowed to turn his negro part into Irish, while in the clock sketch he was the rotund proprietor of a German restaurant. Manly was the fellow who watched the clock in "Here she Goes and There she Goes." Knowles played the pendulum, and Gildersleeve is not quite sure whether he played a part or not.

Out of an Engagement.

CHAPTER VIII.

CRUMMLES AND CO., DRAMATIC AGENTS.

THE great dramatic agency office of Crummles & Co. is on the east side of Union Square, and is presided over by Mr Harry Crummles and Mr. Simonton Moss.

Crummles is a large man, dark, but florid, and as loud of speech as he is weak of brain. In his time he has been an actor, an agent, and a manager, and failed in all. His confidence in himself has never been shaken, however, by any want of success, and his pretensions grew stronger with every repetition of evil fortune. For years and years it was as much as he could do to keep body and soul together, but in all these years his spirits never flagged, and he was gradually laying the foundations, although he did not know it himself, of the great business of Crummles & Co. There is no calling in the world where business so much depends upon sentiment as in the dramatic profession, and Crummles was successful as a dramatic agent simply because he knew every actor aud actress, good or bad, on both continents, and was able to meet star and stick on terms of familiar intimacy.

Simonton Moss is a small man, with prominent features and an uncertain sneaking air that has often caused people to employ him even when they distrusted him. He was in the dramatic agency business long before Crummles thought of engaging in it, and it was not the least singular part of their partnership that he should have consented not only to make Crummles the head of the firm but to sink his own name in that of the Co. In this he showed his wisdom, however, for thereby he escaped much of the odium of his calling in the public eye, and was able to reap the profits of his traffic in actors and actresses without having his name paraded in the newspapers.

Moss was modest and Crummles was not—the one only cared for money and the other courted notoriety, and in this was the real secret of the management of the great dramatic agency of Crummles & Co.

The week had been a busy one with the agents. Besides the extra people who had been supplied to the metropolitan stage for Easter week, not fewer than five "snap" companies had been fitted out for "the road." It was now Thursday, and all this had been done since Monday morning. It is not surprising, therefore, that Crummles should have asked Mildmay to wait a few days for the cast of "Camille." He would probably have done this had he had no other reasons for delay—and he had other reasons.

"Nobody expects you to refuse a commission for doing this work if Mildmay is fool enough to pay you one," said Mr. Orifice Square to Moss one morning, "but if you consent to have anything to do with the matter, you owe it to the profession to cast the piece so as to kill the girl."

"Trust me for that," Moss answered, with a sneaking grin that was in itself a little commentary on the business honor which governed the great dramatic agency of Crummles & Co.

Both Crummles and Moss were men who went to their business early in the day, and on the morning when Mildmay was expected to arrange for the casting of "Camille" for Miss Martha Gibbs, they had a long conference in regard to the course the agency should pursue toward him. It was a delicate question with the agents, not only in relation to the attitude of the profession toward the young actress, but also as it might affect their interests in the *Jackdaw*.

"I have no desire to offend the fellow if we can help it, but I scarcely see how we can help it," Crummles said. "The situation is an unpleasantt one, look at it as we may."

"Unpleasant enough, certainly," Moss answered; "but we can't afford to offend a hundred people merely to oblige a critic who has slashed into everybody, and a young girl who carries her nose in the air."

"You are vigorous this morning, Moss," Crummles replied, laughing, and then in a graver tone he said, "I don't know any real objection to the girl, though. What has she done, or what has Mildmay done to provoke the enmity and opposition of the entire profession?"

"Done enough, both of them," Moss responded. "Didn't the fellow even decline to dine with Toby Belch when Belch and Flanagan were building the new theatre in Broadway, and needed the influence of the *Jackdaw*. Such arrogance is unheard of. Look at his article Tuesday morning on 'Almost Lost.' I tell you, Crummles, we must crush the fellow or he will crush us. Then as to Miss Gibbs—she has refused a score of good parts because they were not leading business, and she has snubbed every

man in the profession or out of it who was attracted by her red hair. She even boxed the Pet's ears, I am told. I tell you, Crummles, we can't do anything professionally for a girl who refuses to associate personally with the men and women of the stage."

"I never found you so peppery before, Moss," Crummles said; "but I repeat I don't want to offend the fellow if I can help it. He has long fangs, and strikes very hard."

"Let him strike if he wants to," Moss replied. "He can't hurt the business of Crummles & Co., however he might wound one's personal sensibilities."

"I don't feel so secure about the businesss, Moss—if he should publish the truth about it he would open the eyes of the poor devils who pay us to get them engagements they could as easily obtain for themselves and save their money. They all read the *Jackdaw*, you know that."

"Yes, and I confess I should dislike the odium of an exposure," said Moss, sententiously, "but I don't think Mildmay knows the real secrets of the business."

"We can never be sure of what the fellow knows. If he should tell how we make double commissions on nearly every contract we arrange—fleecing both actor and manager for coming between them and their true interests he would call it—the house of Crummles & Co. would tumble over like the temple of the Philistines when the blind Samson put his elbows against the pillars."

"Leave the man to me, Crummles—leave him to me," Moss answered. "Even John Mildmay must come to Crummles when he wants a company got together. I'll 'stick' him with the 'Forbidden Pleasure' combination which will be in from the road on Monday, and make him believe it is a rare chance for Miss Gibbs. If Lew Hollister can't kill that ambitious young lady without seeming to do it I don't know an actor who can."

"That's a bright idea, Moss, by Jove," said Crummles, "and I think it will work. But the fellow will be sure to come to me as soon as he reaches the office this morning. "What am I to do with him?"

"Turn him over to me. You understand how to do that if you understand anything. Play him with a loose line—tell him business is business, impress him with the difficulty of getting a cast at all, and whenever I see that you have him properly wrought up I'll step in and hook him."

Mr. John Mildmay had a habit of procrastination in business matters that was sometimes detrimental to his interests. The natural shyness of his disposition was partly the cause of this, especially when it was certain he would encounter many prying eyes and set a hundred tongues wagging. It need occasion no surprise, therefore, that he was late in reaching the office of Crummles & Co. on the morning when the two partners so anxiously discussed his affairs. The buzz that greeted him on opening the door was not unlike the hum of a country schoolhouse with three score urchins at work conning their lessons. To his amazement he found the office of Crummles & Co. crowded. Actors, managers, business managers and press agents were huddled together in the room like steerage passengers on an emigrant ship. A wooden railing divided the apartment, and half a dozen frowsy fellows of the utility line of the profession leaned lazily against it discussing the chances of getting something to do for the next week or two.

"I want to make a small stake, and it will go hard with Harry Crummles if he don't give me a show this time," said one of them, who was a perfect type of theatrical seediness both on and off the stage.

The speaker was, in appearance, very like his companions, the whole group presenting that singular family likeness that most people have noticed in actors, especially bad actors. Tall, thin, spare, sharp in feature, greasy in expression, smoothly shaven, but with the roots of the beard showing themselves dark and swarthy through the skin, wearing a broad brimmed felt hat with a decayed hatband, a velvet coat threadbare and dirty, a pair of well worn pantaloons with the mark of the knee-pan impressed in strong lines at each knee, and a watch-chain altogether too grand for the orioide time-piece at the end of it, such is the portrait of the utility man in general and in particular.

The "walking gentleman" is a little better dressed, a little less greasy and a little softer in face and feature.

Still better dressed, with an immaculate shirt front, well polished boots, a carefully brushed coat and a faultless mustache is the leading juvenile.

Specimens of all these had gathered at Crummles & Co.'s that Thursday morning and made up the greater part of the crowd which Mildmay encountered upon his entrance. His coming was at first unnoticed, and as was his wont on encountering a multitude where he expected to meet no one he shrunk modestly into a corner and surveyed the scene around him. Soon his eye was attracted by the rows of portraits ranged all round the room forming a perfect theatrical picture gallery—hair and neck and shoulders being the prominent features of the exhibition—and as he examined them one by one he mentally ejaculated, "Such charms, such beauty, such genius, such fame, and yet I declare I never heard before of one out of ten of Crummles' gods and goddesses There can be no lack of theatrical talent in America with so much of it present either in person or by the skill of the photographer." Thus engaged he failed to observe that he had become an object of interest to nearly everybody in the room.

"Who is he?" asked a utility man of a leading juvenile.

"Mildmay, the critic of the *Jackdaw*," the juvenile answered.

"Mildmay! You don't say so! That was a slashing article on Toby Belch's play at the Kidleekum—has made the piece though, I'm told."

"People always rush to see what the critics condemn," said the juvenile with a languid drawl. "The fellow never abused me outright, but he did me a great wrong once—it was when I was playing a difficult *role* on two days' notice and made the 'hit' of the piece, one of the most remarkable 'hits' ever made in New York."

"What was the part?" asked the utility man, surprised at the announcement that the leading juvenile in question had ever made a success in his life, or wishing to see how far the effrontery of his brother actor would carry him.

"I was in the utility line then myself," the juvenile replied. "It was the telegraph operator in 'The Long Strike.'"

"What are you giving us?" growled Mark Batten, a good actor and once a favorite one, waking out of a half drunken stupor.

"I was only saying that notwithstanding I made such a tremendous 'hit' as the telegraph operator in 'The Long Strike' that I was recalled five times—Mildmay there, of the *Jackdaw*——"

"Now stop," interposed Batten. "How could anybody do such a thing?"

"It was all in the way it was done—there were two messages, you see, and one of them was from Florence. I spelled the name with inimitable humor—this way—with a heff and a hell a ho and a har and a he and a hen and a c and a he."

"With a heff and a hell and a ho and a har and a he and a hen and a c and a he," repeated Batten, disdainfully. "Can such things be? And Mildmay wronged you, did he? Well, how did he wrong you?"

"By saying nothing about me."

"I thought so"

Presently it began to be whispered about that Mildmay had come to make up the cast of "Camille" for Miss Martha Gibbs.

"Who's at the back of it?" asked the juvenile. "If the sugar is all right I wouldn't object to play Armand for her myself."

"You play Armand!" said Batten. "Did you ever play it?"

"Certainly."

"Where?"

"With Miss Clara Moss, at Buffalo."

"Clara Moss never played Camille at Buffalo."

"Oh, yes she did."

"I'm a liar then?" Batten demanded, hotly.

Just then Simonton Moss saw Mildmay and took him aside. It had so happened that Crummles was out of the room when Mildmay entered it, and so Moss saw an opportunity to do his work without any preliminary operation on the part of his partner. This movement attracted the general attention, and even averted the little difficulty that seemed arising out of the "hit" of the telegraph operator in "The Long Strike."

"I'm well up in De Varville," said the utility man who had just spoken, "and would like an opportunity to play it in New York. I'll tell Moss to put me down for it."

From the most distant corner of the room there came a croak that most old theatre-goers would have recognized with mixed emotions—"I'm the best Madame Prudence on the American stage, and Ben De Bar always said so."

"This is your opportunity, old girl," suggested Batten. "I hear they want to destroy the new Camille, and I'm sure your services would be invaluable to that end."

In the meantime Moss and Mildmay seemed to have come to pretty close quarters.

"I tell you it is not only the best but the only thing we can do, and I consider it doubly fortunate for you that I can do this," said Moss.

"But you haven't told me what the combination is, and you ask me to put money into your hands to pay people I know nothing about," Mildmay contended. "You certainly do not want me to buy a pig in a poke, Mr. Moss."

"Well, then, it is the Hollister Forbidden Pleasure combination," Moss answered.

"Oh, Hollister has failed on the road, has he, and is coming back in Easter Week?" Mildmay asked. "He must have a very bad company or it would have hung together a week or two longer, considering that this is just the end of lent."

"It isn't bad business that brings him back, I assure you," said Moss, "but Hollister has become involved in lawsuits with Toby Belch about stage rights."

"Oh!"

"Lew Hollister is one of the very best Armands now on the stage," he continued, "and I am sure Miss Gibbs would be greatly pleased with him."

"I never saw him but once in my life, Mr. Moss," Mildmay said quietly, "and then I thought him one of the very worst actors I had ever seen. I could not consent that Miss Gibbs should play with him on his own account even if I could forget that his wife is a soubrette at Carew's, and that in consequence he would have an incentive to make the performance at the Accordeon unsuccessful if possible. I speak too frankly, perhaps, but I never could consent to place Miss Gibbs' future in the hands of a bad actor who has an ambitious wife on the New York stage. I thank you for the interest you have taken in this matter, but without any offence to you I'll make up the cast myself."

Mr. John Mildmay left the office of Crummles & Co., and as he strolled thoughtfully through the square he was saluted by half a dozen actors who had taken his departure as the signal for their own exit from the dramatic agency, so that they might be able to meet him and im-

press their personality upon him at the very moment his thoughts were busy with the question of filling the parts of Armand, De Varielle, Gaston and Gustave. He passed them all by, however, and went at once to the Albion Club, where he was overheard to ask for Harry Templeton.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—"LES CONTES D'HOFFMAN.

Hoffmann	MM. N. Maire
Counsellor Lindorf, Coppellus, Dr. Miracle,	Mauge
Spalanzani	Gtivel
Grespel	Dangon
Andres, Cochenille, Frantz,	Ducos
Master Luther	Mussy
Nathanael	Cadeau
Bermann	Huguet
Stella, Olympia, Antonia,	Mme. Derivis
Nicklausse	Mlles. Betty
A Ghost	Privat

Offenbach's posthumous opera, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening, for the first time in this country, and sung to large houses during the week.

The story of the libretto is based upon the well-known "Les Contes Fantastiques d'Hoffmann." Hoffmann is an accomplished German writer with true Bohemian proclivities, and, like all Bohemians, he has an affair with an actress, Stella, which, like most affairs of the kind, turns out unfortunately. This sours Hoffmann, and Hoffmann devotes his time to sour wine. He has become not only dissipated but reckless and cynical. At the opening of the opera he is in a wine cellar carousing with a party of students. The cellar adjoins the theatre, where Stella is acting. During the *entr' acte* the party is joined by Counsellor Lindorf, a rich old man who too has been caught in Stella's meshes. Hot words pass between Hoffmann and Lindorf, but, after a students' chorus, the fight which seemed imminent is prevented, and Hoffmann is induced to tell a story.

In the three acts which follow he gives an account of three beautiful women with whom he fell in love. When Hoffmann had learned to adore the beauty, Olympia, he found she was only an automaton which fell to pieces—a doll which breaks. Hoffmann's second love, Antonia, had the voice of an angel, but she was allured to sing by Coppelius' violin, sang and died. The last, Guilietta, was the actress who dishonored him—in a word, Stella The piece closes with the wine-cellar, and the effect of the action is that of a story, but of course Stella seeks Hoffmann out and is repulsed, the students jeering her and old Lindorf as they pass out, and the curtain falls.

There is nothing in the libretto which is of much interest in itself, but Offenbach found in this theme a fit subject for his sparkling and brilliant numbers. Although the music lacks originality, it was not himself whom Offenbach imitated. There is scarcely a bar which is suggestive of any of Offenbach's previous works, but reminiscences of the great German composers are traceable here and there. In the first and second acts the music is bright and sprightly and often tender—in the third act it is superior in character to anything the composer ever produced—equal at least to the best work of Verdi or Gounod.

In this work Mr. Grau has introduced two new comers to New York, Madame Derivis and M. Maire. Both are more than acceptable artists, although neither is remarkable. As an actress, Mme. Derivis is only fair, but she has a good stage presence and shows the result of careful dramatic training. Her vocal qualities are of a higher order. Her voice is extremely flexible, so that she is exceedingly effective in florid music, strong and brilliant in the upper register, and very sweet and pleasing in her middle and lower notes, but with all this she occasionally "breaks up" with the suddenness and disagreeable effect which this phrase implies when applied to a race-horse.

M. Maire is the best tenor Mr. Grau has so far brought us. He is not a good actor, but he will do, and he is not a particularly handsome man, which pleases us. He is, however, an excellent singer and a true artist. His voice is clear, sweet and sympathetic, and if he has faults they are so counterbalanced by his merits that this is not the occasion to speak of them.

M. Mauge played his triple role admirably and sang it fairly, and the support generally was as good as we are accustomed to in this city.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—"I PURITANI."

Arturo	Signor Ravelli
Riccardo	Signor Galassi
Giorgio	Signor Monti
Bruno	Signor Rinaldini
Walton	Signor Costa
Enrichetta	Mlle. Valerga
Elvira	Mme. Laura Zagury

There was nothing in the inauguration of the Italian Opera Season at the Academy of Music on Monday evening which calls for particular mention except the debut of Madame Zagury. Many years ago as Miss Laura Harris she sang at the Academy with Brignoli, and now she comes back bearing her marriage name. Madame Zagury is not a great artist as a singer, and she is no actress at all. We have no space to waste on a prima donna who is below mediocrity.

"GUGLIELMO TELL."

Arnoldo	Signor Mierzwinski
Guglielmo Tell	Signor Galassi
Gessler	Signor Costa
Walter	Signor Montini
Melchtal	Signor Ronconi
Jemmy	Mlle. Isidore Martinez
Eduige	Mlle. Valerga
Mathilde	Mlle. Dotti

Wednesday evening was noteworthy in the American debut of the tenor with the unpronounceable name. Signor Mierzwinski made a good impression, although he did not gain a very great triumph. He possesses a voice of great compass, and he is especially powerful in the upper register. Sometimes his singing is brilliant, and it is always artistic, but he lacks the sweetness which alone commends a tenor to an audience which only accepts Italian opera because it is fashionable. The people who go to the Academy would prefer ballad singing if they were willing to confess it, and so a tenor, to be a great favorite, must be as nearly a ballad singer as possible. This Signor Mierzswinski is not, and so his brilliant execution met only with applause.

BIJOU OPERA HOUSE—"THE SORCERER."

Aline	Lillian Russell
Lady Sangazure	Laura Joyce
Constance	Madeline Lucette
Mrs. Parlett	Mme. Julie de Ruyther
John Wellington Wells	John Howson
Dr Daly	Digby Bell
Sir Marmaduke	George Olmi
Alexis	Charles J. Campbell
The Notary	George A. Schiller
Buttons	A. W. Maflin

"The Sorcerer" is an opera which somehow or another has never struck the fancy of the theatre-goers of this city. This seems all the more strange because Gilbert and Sullivan are favorites here, and "The Sorcerer" is a far better opera than many others which have succeeded. The piece was first presented to us by the Lingards a few years ago in what is now Daly's Theatre. It made a most dismal failure there, and this was followed by similar results when it was produced several months later at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre. But regardless of its former failures, Mr. McCaull had the courage to revive it, and it was brought out at the Bijou Opera House last Monday evening in the presence of a packed house. It failed again as if to conclusively prove that "The Sorcerer" cannot charm the New York public whatever else he may be able to do.

The opera's non-success at the Bijou was mainly owing to the feeble manner in which it was rendered. No one seemed to enter into the spirit of it, nor understand Mr. Gilbert's humor. Miss Russell looked well and her diamonds gave complete satisfaction. This she appeared to think was all that was necessary. Miss Joyce did all she could with the role of Lady Sangazure, but failed to make much of it. Mr. Campbell was all thumbs in his actions, and Mr. Olmi loafed around the stage and confirmed the opinion we have held since seeing his Tommy Merton in "The Vicar of Bray"—that he is not much of an actor, whatever kind of a singer he may be. Mr. Howson was the only person who made anything like a hit. His make-up as John Wellington Wells, the dealer in magic and spells, was a clever burlesque of a somewhat gymnastic divine of Brooklyn, whose well-known mannerisms he had caught with such accuracy that they were instantly recognized by the audience and received with roars of laughter and hearty applause. Mr. Howson's every entrance was a signal for an outburst, and the people who have visited the Bijou during the week have gone more to see Howson's Sorcerer than Gilbert's.

Mr. Bell was not so fortunate as Mr. Howson. He tried hard to be funny, but the harder he tried the more sober his auditors became, and all his efforts went for nothing. Miss Lucette as Constance did better than those who made more pretentions, and Mme. Julie de Ruyther was good as Mrs. Partlett. Mr. Maflin appeared in a part which we do not recollect having seen in "The Sorcerer" when produced here before. It is not, however, much of a part, which is well, for Mr. Maflin does not appear to be much of an actor. The chorus was good, and the piece placed upon the stage in a satisfactory manner.

WINDSOR THEATRE—"FRIEND AND FOE."

Carrol Moore	William J. Scanlan
Quentin La Font	R. C. White
Ambrose	C. B. Hawkins
Pierre Fontaine	J. R. McCann
Captain Rolfman	P. Shelley
Birkhan, a jailer	A. L. McCrany
Gounod	A. J. Spellman
Corporal Manheim	G. A. Foster
Andrea Fontaine	Florine Arnold
Annette	Annie Franklin
Madame Bullville	Sadie Radcliffe
Cecile	Blanche Whitney

Bartley Campbell's play of "Friend and Foe" received its first New York representation at the Windsor Theatre on Monday evening. It is by no means a great play nor is it even an extraordinarily good one. It lacks originality throughout, every situation being familiar to those of the audience who were constant playgoers, and the piece will do nothing toward increasing the fame of the author, although it certainly seems to be adding to the fortunes of those interested in it. The dialogue, however, is brisk and sometimes clever, and by itself makes almost interesting a threadbare plot, which if told in a less able manner would be very stupid indeed. In short, "Friend and Foe" is not a strong piece of dramatic work, but far beneath the average productions of Mr. Campbell. At the same time, it is a very good one-part play, and it is from the latter standpoint, perhaps, that we ought to criticize it as it was written for W. J. Scanlan, an ex song and dance man, who appears to advantage in it, thereby giving us another illustration of the dramatic stage receiving a not unworthy recruit from the variety platform. Indeed Mr. Scanlan is the attraction, and to him alone is the success of the piece due. Since he adopted his more pretentious line of business he has been rapidly making his way into public favor, and wherever he goes large houses greet him. As Carrol Moore in Mr. Campbell's play, Mr. Scanlan is to be praised. His

make-up is good and he acts well, but he especially pleased in the songs which he introduced, all of which were re-demanded. Miss Arnold made a pretty Andrea, and looked so sweet that it pains us to be obliged to say that her acting was not what it should have been. She filled her part to the best of her ability, however, and for this is to be commended, for as the Little Duke says :

He who does his level best
Can do no more try all he can.

Mr. Hawkins was not satisfactory as Ambrose, and the remainder of the cast was only fairly good. Despite the weakness of the play as a play, and the general unfitness of its interpreters it has been given to good houses during the week, but as we intimated above, this is due to the star, the piece itself exciting but little enthusiasm.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE—"ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

Lizzie Stark.... } The Mme. Laurent.. } Adventuress } .....Agnes Herndon
Justine, the farmer's daughter.....Lillian Spencer
Mother Stark, of Poverty Hollow.....Adele Wallace
Mollie Little, Nelly's attendant.....Minnie Lennox
Harold Lennox, the wealthy author.....Edward Wodiska
Jack Hartley.....The Adventuresses } .....George W. Smith
Philip Bartram....Accomplices... .. }
Sammy Green, a farmer lad.....Alfred Klein
Higgins, the butler.....Joseph Adelman
Keeper Taylor, of Sing Sing.....James Thornton
Nelly, mamma's treasure.....Little Mamie Gilroy

"Only a Farmer's Daughter," Mr. Elliot Barnes' drama, was again presented to an audience of Gothamites on Monday night at Haverly's Theatre. The piece was produced in this city several years ago, and at that time proved a failure. It now follows its former example, and if ever a piece deserved to fail it is Mr. Barnes' "Only a Farmer's Daughter." A critic on a daily paper says that during the past year it has changed for the better. This may be so, and if sueh is the case, we earnestly thank fate that we were not present at its former production in this city, for it is an ordeal to witness it even now in its improved state. In writing "Only a Farmer's Daughter," Mr. Barnes has given us one of the worst plays ever written. It is faulty in its construction, weak in its dialogue, and rtdiculous throughout. Mr. Barnes' humor makes one sad, and his pathos excites to laughter. What he is pleased to call situations are amusing in the extreme, for he carries bloodthirsty scenes to such lengths that one is impelled to smile at their utter absurdity.

The acting is on an equality with the play. The star is not a very brilliant one. She is constantly flickering, and at every moment threatens to go out. The latter catastrophe is one which the audience would have hailed with joy, for, bad as is Mr. Barnes' work, Miss Herndon's is even worse. She plays the part of a bad woman, and makes the bad woman a very, very bad one—so bad, in fact, that we doubt whether she could be excelled in the matter of how not to act. Personally the lady is a beautiful woman, but pretty is that pretty does, and pretty ought to be ashamed of herself in this case, for she could not have personated the part of Mme. Laurent more feebly if she had tried. Her leading man, Mr. Wodiska, supported her in an able manner—that is to say, he played his part as badly as it could be done, and we never fully realized to what extent bad acting could be carried until we witnessed his Harold Lennox. Mr. Smith appeared as the accomplice of the wicked woman, and was as bad as the author could have possibly desired. Miss Wallace resembled Mr. Smith in this respect, and Mr. Klein played a farmer lad, or rather was supposed to, for while his make-up was good his acting, like the lightning at the seaside exhibition in "Viva" was left to the imagination. Briefly, "Only a Farmer's Daughter" is a play which is wonderfully and frightfully made, and the company now playing it at Haverly's is the embodiment of all that is poor in the way of acting. Many of the audience were unable to sit the performance out.

In conclusion, it affords us pleasure to be able to say something kind. There was one member of the cast who filled her role in a praiseworthy manner, and the nature of her surroundings made her gleam out from among the others like a diamond sparkling in mud. This was Miss Lillian Spencer. She enacted the farmer's daughter to the complete satisfaction of her auditors, and made as much of Mr. Barnes' lines as they would allow.

PARK THEATRE—"THE GILDED AGE."

Colonel Mullberry Sellers.....John T. Raymond
Colonel George Selby.....George F. DeVere
Si Hawkins.....J. F. Dean
Clay Hawkins.....O. H. Barr
Lafayette Hawkins.....Harry Pierson
District Attorney.....H. Thompaon
C. W. Duffer.....L. Thompson
Judge of the Court.....William Young
Clerk of the Court.....J. Lant
Uncle Daniel.....J. Marble
John Peterson.....Jenny Boyd
Foreman of the Jury.....Thomas Smith
Laura Hawkins.....Stella Boniface
Emily Hawkins.....Belle Flohr
Mrs. Si Hawkins.....Nellie Mortimer
Mrs. Mulberry Sellers.....Ruth Cowles
Little Emily.....Carrie Morton
Little Lafayette.....Master William Jones

That the public is not yet tired of Colonel Mulberry Sellers a peep into the Park Theatre on Monday, or indeed any evening during the week, would have proved to any one's satisfaction. Mr. Raymond's creation of Colonel Sellers is too well known for it to be necessary for us to give it other than a passing mention. His support was a capable one, and Miss Boniface made the role of Laura Hawkins what no one else ever succeeded in making of it—a character only secondary to that of the Colonel, which, considering how the part has been mangled and cut from time to time, was a difficult task.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"ONE OF THE FINEST."

John Mishler.....Gus Williams
Hugh Hickman.....George Waldron
James Eastman } .....Nelson Decker
Fred. Eastman }
Ruth Hickman.....Isabel Waldron
Mrs. Mishler.....Dora Stuart
Edgar Weeks.....Thomas E. Morris
Mart. Devine.....D. G. Longworth
Robert Weeks.....Walter Bronson
Superintendent Russell.....Theo. Walton
Quincy Veal.....William Henderson
Charley.....Master Renne
Officer Burns } .....Daniel Connley
Officer Muldoon }
Katie Mishler.....Rachael Booth
Jennie Eastman.....Miss E. Bancker

Mr. Gus Williams reappeared on the New York stage in "One of the Finest" at the Grand Opera House last Monday. A large audience gave him a hearty welcome, and the houses during the rest of the week prove that he has lost none of his former popularity in this city. His support was mainly the same as that which was seen at Haverly's several months ago. Mr. Longworth as Mart. Devine, the "masher," was second only to Mr. Williams, and Miss Stuart gave quantity, if not quality, as Mrs. Mishler. Mr. Decker, as the Eastman Brothers, deserves mention. The others did their best, and as a rule made the most of their parts.

THALIA THEATRE—"EINE JUNGE FRAU."

Bernhard.....Herr Schmeidler
Louise.....Frau Salster
Elsa.....Fraulein Uberti
Dr. Schirmer.....Herr Kierschner
Emily.....Frau Lube
Clara.....Fraulein Pusch
Fiedler.....Herr Korn
Arthur von Waldow.....Herr Ballman
Ernst von Waldow.....Herr Stolte
Von Schlemmer.....Herr Meyer
Specht.....Her Gotthardt
Dr. Schubert.....Herr Rosenbusch
Richter.....Herr Lupschutz
Drieselman.....Herr Lindau
Marie.....Fraulein Renee
Braesecke.....Herr Stubel

In consequence of the illness of Madame Gallmeyer the production of "Ihre Familie" (Our Family) which was announced for Monday night, was postponed, and "Eine Junge Frau" (A Young Wife), a four-act comedy never before performed in this city, although an old favorite in Germany, was given instead. The audience was only a moderate one, as many persons demanded their money back when they learned Gallmeyer was not to appear. Those who stayed did not regret it, for the substituted play proved to be very amusing and, with the fine acting, made a most enjoyable dramatic feast. Applause was bestowed upon it at frequent intervals, and everybody went home highly delighted with the entertainment. Herr Schmeidler created a great deal of fun as Bernhard, and Lindau outdid himself, while all the others were truly excellent.

GERMANIA THEATRE—"TROMPETTE."

The Countess Cameroni (Trompette).....Geistinger
The Duke.....Fr. Meyer
The Duchesse.....Miss Schatz
The Marquise.....Miss Mellner
The Baron.....Mr. Schmidt
The Baroness.....Miss Beil
The Vicomtesse.....Miss Ehrlich
Filonfine.....Mr. Junker
Manicamp.....Mr. Schutz
Invigne.....Mr. Dusing
D'Estilly.....Mr Lenoir
Perpignasse.....Mr. Friedrich
Montcarel.....Mr. Wichert
Chateaubrun.....Mr. Muhibauer
Pont-Aubray.....Mr. Metsch
Boisvilette.....Mr. Schultze
Tabureau.....Mr. Link
Jaqueline.....Miss Praga
Bernard.....Mr. Schmitz
Madeion.....Mrs. Habrich
First Solo-Violinist of the King.....Miss Rudolfi

"Trompette," an opera by Lecocq, received its first American representation at the Germania Theatre last Friday evening and scored a success. The music is charming and contains many genuine gems which, although light, are full of melody. The libretto, too, is extremely clever and well worthy of its writers, MM. Meilhae and Halevy. The acting was excellent and the vocal part of the performance was up to the standard. Madame Geistinger played and sung the leading *role* admirably and was heartily applauded. Miss Praga was good as Jaqueline. Her voice is fresh and sweet and she is a very fair actress. The other characters were ably given and the chorus did some excellent work. The piece ran during the week to good houses and it is well worthy of hearing.

"EIN ENGL."

Saldar.....Herr Towele
Arabella.....F au Libe
Moritz.....Herr Stolte
Gertrud.....Frl. Jolanda
Runet.....Herr Meyer
Beate.....Frl. Pusch
Karl Eriach.....Herr Bollmann
Netichen.....Frl. Renee
Anton.....Herr Lindau

On Wednesday evening Rosen's three-act farce, "Ein Engel" was performed. The audience was a very small one, but the acting was excellent, Herr Tewele being called to the footlights at the close of every act. Herr Lindau also made a hit and all the others deserve praise for their efforts.

MOUNT MORRIS THEATRE—"PATIENCE."

Colonel Calverly.....W. H West
Major Murgatroyd.....W. W. Allen
Lieutenant the Duke of Dunstable.....W. P. Hampshire
Reginald Bunthorne.....Louis De Lange
Algernon Grosvenor.....Eu ene Clarke
Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor.....W. F. Dudley
The Lady Augela.....Helen Dayne
The Lady Saphir.....Jennie Price
The Lady Ella.....Lizzie Thomas
The Lady Jane.....Emma Delaro
Patience.....Bessie Grey

The Philadelphia Church Choir Gompany opened a the Mount Morris Theatre on Monday evening in "Patience," to a large and appreciative house. The acting and singing of principals and chorus, on the whole, were good, the costuming was handsome, and the opera placed upon the stage in a creditable style. On Tuesday

"THE MASCOT"

was performed to a good audience with the subjoined cast :—

Bettina.....Bessie Grey
Fiametta.....Helen Dayne
Pippo.....Eugene Clarke
Prince Lorenzo XVII.....Louis De Lange

Prederick, Prince of Pisa.....W. P. Hampshire
Rocco.....W. W. Allen
Parafanti.....M. Morton
Matheo.....J. A. Howe
Physician.....Charles Irving
Angelo.....Adelia Barker
Luigi.....Louise C. Diebner
Carlo.....Zittara E. Butler
Paolo.....Natta Tracy
Pluto.....Ciara Washburne
Marco.....Lizzie Thomas

The piece was finely mounted and the chorus did its duty. Most of the principals were satisfactory and the audience was greatly delighted with the entire performance, in spite of the poor orchestra and the clowning indulged in by Mr. De Lange. Indeed, the latter seemed to take, and the bigger fool Mr. De Lange made of himself the more applause he received, although in justice to the Harlemites we must add that nearly all of the approbation came from the upper part of the house. Mr. Hampshire seemed to have a cold, and consequently was not able to create much of an impression, and Mr. Clarke endeavored to gain favor by imitating the methods of Mr. De Lange. Nor was he alone in this. "Gagging" was freely indulged in by nearly all, and an otherwise good performance marred by horse play and coarse jokes.

"THE PLANTER'S WIFE."

Edith Gray.....Maud Granger
Dora Graham.....Elsie Moore
Angie Gordon.....Lillian De Garmo
Aunt Susan Gordon.....Miss Novella
Albert Graham.....Sir Randall Roberts
Arthur Blake.....Harry Colton
Harry Livingston.....M. A. Kennedy
Simeon Simcoe.....J. W. Sommers
Toham.....Edward McArdle
Walters.....Henry Coleman

On Thursday evening Mr. J. K. Tillotson's play of the "Planter's Wife" was performed with Miss Maud Granger in the principal role. She scored a hit and not only gained applause, but deserved it. Her supporting company was fair, Miss Moore and Miss DeGarmo being the only exceptions. They were good. Sir Randall Roberts was not satisfactory. He is very amateurish. Harry Colton made a great deal of noise as Arthur Blake, and M. A. Kennedy made a weak Harry Livingston. The piece was repeated last night to another good house. It will be given again to-day at the matinee and in the evening.

I saw Salvini at Booth's Theatre on Thursday evening. He had landed in the morning and I confess I was puzzled for a reason why he should select "The Romany Rye" as the piece which he should see first of all. I vexed my brain over this important question for a long time, but at last I was able to solve it according to the old single Rule of Three, as follows:—
Fifth Avenue Theatre: Stetson. Salvini: Booth's Theatre.

* * *

Marra, the artist, was with the great actor. When I saw Marra I smiled. His presence reminded me of the fact, that I had once been a dramatic critic myself. It was purely accidental, I assure you, but a man must live, you know. The time was Salvini's first year in this country. and I studied the Italian tragedian's methods.

* * *

To me Salvini was only a pantomimist. Unlike John Stetson and Jimmy Morrissey, and Willie Winter and Lancaster and Wheeler, I do not speak Italian. Salvini, I believe, speaks it quite as well as any of these gentlemen. As a consequence of my ignorance, Othello's lines were lost upon me. I was vastly pleased with Salvini's Othello, however—that is with the acting, and I said so. With the parts that followed I was equally delighted, until the Italian undertook to play Hamlet and then, by Jove, I found that there were some things which even the greatest of actors cannot play.

* * *

Salvini cannot play Hamlet. I said so and said something more. Mr. Salvini had already proved that he belonged to the vigorous school of acting. His Hamlet clearly demonstrated that he is lacking in intellectuality. I laid particular stress upon the fact, that not content with Othello, Ingomar, Conradi and other murderers, Salvini made Hamlet a murderer also. I was outspoken and my remarks made a little sensation at the time.

* * *

Marra came out exceedingly strong on that occasion. Indeed, he went to the absurd length of sending me his compliments on the point of a stiletto. I can't think of it even now without laughing.

* * *

When I saw Marra with Salvini at Booth's on Thursday evening I laughed again, and right merrily.

* * *

Salvini had scarcely landed until congratulations began to flow in upon him. The first county to be heard from was Lawrence Barrett. "Welcome, greatest of artists," exclaimed an American Richelieu, with telegraphic fervor.

* * *

As a matter of course Salvini was "interviewed." He touched upon two points which made it worth the interviewer's trouble. The first of these was Marie Prescott. "I have been told of her prominence in the courts," Salvini said, "but I do not regard that fact as likely to disqualify her as an actress. She is a good and faithful support, and has always appeared to me to be everything a lady should be. The notoriety which has been given her in the newspapers may be slightly advantageous from a business point of view. She will travel through the country with me, and then, in all probability, support me while I am in London." What made all this particularly significant was the fact that while Salvini was talking a jury of her countrymen was giving her $12,500 for the injury to her reputation by the libels of one Harvier.

* * *

What do I think of the verdict? So far as the American News Company is concerned I think it exceedingly harsh. In such a publication they ought not to be made liable. The effect of it must either be to destroy not only the weekly theatrical journals but all newspapers, or to establish a censorship of the press by the news companies. In either event this verdict will go a long way toward modifying the relations of newspaper publishers toward the channels by which it has been customary to reach the public.

* * *

Another remark made by Salvini to the interviewer I could not understand, although it seems plain enough, "I had a translation of Richelieu made into the Italian language while I was at Florence," the reporter made him say, "and paid $500 for it. After reading it with great care I came to the conclusion that I could not properly present the character, and, therefore, relinquished all thoughts of playing it." I thought it strange that Salvini should acknowledge that he could not properly present any character, for I knew that he could play Richelieu if he wanted to. I asked him whether he had made the remark attributed to him, and he said he had been misunderstood. What he meant to say was, that Richelieu depends for success so much upon the lines, and so little upon the action, that much of the effect would be lost if the part is played in a language which the audience does not understand. Mr. Salvini intends playing Richelieu, but only in Italy, where the force of his elocution will not be lost.

* * *

After watching Salvini watching "The Romany Rye" for awhile, I went over to the Grand Opera House. There was not even standing room there. High tragedy or low comedy seems equally successful on the West Side, and Gus. Williams' houses this week were even greater than those which Lawrence Barrett had last week. I was surprised, and so instead of trying to force my way into the house, I went over to the Hotel Schuster and had a solitary beer.

—Mr. W. J. Florence has been elected President of "The Lambs." This is the club originated by Lester Wallack, H. J. Montague and others of Wallack's Theatre, and of which the former has been chief officer. The club house is on West Twenty fifth street.

—Henry C. Jarrett is gaining managerial reputation in England by his skillful coaching of "Fun on the Bristol," which is now in the thirteenth week of its successful career at the Olympic Theatre. He recently gave special and very profitable day performances of the farcical variety sketch at the Crystal Palace. It is not determined when he will return to America, but his host of friends will submit without murmuring to his prolonged absence when they know that he is rapidly adding to his already large fortune.

—Harlem has not only a theatre of which it may justly be proud, and the promise of still another, but it is the residential quarter of many prominent theatricals. Manager Hamilton, of the Mount Morris Theatre, lives on East One Hundred and Twenty-second street; Harry Edwards, of Wallack's; Julia Wilson, of the Denman Thompson Combination, and Commodore Tooker live in East One Hundred and Sixteenth street a Boulevard avenue. Maggie Mitchell lives on West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, and Bessie Darling in a very elegant brown-stone front on Madison avenue, facing Mount Morris Park. Down-town people who fancy that Harlem is but suburban should take a trip in that direction some fine Sunday and enjoy the surprise that the density of the population, the wealth, beauty, and promises of the locality are sure to give them.

—There is a misunderstanding, and of course a lawsuit, between the Kiralfy Brothers and Bartley Campbell in regard to "Siberia." Judge Freedman has been asked to restrain Mr. Campbell from disposing of the manuscript and to enjoin the production of the piece.

—There is to be a benefit performance for the family of Colonel Slayback killed in St. Louis by John A. Cockerill, of the *Post-Dispatch*. Mr. John McCullough is one of the present movers in the matter. He offered either his services or a subscription of $1,000. The latter way would be the best way. There is no good reason for theatrical performances in such cases.

—The tendency of the more prominent stage attractions seems to be to keep within a metropolitan radius. The expense of travelling, its wear and tear, and uncertainties, are having a natural effect upon stars, and New York and its immediate vicinity seems capable of justifying the

inclination of dramatic favorites. The Florences, for instance, will pass sixteen weeks in and about this city, beginning next Monday a four weeks' engagement at the Grand Opera House, following it with one of six weeks at Abbey's Park Theatre; next going to Brooklyn for one week at Haverly's; one at Morris' Grand Opera House, and a week at the Novelty Theatre in the Eastern District. This time, with a week at Newark, a week in Harlem, and a week at the Windsor, makes full four months' rebate from the usual travelling tour of a season.

—M. Capoul made his first appearance this season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night as Wilhelm Meister in "Mignon." M. Capoul will also appear at the concert to be given at the new Casino to-morrow evening.

—Mr. Park Godwin has sent $100 to the Actor's Fund.

—Amateur theatricals have begun, the first performance of the season being given at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Thursday evening by the Mistletoe. Watts Phillips' "Camilla's Husband" was the play.

—Mr. Jefferson will give a professional matinee at the Union Square Theatre next Thursday afternoon.

—Madame Gallmeyer has been suffering from severe indisposition, but was able to resume her work at the Thalia Theatre last night.

—Patti sailed on Wednesday, and Madame Nilsson and Mrs. Langtry are half seas over.

—In spite of all reports to the contrary it is possible that Mr. John Gilbert will resume his place at Wallack's later in the season.

—One of the scenes of Harrigan & Hart's new play, which is to be produced on Monday evening, represents a pawnbroker's shop; another represents an old Houston street chop house. The story of the play is serious and dramatic.

—Mr. John T. Raymond it is announced has accepted another play. This reaches somewhere about the forty-seventh this season.

—"Rip Van Winkle," Planquette's new opera, which is to be produced at the Standard Theatre November 1, will comprise a cast of twenty-six people, presenting Mme. Dolaro as Katrina, Miss Sallie Keber as Gretchen, Miss Barlow and Miss Rousby, with Mr. Carleton as Rip van Winkle, Mr. Ryley as the Burgomaster, Mr. Seymour as Knickerbocker, Mr. Mansfield as Vedder, and Messrs. Wilkinson, Cadwallader, and Rousby in the other principal *roles*.

—A select audience of about three hundred was present at Edouard Remenyi's complimentary soiree musicale given last Thursbay evening in the ball room of Delmonico's. Those present represented the *creme de la creme* of metropolitan society. The tickets were $2 each. The principal incident of the evening was the successful debut of Miss Josephine Shepherd, daughter of Mrs. W. J. Florence, the comedienne. She is a young lady with some pretensions to beauty, who possesses a sweet soprano voice that has been carefully trained. She sang Sullivan's "A Lost Chord."

BROOKLYN.

Minnie Palmer has been attracting large houses to Haverly's Theatre during the week. She is very well supported, and the performance throughout is satisfactory. M. B. Curtis comes here on Monday with his ever popular "Sam'l of Posen."

At the Grand Opera House the Chanfraus have been playing to splendid business: Mr. Chanfrau presenting "Kit, the Arkansas Traveller" every night this week, with the exception of last night, when Mrs. Chanfrau appeared in "East Lynne," which she also gave at the Wednesday matinee and will repeat this afternoon.

Hague's British Minstrels have performed to a few deadheads and many empty seats at the Park Theatre during the week. The show is a weak one and quite deserving of its non-success. Daly's company will present "Mankind" at this establishment next week.

Frank Frayne has been doing well in "Mardo" at Hyde & Behman's, while "Herne's Hearts of Oak" have been drawing fair houses to the Novelty Theatre, Williamsburgh.

BOSTON.

PARK THEATRE—"ESMERALDA."

Elbert Rogers, a North Carolina Farmer ..... John E. Owens
Lydia Ann, his wife ..... Kate Denin Wilson
Esmeralda, their daughter ..... Annie Russell
Dave Hardy, a young North Carolinian ..... E. J. Buckley
Estabrook, a man of leisure ..... Charles Walcott
Jack Desmond, a young American painter ..... G. Wiley Presbrey
Norah Desmond, Jack's sister ..... Mrs. Charles Walcot
Kate Desmond, Jack's sister ..... Louise Dillon
Marquis de Montessin, an adventurer ..... W. H. Pope
George Drew, a mining engineer ..... E. G. Spangler

Mrs. Burnett's charming little play of "Esmeralda" was produced for the first time in Boston, at the Park Theatre, on Monday evening, and met with great and well deserved success. The house was packed to the very doors in spite of the storm, and the performance was enthusiastically received and applauded throughout, the actors being called to the footlights at the close of every act. The stage setting of the piece was unusually fine, the most minute details being carefully attended to. The studio scene especially was admired, and the short time in which the stage was prepared was a matter of wonder and comment.

The acting was superb, not one but all making a hit. Mr. Owens, as old Rogers, gave an artistic piece of work, which went straight to the hearts of his hearers. Miss Russell took public and critics by storm. She has such a sweet expressive countenance, that she is enabled to look as well as act the title role to perfection. All Boston has fallen in love with her. Mrs. Wilson played Lyddy Ann excellently, but it is not a part calculated to win the sympathies of the audience. Mr. Buckley made a manly and earnest Dave Hardy, and Mr. and Mrs. Walcot created a favorable impression as Estabrook and Norah Desmond. Mr. Presbrey, Miss Dillon and Mr. Pope, are also worthy of mention, and a more even performance was never given in this city. Since we Bostonians have seen "Esmeralda" for ourselves, we are not surprised at the long run it secured in New York.

GLOBE THEATRE.

Madame Modjeska continued her engagement at this house during the week to good houses, appearing on Monday in "Frou Frou," on Tuesday in "Camille," and on Wednesday in "Romeo and Juliet."

On Thursday evening Mme. Modjeska made her debut in the character of Rosalind. The house was packed and the actress well received. There was nothing strikingly original in her personation; she was nevertheless greatly applauded and called to the footlights three times. The same properties used by the late Adelaide Neilson were used by Modjeska but afforded little inspiration.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

On Monday evening the revival of standard comedies was inaugurated at the Museum by the production of "The School for Scandal." The house was filled at an early hour and people were turned away. The play was cast to the full strength of the company, and the performance was in consequence an admirable one. There was a new Joseph Surface in the person of George R. Parks, who acquitted himself in a creditable manner. Mr. Warren's Sir Peter Teazle was as perfect as ever, and Miss Clarke made a very good Lady Teazle.

"Old Heads and Young Hearts" was the attraction Tuesday, Mr. Warren appearing as Jessie Rural, which he played with all his old-time success. It was repeated at the Wednesday matinee and in the evening, and on Thursday was followed by "The Guv'nor." To-night is "a special dramatic night" and "A Celebrated Case" will be given. Next Monday "London Assurance" will be performed.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.

Joseph Murphy presented "Kerry Gow" here during the past week to large audiences. It is unnecessary to notice Mr. Murphy's acting as it is too well known, and particularly in this piece, to require other than a mention. His support is almost new to us, John Murphy and William Leary being the only prominent members of last season's company whom he has retained. Miss Waters, who is now his Nora Drew, is pretty, but one likes to see a part acted as well as looked, and the former Miss Waters fails to accomplish satisfactorily. The others generally are good and the play is very handsomely mounted.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

The Windsor Theatre was opened for the season under the management of George Lothrop on Monday night. Few alterations have been made and the house presents pretty much the same appearance as last season. Bair's Minstrels have been the attraction this week, and "standing room only" has been the nightly announcement. Maude Granger opens here in "The Planter's Wife" on Monday.

—The Boston Magnet is what a daily paper calls the Boston Theatre because of its drawing powers. "Youth" is now in its fifth week at this establishment and attracting as large houses as ever.

—Clara Morris is to appear at the Park October 30.

—The Boylston Museum is doing well. The bill this week is an excellent one.

—Mr. James E. Murdock, the eminent actor and elocutionist, will soon give one of his readings at the Boston Theatre.

—The great success of P. S. Gilmore's concert at the Boston Theatre has induced the management to anuounce another concert, with change of programme, for Sunday evening.

CHICAGO.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE—"D. A. M."

Moliere Shakespeare Ambigue ..... Stuart Robson
The Dramatist of the Future.
Z. Blackstone Perkins ..... William H. Crane
The American Abroad.
Count Henri de Pechoir ..... A. S. Lipman
The Impecunious.
Marco Apollinaris ..... Charles Webb
Hadji Pacha ..... F. E. Ambrose
Fortune Hunters.
Alphonse, waiter in Madame Pereque's boarding house and super at the Theatre Cluny ..... Chas. S. Dickson
Mons. Rousette ..... W. F. Lane
Marcel } Model } ..... B. W. Turner
Ponllet } Gendarmes } ..... Frank Campbell
Call Boy ..... Master Collars
Mlle. Georgette de Millefleurs ..... Leonora Bradley
Leading Actress of the Theatre Cluny.
Miss Gertrude Hammond of Mississippi ..... Sadie Bigelow
Madame Perreque ..... Mrs. Mary Myers
Formerly Principal of a Young Ladies' boarding school.

On Sunday evening a new four-act play, by A. C. Gunter, entitled "D. A. M." (District Attorney, Montana,) was produced at Hooley's Theatre to a crowded house. The piece is not much of a story, but is full of laughable situations, and as it was written to suit the eccentric style of comedy in which Messrs. Robson and Crane are so popular, it succeeds in its object. As Moliere Shakespeare Ambigue Mr. Robson made quite a hit. The part is one of a gloomy, penniless playwright, and Mr. Robson plays it to perfection, while Mr. Crane is very amusing as Z. Blackstone Perkins, a noisy, pugnacious Western lawyer. The play itself is a poor one, but in the hands of Robson and Crane it will undoubtedly prove successful, as their efforts redeem it from the dullness which would enshroud it if in weaker hands. They were well supported and the scenery was good. The audiences, which have been large, appear to be well pleased with the piece, judging from the nightly laughter and applause.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—"STATES ATTORNEY."

A new play by Scott Marble, which he calls "States Attorney," was brought out at the Academy of Music on Monday in the presenee of a large audience. The piece is not strikingly original and did not achieve any great success. John Dillon, however, made a feature of the principal role, in which he was decidedly good. George Waters played Si Strong neatly, but the author, who appeared in the piece, proved himself a worse actor even than a playwright. Mrs. Waters enacted Bida, the familiar stage school ma'am neatly, and Miss Ida Maurel, deserves mention. The others were only so so.

MR MILN'S DEBUT.

The ex-Rev. George C. Miln made his first appearance on any stage at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening. The house was crowded and the audience kindly disposed, but, although the applause was generous and hearty at first it began ro grow weaker and weaker as the play progressed. Mr. Miln cannot be termed a success. He neither acts nor looks the part. He is short and dumpy, and his wish that "this too, too solid flesh would melt" created a smile.

HAVERLY'S THEATRE "THE LIGHTS O' LONDON."

A large audience assembled in Haverly's Theatre on Monday night to witness "The Lights o' London" as pre-

sented by the Union Square Theatre Company. Everybody concerned in it did well. Mr. Stoddard, Mr. D. Bellville and Mr. Owen Fawcett were especially pleasing. The stage setting of the piece was greatly admired and the performance throughout was satisfactory. The play has been put on to run four weeks which it will have no difficulty in doing, judging from the present houses it is attracting.

—Mary Anderson is in her second week at McVicker's and drawing large houses. Her support is good. Herrmann will be at this theatre next week.

—The Thalia Theatre Company from New York will appear at the Grand Opera House Sunday night and during the week in Johann Strauss' comic operetta "The Merry War."

CINCINNATI.

J. K. Emmett has been playing in "Fritz Among the Gypsies" at the Grand Opera House during the week to crowded houses. His new play resembles his old ones in style. His company is good and the scenery he carries with him is smply beautiful. The handsome St. Bernard dog which he introduces into the play is as enthusiastically welcomed every night as the star himself. Next week the Emma Abbott English Opera Company appears at this house, and the engagement will be made interesting by the presentation of two comparatively unfamiliar works: one is the opera comique "King for a Day," a work of French origin, dealing with incidents in India, and the other, Sir Julius Benedict's operatic version of the story of "Colleen Bawn."

Jeffreys-Lewis has made a hit here in "La Belle Russe" which is filling Robinson's Opera House this week. Miss Lewis is well supported, the entire company acting their *roles* creditably. "Taken From Life" will follow on Monday.

At Henck's Opera House Aldrich and Parsloe have been the attraction. Their company is truly fine and the style in which they render "My Partner" is deserving of all the applause it wins. Business has been good so far, and bids fair to continue so for the rest of the week. Miner's Comedy Four open on Monday for a week.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

October 15, 1882.

Barlow, Wilson & Co.'s minstrels visited the Leubri Theatre Wednesday and Thursday nights to good business. They are no doubt the best minstrels that have been to Memphis in some years. Minnie Maddern closed the week with "Fogg's Ferry" Friday evening. "Wild Wave," Saturday matinee, and Saturday night "Rexina," a new play written by Scott Marble, Esq., expressly for her.

The plot is briefly as follows:

Rexina Higlee, commonly known as "Rex," a warm-hearted, slangy young hoyden, lives with her uncle, Squire Higlee, a man of large property, who has recently married a young wife. The plot hinges upon this marriage and the results that come from it. The young wife, whose maiden name was Helen Arcolt, had been ruined in her youth by a scheming villain called Gaptain Van Dorn. Van Dorn afterwards married her secretly and passed her off for her twin sister Tris, who had been drowned a short time before, and with whom Squire Higlee was in love. Van Dorn, however, spread the report that it was Helen, his wife, who was drowned.

This he could do, as the sisters were so much alike that no one could tell them apart. As Tris Helen meets Squire Higlee, and finally marries him by order of her husband, who sees in the bigamous match a chnnce to fill his purse from the Sqnire's coffers,

As the brother-in-law of his wife Squire Higlee welcomes Van Dorn to his house, and there he remains for many weeks, "in cover."

He contrives to make himself solid with the Squire, but is a source of continual fear to his wife, and is cordially hated by Rex. His demands upon the wife for money become so exorbitant that she refuses to furnish him any longer. He threatens her with exposure, but she stands firm, and finally burns her marriage certificate, the only written evidence of her marriage. The paper, however, is not wholly destroyed, and enough remains to show what it is. The name of the minister is still legible, but not the date nor name of the bridegroom. Van Dorn gets possession of the precious fragment, and then enters into a conspiracy with a gambler named Trigg to force Helen to a compliance with his wishes. He introduces Trigg at the Squire's house. Rex and Trigg become fast friends, and he repents of his share in the plot, and resolves to work against Van Dorn. Helen refuses Van Dorn's second demand for money, and he denounces her in the presence of the whole family, and produces the burnt certificate in proof. Helen is about to confess, when Rex boldly comes forward and saves her by asserting that the marriage certificate is her own, that she had been secretly married to Trigg a few days before. Then begins a series of complications. Rex is driven out by her uncle. She is taken by Trigg to a humble place near by, where he keeps her, respecting her and supporting her, but he does not press his claim as a husband.

To them comes the heavy villain, Van Dorn, who tries to force from Rex certain letters that have fallen into her hands. Trigg comes in and raises Cain with Van Dorn. The latter tries to draw a pistol, and at that moment a bolt of lightning strikes him dead and makes Trigg blind.

The last act shows the love of Rex for Trigg and the expulsion of the false wife, Helen Van Dorn. There it stops.

The play is good in general groundwork, but it is crude and incomplete. The first act is too long, and there is too much talk up to the third act. Then the real interest of the play begins, and from that on there is not a dull line or a weak situation. In fact, the play is remarkably well written, except for the pruning in the first and second acts The lines are bright and give the cast more opportunity than in any play of its kind ever presented here. The third act is very strong, and therewith makes a symmetrical ending. The piece is top-heavy, but has all the elements of success when properly revised It could be very easily condensed into three acts The character of the schoolmastership should be elaborated upon, and that of Trigg changed to the extent of making him, at least, a gentlemanly gambler. At present he is a very rough sport, of the kind that no one would suspect of any feeling of virtue or manliness. Under these circumstances Rex's love for, and supposed marriage to him, is a lame and most unsatisfactory conclusion for the play. Her gratitude to him for the services he has rendered her cannot excuse a pure young girl for giving herself to him. "Rexina" is in fine a play that is good in its lines and situations, but bad in its arrangements.

Miss Maddern's personation of Rexina is her best effort. In spite of the nervousness naturally attending her appearance as a star in an untried play, she showed the capabilities for higher efforts that will rank her among the best actresses in the land as far as melodrama is concerned. The cast was as follows:—

Rexina	Minnie Maddern
Squire Higlee	W. A. Whitecar
Trigg (a gambler)	Harold Forsberg
Capt. Van Dorn	Chas. Mason
Brindy	Wm. Cullington
Slap	J. F. Armstrong
Mr. Take (a burglar)	J. F. Hennegan
Helen Van Dorn	Helen Sedgwick
Mrs. Cardy	Kate Beebe
Mrs. Browning	Lillie George

Whitecar made a smooth and acceptable Squire Higlee, and Forsberg an admirable Trigg. Captain Van Dorn was well personated by Chas. Mason. Miss Helen Sedgwick as Helen Van Dorn, had the heaviest emotional business to carry, and she bore the burden well.

Miss Maddern received a handsome stand of flowers by the Porter Rifles of our city as a tribute of their admiration for her talents as an actress. S. H.

PHILADELPHIA.

"Viva, or a Sister's Devotion," Leonard Grover's new play, written for Louis and Alice Harrison, and produced at Haverly's Theatre last Monday, kicked up about the widest difference of opinion that the critics have experienced for some time. The extremes were the *North American*, which venerable newspaper called it sad stuff in general, and utterly unfit for the Harrisons in particular, and the *Evening Bulletin*, which is quite pleased with it. The intermediate stages of criticism damn it with very faint praise, or abuse it with a good natured apology to the Harrisons. Viva, however, was the only novelty of the week, and something had to be pitched into. There was Lotta at the Chestnut Street Opera House, in "Bob"; but Lotta is *sui generis*, and must not be compared with anybody else, for she doesn't profess to rival anybody else, but to be original. Then there was "The World" at the Arch Street Theatre, with the famed raft as a greater attraction than any insignificant individual in the cast; but then people don't go to see "The World" to see real dramatic ability, and when they know it is coming, those who want genuine high art sadly turn away and wonder if the days of trashy melo-drama and of alleged plays, in which the actors are merely supports to the scenery, won't pass away some time or other.

"The Black Crook" was revived at the Walnut Street Theatre. The Kiralfys managed the leg show, as they know how to do pretty well. But it is about as degrading to true art to support legs as the leading attraction as to support rafts.

Murphy and Donnelly, of the chronic musical show-house, the Lyceum, are happy this week. They have had the Barton opera troupe in "Billee Taylor," with composer Solomon himself wielding the baton, and have had first rate houses. But what is the reason that so many opera troupes are going about professing to sing when they can only act? Brocolini has the only really pleasing voice in the Barton troupe. The rest can act as well as he; but then when one goes to see an opera, the music of which he likes, one does not want the orchestra to furnish all the music and the company to murder the prettiest airs.

The Stanley combination is doing variety to large houses at the National; Carncross has nothing particularly new this week, the old being good enough to fill his Opera House a while longer with admirers of burnt cork burlesques; and Courtright and Hawkins are making gradual but sure progress towards public favor by the musical merits, the clearness, and the variety furnished in their minstrel entertainments, at the Arch Street Opera House. Courtright ought to get the credit for this. Himself the only really good and well trained comedian in the troupe when it started, he has given his company a most energetic and generally effective education in a few weeks, their previous experiences having enabled them to give his keen eye enough to judge of them on.

The old English play of "Green Bushes" is flourishing, as green bushes ought to flourish, at the Bijou Theatre. Friends of the purity and refinement of the legitimate drama are to be congratulated that George Wood is doing well in his new enterprise at this old stand of the broad, not to say coarse, variety racket. On Saturday Grattan Donnelly's new play, "The Quaker's Daughter," written for Lillie Hinton, will be produced. Donnelly is quaking, though it isn't his first dramatic child. William Davidge, Jr., will be preminently in the cast, his first appearance at the Bijou. Col. Joseph Wood, who reopens the Museum on Monday, wanted Davidge, but wouldn't pay what Davidge is worth, and his shortsightedness has lost him this clever and popular comedian. Col. Wood has otherwise secured an excellent stock company. Clinton Hall is to be leading man. WACK.

ST. LOUIS.

John McCullough opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday, in "Virginius," and was given a warm reception by a full house. His company is a fine one, and as most of it has been with him for the past several seasons, the result is that constant practice has made its members almost perfect in their various roles. After the forum scene, on Monday night, Mr. McCullough had four recalls before the curtain. At the last recall he made a few remarks, acknowledging with feeling the heartiness of his reception, and expressing his pleasure at again appearing before his St. Louis friends. On Tuesday evening "Richelieu" was presented.

Marion Elmore is doing well at Pope's Theatre, in "Chispa," with which the people of St. Louis are pleased even if New York did not like it. Indeed, St. Louis evidently cares very little for New York taste and judgment, for "Taken from Life," which failed there, has made a great hit here. It was brought out at the Olympic on Sunday evening and has been playing to immense business ever since. Acting, scenery and play were all satisfactory. Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" replaces "Chispa" at Pope's next Monday, and the Strakosch English Opera Company will open an engagement at the Olympic.

Anthony and Ellis' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the attraction at the People's Theatre this week. Rice and Hooley's Minstrels will be there next week.

On the opening night of Colville's "Taken from Life," at this place, there were 2,702 persons in the Olympic Theatre and the receipts exceeded $1,600. What does New York think of that?

MRS. LANGTRY'S COMPANY.

The company which supported Mrs. Langtry in "As You Like It" is understood to be specially engaged for her American tour. I am informed, however, that several changes are likely to take place. The leading lady herself, I am given to understand, is no better satisfied with Mr. Abbey's selections than the critics who have pronounced upon the performance. It is to be presumed that Mr. Abbey was advised in connection with the engagements he has made. One is not inclined to associate him with any great prescience in art matters. He is an enterprising and capable manager, but if he is solely responsible for the selection of several of the company he cannot be congratulated upon his choice or his judgment. The defects are more apparent in "As You Like It" than they were in "An Unequal Match." In both cases, however, Mr. J. G. Taylor and Miss Kate Hodson admirably stand the test. The Touchstone and Audrey of these two artists are satisfactory in every way. Mr. Taylor has something of the dry, quiet humor of the late Mr. Compton, and there is not a better soubrette upon the stage than Miss Kate Hodson. Miss Pattison is a careful, intelligent, and earnest actress, but she was seen to greater advantage in "An Unequal Match" than in "As You Like It," where her somewhat prim manner hardly suited the character of the gentle and trustful Celia. In the forest scene Miss Pattison looked handsome and distinguee, even too much so, possibly, for the part. This lady has only been on the stage some three or four years; when fitted with the sort of part which would be in harmony with her own manner and sympathies she will undoubtedly make her mark.

The Theatre.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE STAGE.

PUBLISHED BY THE METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE.

THE THEATRE is a sixteen page journal, printed in large, clear type and on heavy paper. In order to bring it within the reach of all the price for single numbers has been fixed at five cents.

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SIX MONTHS,	1.50

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In sending remittances, make checks and money orders payable to the

METROPOLITAN PRINTING OFFICE,
38 Vesey street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1882.

NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS

FOR NEXT WEEK.

Abbey's Park Theatre.—John T. Raymond as "Colonel Mulberry Sellers."

Academy of Music.—Monday "Rigoletto," Wednesday "Guglielmo Tell," Friday "L'Africaine."

Booth's Theatre.—"The Romany Rye."

Bijou Opera House.—Bijou Opera Company in "The Sorcerer."

Bunnell's Museum.—Curiosities.

Belgian Panorama Co—Siege of Paris.

Casino.—"The Queen's Lace Handkerchief."

Daly's Theatre.—"The Squire."

Fifth Avenue Theatre.—Thursday, Salvini opens in "Othello."

Grand Opera House.—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence.

Germania Theatre.—Marie Geistinger.

Haverly's Theatre.—Agnes Herndon in "Only a Farmer's Daughter."

Harry Miner's New Theatre.—Variety.

Harry Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre.—Variety.

Koster & Bial's Hall.—Concerts.

London Theatre.—Variety.

Madison Square Theatre.—"Young Mrs. Winthrop."

Metropolitan Alcazar.—Ballets.

Mount Morris Theatre, Harlem—"The Irish-American."

Niblo's Garden.—Gus Williams in "One of the Finest."

Parker's American Theatre.—Variety.

Standard Theatre.—"Les Manteaux Noirs."

San Francisco Minstrels.—"De Lights o' New York."

Theatre Comique.—"The Blackbird."

Thalia Theatre.—Madame Gallmeyer.

Tivoli Theatre.—Variety.

Tony Pastor's Theatre.—Pastor's Own Company.

Union Square Theatre.—Joe Jefferson in "The Rivals."

Wallack's Theatre.—"The Parvenu."

Windsor Theatre.—"The World."

The Theatre List.

ADA GRAY.—Augusta, Ga., Oct. 23; Macon 25, Atlanta 27.

ALEXANDER CAUFFMAN CO.—Atlanta, Oct. 23; Columbus 25, Opelika, Ala, 26; Montgomery 27, Lake Charles 30, Galveston 31, Houston, Nov. 2, San Antonio 4, Austin 6, Brenham 8, Corsicana 9, Dallas 10.

ABBOTT ENGLISH OPERA CO.—Cincinnati, Oct. 23; Louisville 30.

ADA DYAS' COMEDY OPERA CO.—Newburg, Oct. 23; Trenton, N. J., 24; Easton, Pa., 26; Scranton 27, Wilkesbarre 28; Buffalo, N. Y., 30, Brooklyn, Nov. 6.

ALDRICH AND PARSLOE IN "MY PARTNER."—Dayton, O., Oct. 23; Springfield 24, Columbus 25, Zanesville 27, Wheeling W. Va., 28.

ALMA STUART STANLEY opens with "Vic." Oct. 20, at either Buffalo or New Haven—most probably the former. Afterward the tour includes Albany, Troy, Fall River, Worcester and Springfield.

BARRY CONLAN'S GARRYOWEN CO.—Joliet, Ill., Oct. 26; Peoria 27, Decatur 28.

BARRY AND FAY.—Newark, Oct. 23; Mansfield 24, Canton 25, Akron 26, Sharon, Pa., 27; Youngstown 28.

BERTHA WELBY IN "ONE WOMAN'S LIFE."—Toronto, Oct. 23.

BAKER AND FARRON.—Cleveland, Oct. 23; Baltimore 30, Rochester, Nov. 6.

BUFFALO BILL.—Cairo, Ill., Oct. 23; Evansville, Ind., 24; Louisville 26, Terre Haute, Ind., 30; Decatur, Ill., 31.

BARNEY MCAULEY.—Erie, Pa., Oct, 23; Corry 24, Oil City 25, Newcastle 26, Akron, O., 27; Canton 28, Columbus 30, Zanesville, Nov. 1; Chillicothe 2, Portsmouth 3, Ironton 4, Maysville, Ky., 5; Lexington 7.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL'S WHITE SLAVE No. 1.—St. Louis, Oct. 23; Chicago 30, Indianapolis, Nov. 13.

CHARLOTTE THOMPSON—Chicago, Oct. 23; Elgin 30, Rockford 31, Racine, Wis., Nov. 1; Milwaukee 2, Madison 6, Freeport, Ill., 7; Davenport, Ia., 8; Peoria 9, Jacksonville 11, St. Louis 13.

C. B. BISHOP IN "STRICTLY BUSINESS."—Galveston, Tex., Oct. 23; Houston 25, San Antonia 27, Austin 28, Corsicana 30, Dallas 31, Sherman, Nov. 2; Paris 4.

C. A. GARDENER'S KARL CO.—Fostorio, Oct. 23; Sidney 24, Piqua 25, Urbana 26, Springfield 27, Dayton 30.

COLVILLE'S TAKEN FROM LIFE.—Cincinnati, Oct. 23; Pittsburgh, Nov. 6; Baltimore 13.

COLLIER'S "LIGHTS O' LONDON," No. 1.—Syracuse, Oct. 23; Utica 26.

CHILD OF THE STATE (Frank Pilling's Co.).—Circleville, Oct. 23; Washington, C. H., 24; Springfield 25, Middleton 26.

CALLENDER'S NEW COLORED MINSTRELS.—Jamestown, N. Y., Oct. 23; Bradford, Pa., 24; Rochester, N. Y., 26; Oswego 27, Syracuse 28.

CALLENDER'S COLORED MINSTRELS—Allegan, Mich., Oct. 23; Marshall 24, Adrian 25, Tecumseh 26, Ann Arbor 27, Ypsilanti 28.

CALLENDER'S CONSOLIDATED MINSTRELS.—Mineola, Oct. 23; Ft. Kearney 24, Gainesville 25, Dennison 26, Sherman 27.

DEN THOMPSON.—Minneapolis, Oct. 23.

DEAKIN'S LILIPUTIAN OPERA CO.—Waverly, Oct. 23.

"DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER."—Kalamazoo, Oct. 23; Battle Creek 24, Marshall 25.

ERNEST STANLEY'S ALLIED SHOWS.—Pittsburgh, Oct. 23.

FRANK I. FRAYNE CO.—Baltimore, Oct. 23.

FAY TEMPLETON OPERA CO.—Beloit, Wis., Oct. 23; Madison 24, Oshkosh 25, Milwaukee 26, Janesville 30, Clinton 31.

FRANK V. HAWLEY has engaged a good company to play Colville's "World" in cities where it has not been seen. The people include Miss Dean McConnell, Miss Imogene Vivian, Mrs. R. G. Wilson, Robert Strong, Frank Oakes Rose, Max Figman, Mrs. Frank Hawley and Master Frank Hawley. New scenery is being painted by W. H. Crane, at Niblo's Theatre. They open at Binghamton. N. Y., Oct. 23.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT.—Philadelphia, Oct. 23; New York 30, Williamsburg, Nov 6.

GERMANIA THEATRE CO.—Louisville, Oct. 23; Pittsburg 27, Washington 30, Baltimore, Nov. 1.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.—Baltimore, Oct. 23,

HYDE AND BEHMAN'S CONSOLIDATED CO.—Brooklyn, Oct 23.

HOLMAN OPERA CO.—Altoona, Oct. 23; Johnstown 24, Franklin 25, Meadville 26, Erie 27, Jamestown 28, Bradford 30, Titusville Nov. 1, Oil City 2, Youngstown, O., 3.

HELEN COLEMAN'S WIDOW BEDOTT.—Greenville, Oct. 23; Meadville, Oct. 24; Sharon 25, Irwin 26, Greenburg 27, Connellsville 30. Braddock Nov. 1, West Bridgewater 2, New Castle 3.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA.—Brattleboro Oct. 23; Hinsdale, N. H., 24, North Adams, Mass., 25, Troy, N. Y., 26.

HAZEL KIRKE (Original Co.).—Muskegon, Oct. 23; Grand Rapids 24, East Saginaw 25, Bay City 26, Jackson 27, Kalamazoo 28, Chicago 30.

HAZEL KIRKE (East and West).—Waltham, Mass., Oct. 23; Chelsea 24, Manchester 25, Lowell 26, Lawrence 27, Newburyport 28, Portsmouth, N. H. 30, Dover 31.

HAZEL KIRKE No. 3.—Pottstown, Pa., Oct. 23; Lebanon 24, Mahanoy 25, Ashland 26, Shenandoah 27, Shamokin 28.

HARRY MEREDITH.—Battle Creek, Oct. 23; East Saginaw 24, Bay City 25, Ionia 26, Lansing 27, Port Huron 28.

HANLEY'S SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY CO.—Boston, Oct. 23.

HANLONS.—Louisville, Oct 23: Indianapolis 26, St. Louis 30, Columbus, O., Nov. 6, Wheeling, W. Va., 8, Zanesville, O., 9.

J. K. EMMET'S FRITZ COMBINATION.—Cleveland, Oct. 23.

JAMES O'NEILL.—Augusta, Oct. 23; Atalanta 25, Montgomery Ala., 27, New Orleans 29.

JOSEPH MURPHY'S CO.—Troy, N. Y., Oct 23, Schenectady 26, Amsterdam 27, Utica 28.

JOSEPH WHEELOCK.—Houston, Oct. 23; Galveston 25, San Antonio 29. Austin Nov. 1, Dallas 3.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH.—Cincinnati, Oct. 30.

JOHN E. INCE, FUN IN A BOARDING SCHOOL.—Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 23.

JOHN A. STEVENS.—Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 23; Charleston, S. C., 25, Savannah, Ga,, 27, Macon 30, Atlanta, Nov. 1, Montgomery, Ala., 3, New Orleans, 6.

KATE CLAXTON.—Toronto, Can., Oct. 26; Hamilton 23, Erie, Pa., 31.

KATIE PUTNAM.—Dixon, Oct. 23; Clinton, Ia., 25. Marshalltown, 26, Des Moines 27, Lincoln, Neb., 28, Atlantic 30, Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 1.

KATHEBINE ROGERS.—Buffalo, Oct. 23.

KENDALL COMB.—Hiawatha, Kas., Oct. 23; Maryville 30, Grand Island, Neb., Nov. 6. Hastings 13 Lincoln 16.

KIRALFY'S BLACK CROOK.—Newark, Oct. 30; Brooklyn Nov. 6, New York 13.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.—Rutland, Vt., Oct. 23; Burlington 24, Montreal 25, Buffalo, N. Y., 30; Chicago, Nov. 6.

LEAVITT-PASTOR VARIETY COMB.—Ft. Wayne, Oct. 23; Lima, O., 24, Zanesville 25, Wheeling, W. Va., 26, Columbus 27, Springfield 28. Detroit 30.

LEAVITT'S ALL-STAR SPECIALTY CO.—Detroit, Oct. 23.

LEAVITT'S GIGANTEAN MINSTRELS.—Buffalo, Oct. 23; Jamestown 25, Olean 26, Elmira 27.

LEAVITT'S NEW MINSTRELS.—Tonawanda, N. Y., Oct 23; Fredonia 24, Warren 25, Bolivia 26, Richburg 27, Wellsville 28.

LEAVITT'S RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.—Buffalo, Oct. 23; Toronto, Can., 30.

MARY ANDERSON'S CO.—Davenport, Oct. 23; Rock Island 31, Peoria, Ill., Nov. 1.

MINNIE MADDERN.—Detroit, Oct. 23; Columbus, O., 30. Newark Nov. 2, Wheeling, W. V., 3, Cumberland, Md., 4, Baltimore, 6, Columbia, Pa., 13, Harrisurg 14.

MCKEE RANKIN.—Kansas City, Oct. 25, St. Louis 30.

M. B. CURTIS.—Brooklyn, Oct. 23, Williamsburg 30.

MILN-BURLEIGH DRAMATIC CO.—Bloomington, Oct 23; Joliet 25, Spingfield 26, Peoria 27. Aurora 30. Elgin, Nov. 1; Grand Opera House, Milwaukee, 2, Fond du Lac 6, Oshkosh 7, Eau Claire 8, St. Paul 9, Winona 13, La Crosse 14, Stilwater, 15, Academy of Music, Minneapolis 16, Burlington, Iowa, 20, Davenport 22, Cedar Rapids 24, Dubuque, 25, Des Moines 27, Marshalltown, Council Bluffs 30, Plattsmouth, Dec. 1; Lincoln 2, St. Joseph 4, Topeka 6, Kansas City 8, Atchison 11, Omaha 12.

METEORS.—Hornellsville, Oct. 23; Elmira 24, Auburn 25, Syracuse 26, Albany 27, Newburg 28, Harlem, N. Y., 30; New York city, Nov. 6; Brooklyn 13, Philadelphia 20.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE ("Esmeralda").—Westfield, Oct. 23; Easthampton, 24; Thompsonville, Ct., 25; Rockville 26, Middleton 27, South Norwalk 28.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda) No. 2.—Akron, O., Oct. 23; Canton, 24; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 25; Coldwater, Mich., 26; South Bend., Ind., 27; Kenosha, Wis., 28.

MADISON SQUARE (Esmeralda) No. 3.—Lynn, Oct. 30; Salem 31.

MADISON SQUARE (Professor).—Waterville, Oct. 23; Norwich 24, Rome 25, Watertown 26, Oneida 27, Cortland 28.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (Professor) No. 2.—Baltimore, Oct. 23.

MADISON SQUARE CO. (South).—Gainsville. Oct. 23; Athens, Ga., 25; Willsburg, 27; Madison, Ga., 28; Marietta, 30.

MODJESKA.—Providence, Oct. 23; Hartford 26, Springfield 27, New Haven 28, Brooklyn 30, Troy, N. Y., Nov. 6; Albany 9, Philadelphia 13.

MESTAYER'S TOURISTS.—Kenton, Oct. 23; Bellefontaine 24, Springfield 25, Richmond 26, Greenville 27, Columbus 28, Cincinnat 29.

MARGARET MATHER.—Springfield Ill., Oct. 16; Quincy 18, Bloomington 20, St. Paul 23, Minneapolis 30, Stillwater, Nov. 6; Madison 8, Lacrosse 10, Milwaukee 13.

MY PARTNER COMBINATION (Brown and Lennox).—Chatanooga, Tenn., Oct. 23; Birmingham, Ala., 24; Selma 25, Montgomery 26, Mobile 27, New Orleans 29.

MAGGIE MITCHELL.—Williamsburg, Oct. 23.

MAUD GRANGER.—Boston, Oct. 23.

NEIL BURGESS will open his season in "Josiah Allen's Wife" at South Norwalk, Ct., Oct. 23; Danbury 24, Meriden 25, Middletown 26, Hartford 27, Fall River 28.

NICK ROBERTS' "HUMPTY DUMPTY").—Omaha, Neb., Oct. 26; Lincoln, 28.

"ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER" (Agnes Herndon).—London, Can., Oct. 30; Ann Arbor, Mich., 31; Adrian, Nov. 1; Toledo, O., 3; East Saginaw, Mich., 6; Bay City 7, Port Huron 8, Detroit 9, Lansing 13.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON.—Keene, N. H., Oct. 23; Fitchburg, Mass., 24; Worcester 25, Brocton 26, Providence 27.

"PATHFINDERS."—Warsaw, Ind, Oct. 23; Peru 24, Delphi 25, Frankfort 26, Lebanon 27, Brazil 28.

PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR OPERA CO.—Poughkeepsie, Oct. 23; Troy 24 Albany 26.

RICE'S SURPRISE PARTY.—Washington, Oct. 23; Pittsburgh 30.

ROBSON AND CRANE.—Milwaukee, Oct. 30; Dubuque, Ia., Nov. 2; Rock Island, Ill., 3; Quincy 4, St. Louis 6.

ROLAND REED.—Lockport, N. Y., Oct. 23; Rome 24, Schenectady 25, Albany 26, Philadelphia 30.

ROSE EYTINGE.—Cheyenne, Oct. 23; Denver, Col., 24; Colorado Springs, 30.

STEVENS' "JOLLY BACHELORS."—Rome, Ga., Oct. 23; Knoxville, Tenn., 24; Chattanooga 26, Nashville 27.

SALISBURY'S TROUBADORS—New Orleans, La., Oct. 23; Mobile 30, Selma 31.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL.—Sherman, Texas, Oct. 23; Dennison 24, Gainesville 25, Ft. Washington 26, Dallas 27, Brenham 30, Austin 31, San Antonio, Nov. 1; Galveston 5, Houston 9, New Orleans 12.

STRAKOSCH OPERA CO.—St. Louis, Oct. 23; Indianapolis, 30.

T. W. KEENE.—Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 23; Columbia, 26; Huntsville, Ala., 28.

THALIA THEATRE CO. ("Merry War")—Chicago, Oct. 23; St. Louis, 30.

TONY DENIER'S "HUMPTY DUMPTY" CO.—Huntington Oct. 23; Ashland 24, Portsmouth 25, Circleville 26, Washington, C. H., 27; Hamliton 28, Louisville 30.

WILLIE EDOUIN'S SPARKS.—Pittsburg, Oct. 23.

WALDRON'S M'LISS CO.—Salem, Oct. 23; East Liverpool 24, New Philadelphia 25, Massillon 26, Mansfield 27, Ashland 28, Galion 30, Upper Sandusky 31, Celina Nov. 1, Findlay 2, Fostoria 3, Fremont 4.

WILLIAM STAFFORD.—Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 23; Bradford 25, Toronto 26, St. Catherines 30.

WHITELY'S HIDDEN HAND CO.—Lawrence, Kan., Oct. 23; Ottawa 24, Otashe 25, Leavenworth 26, St. Joe Mo., 27, Cameron 30.

WYNDHAM OPERA CO., will open at the Union Square Theatre, Oct 30.

WILBUR OPERA CO.—Bolivia, Oct. 23; Bradford. Pa., 24; Hornellsville, N. Y., 25, Binghamton 26, Oswego 27, Ithaca 28, Rochester 30, Auburn Nov. 2, Syracuse 3.

W. J. SCANLAN—Brooklyn, Oct. 28.

NEW PLAYS.

Mr. Alfred Ayres has written a play in which it is the purpose of Mr. F. F. Mackay to star.

Mr. W. R. Bocock, of the Philadelphia *North American*, is at work on a three-act comedy, "On the Garden Wall," which contains a dual role for a light comedienne.

A play called "Her Atonement," by Anson Pond, which was produced in Washington in June last, is soon to be reproduced with Emily Rigl.

"The Grand Duke of Tulifatad," a comic operetta, from the

pen of M. Lazare, of this city, will shortly be produced at the Alcazar.

Charles Gaylor has written a three-act comedy drama for Mattie Vickers. It is entitled "Jack."

"A Boy of the Street" is the name of Edwin Byron's new play. It will be produced in November.

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As BARBARA HOWSER.
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PHIL SIMMONDS, Business Manager.

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